Feb.6,1971

THE NEW YORKER

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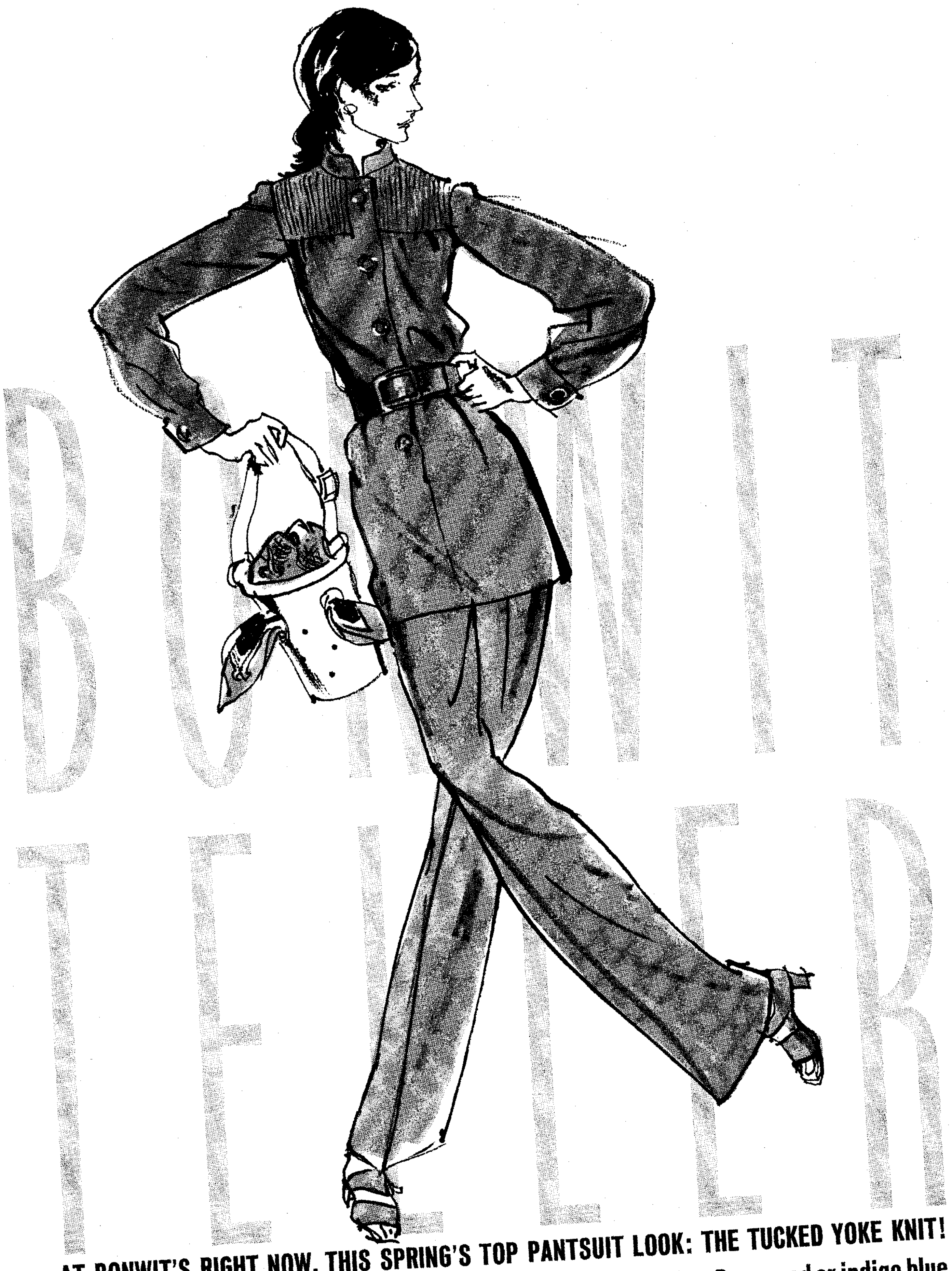

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A modest, homely, and beguiling evening in the company of two very bright men. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 20.)

Conduct Unbecoming—Dastardly crimes are being committed by unknown parties in a crack regiment of the Indian Army sometime in the late nineteenth-century. A delightful melodrama by Barry England, very well acted by a large company under the direction of Val May. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim, "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

Four on a Garden—Carol Channing and Sid Caesar in four blackout skits written and directed by Abe Burrows. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen are superlative in a play by Neil Simon that is funny and sad and a touch too earnest for its own good. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home—A beautiful play by David Storey, acted to perfection by a cast that includes Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 20. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 7.)

In New England Winter—A powerful, sombre, funny, and often mysterious drama by the black poet and playwright Ed Bullins. It deals, among other things, with a robbery in a large city and a love affair in a small town. The acting, by an all-black company, is entirely satisfactory. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1414. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 1, and no performance that evening.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—A version that owes nearly as much to the idiosyncratic notions of the director, Peter Brook, as to the author, who never blotted a line and never *had* a director. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:50.)

Le Misanthrope—Molière's play presented, in French, by Le Centre Dramatique National du Sud-Est and directed by Antoine Bourseiller. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, at 2 and 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2.)

Perry's Mission and **Rosalee Pritchett**—These one-acters, the first by Clarence Young III and the second by Carlton and Barbara Molette, make the most spirited and strongest evening that the Negro Ensemble Company has offered us in a long time. The performances are exceptionally good. Douglas Turner Ward and Shauneille Perry were the directors. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Synge's **The Playboy of the Western World**, with David Birney, is the second in this year's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 20.). . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: A revival of Harold Pinter's **The Birthday Party**, with Betty Field. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 4, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 20, interrupted by six performances of Pinter's **Landscape** and **Silence** on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 9-10; Saturday, Feb. 13; and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 18-19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8—on Friday, Feb. 5, at 7—and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre—Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. (Ambassador,

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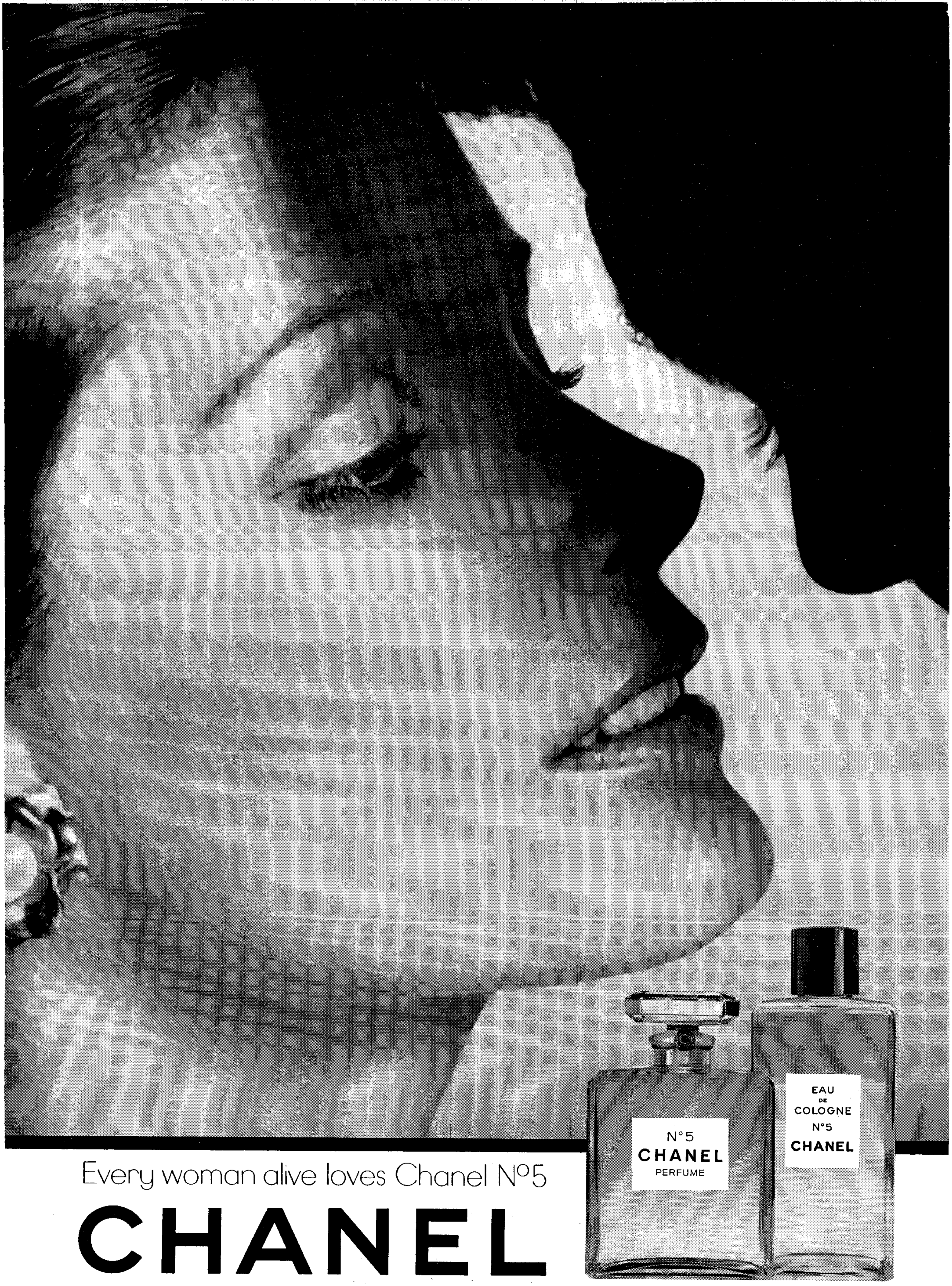
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Two by Ibsen—HEDDA GABLER: Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 16. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 17. . . . **A DOLL'S HOUSE:** Performances resume Monday, Feb. 22. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Feb. 5.)

Waiting for Godot—Henderson Forsythe, Anthony Holland, David Jay, Paul B. Price, and Edward Winter in the Beckett play, directed by Alan Schneider. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. With Sada Thompson and Pamela Payton-Wright. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Earthlight—A rock musical with a score by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 533-8270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays* at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rothschilds—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—APPLAUSE: A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Haines laughed and, as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast of the hammock, said: —I don't know, I'm sure. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** He strolled out to the doorway. Buck Mulligan bent across to Stephen and said with coarse vigour: —You put your hoof in it now. What did you say that for? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and *10. Matinées Sundays* at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Well? Stephen said. The problem is to get money. From whom? From the milkwoman or from him. It's a toss up, I think. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, *334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.* Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAIR:** Be it known, then, that Sir Walter, like a good father (having met with one or two private disappointments in very unreasonable applications), prided himself on remaining single for his dear daughter's sake. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** For one daughter, his eldest, he would really have given up anything, which he had not been very much tempted to do. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Elizabeth had succeeded, at sixteen, to all that was possible of her mother's rights and consequence; and being very handsome, and very like himself, her influence had always been great, and they had gone on together most happily. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** His two other children were of very inferior value. Mary had acquired a little artificial importance, by becoming Mrs. Charles Musgrove; but Anne, with an elegance of mind and sweetness of character, which must have placed her high with any people of real understanding, was nobody with either father or sister; her word had no weight; her convenience was always to give way—she was only Anne. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:15: "Kodály Dances," "Four Last Songs," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Reveries," and "Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:15: "Suite No. 3," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:15: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Four Temperaments," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Kodály Dances," "Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 7, at 1:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 7, at 7:15: "Prodigal Son," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . **DON QUIXOTE:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 11-12, at 8:15; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 1:15 and 7:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Australian Ballet—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Feb. 3-4: "Don Quixote." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "La Source Pas de Deux," "Symphony in Gold," "Namouna Pas de Deux," "The Display," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 6: "Les Rendezvous," "The Display," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Feb. 7: "Don Quixote." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

City Center American Dance Marathon—An eight-week winter series of appearances by nine companies; through Saturday, March 13. **LOUIS FALCO AND COMPANY.** Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Caviar," "Timewright," "Ibid" (première), and "The Sleepers" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Caviar," "Huescape," "Ibid," and "The Sleepers." . . . **PEARL LANG AND DANCE COMPANY.** Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30: "Sharjuhm" (première), "The Brood," "Piece for Brass," and "Persephone." . . . **ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY.** Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Las Desenamoradas," two segments from "Black on Black," "Movements" (première), and "Blues for the Jungle." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Narcissus Rising," "Movements," *"Burnt Ash" (première), two segments from* "Black on Black," "Climb," and "Las Desenamoradas." . . . **PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY.** Monday, Feb. 8, at 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30: "Lento," "Agathe's Tale," and "Post Meridian." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8; Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Foreign Exchange," "Big Bertha" (première), and "Public Domain." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Friday evenings, Feb. 10 and Feb. 12, at 8: "Churchyard," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Aureole." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Final performances of a three-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Actus Tragicus," "Bach Sonata," and "Les Vainqueurs." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5, at 8: "Messe pour le Temps Présent." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Choreographic Offering," "Erotica," "Nomos Alpha," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Les Vainqueurs," "Opus 5," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 7, at 7:30: "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Erotica," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Choreographic Offering," "Four Last Songs," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Actus Tragicus," "Romeo and Juliet Suite," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Choreographic Offering," "Four Last Songs," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Bhakti," "Opus 5," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2: "Bhakti," "Romeo and Juliet Suite," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Erotica," and "Fire-

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bird."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7:30: "Les Vainqueurs," "Romeo and Juliet Suite," and "Firebird." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

SIBERIAN DANCERS AND SINGERS OF OMSK—Final performances of a ten-day engagement by a company of a hundred folk dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 3-5, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

INBAL—The Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians, in a one-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Feb. 9, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 14. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.)

BERTRAM ROSS—With his dance company. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

ROD RODGERS—With his dance company. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The Miles Davis quintet will occupy the stage through Sunday, Feb. 7. On Wednesday, Feb. 10, folk singer John Stewart will move in. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Monday, Feb. 8.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from ten to two. Charlie Brown will be on guitar, along with bassist Bill Takas and pianist, Tom McFall, through Sunday, Feb. 7. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here, along with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The return of a native, Mary Lou Williams, to her rightful world of the pianoforte is celebrated, with both meat and drink, from eight to one every night but Sunday. Michael Fleming is her bassist. But Sundays are not wasted: Feb. 7, from one to six, Ted Dunbar is on guitar, and from six to eleven Dill Jones is on piano.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—On dreary old Tenth, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with an acceptable version of soul food. Jim Hall, working with bassist Ron Carter, is doing his usual exemplary job. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—A reliable quartet that includes Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles is on the stand six nights a week. The leader will be Clark Terry on Wednesday, Feb. 3, and Joe Newman from Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 4-7. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson knows where jazz piano began and how it grew, and this knowledge is implicit in his competent and often very dynamic keyboard work. He plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Tuesdays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for solid Dixieland. The musicians, most of the time, are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—A new center of warmth and amity. Pianist Cecil Young, a stylistic virtuoso, does a lot of things on his instrument and then tops them off with double-talk and scat singing. He is assisted by Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums. Music from nine Wednesdays through Sundays. Collard greens, black-eyed peas, and so forth.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—This nostalgic and gilded re-creation of *temps perdu* offers a banjo band, beer, and occasional old movies. Also plastic boaters and stuffed polar bears. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel swell. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Lee Morgan quintet, which on Tuesday, Feb. 9, will give way to the McCoy Tyner quintet. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GASLIGHT, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Dark, cramped quarters where coffee, tea, and cider are consumed. Blues singer John Hammond will be on hand through Monday, Feb. 8. Nashville singer Kris Kristofferson will start on Saturday, Feb. 13. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers on stage.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Ahmad Jamal trio is carrying on with its usual aplomb. On Mondays, the trio is off, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.... ¶ Downstairs: Rock, blues, and dancing. The schedule: Through Saturday, Feb. 6, The Chapins and Chelsea; Sunday, Feb. 7, Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra; starting Tuesday, Feb. 9, Chelsea and Whiskey Howl. On Mondays, Symphony Sid presents Latin bands.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Friday through Monday, Feb. 5-8, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, which consists largely of multi-talented studio musicians, will keep the atmosphere heated. Comic Irwin Corey and singer Novella Nelson will come in on Tuesday, Feb. 9. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 3-4.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being played here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. The remainder of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish room, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

STREET CLOSED

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. Dinners are elaborate, and there is dancing to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, singer Cody Marshall performs. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, and heavy music, from both records and live musicians. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years except for a few cosmetic touches. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance. Action from nine-thirty to three-thirty nightly. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

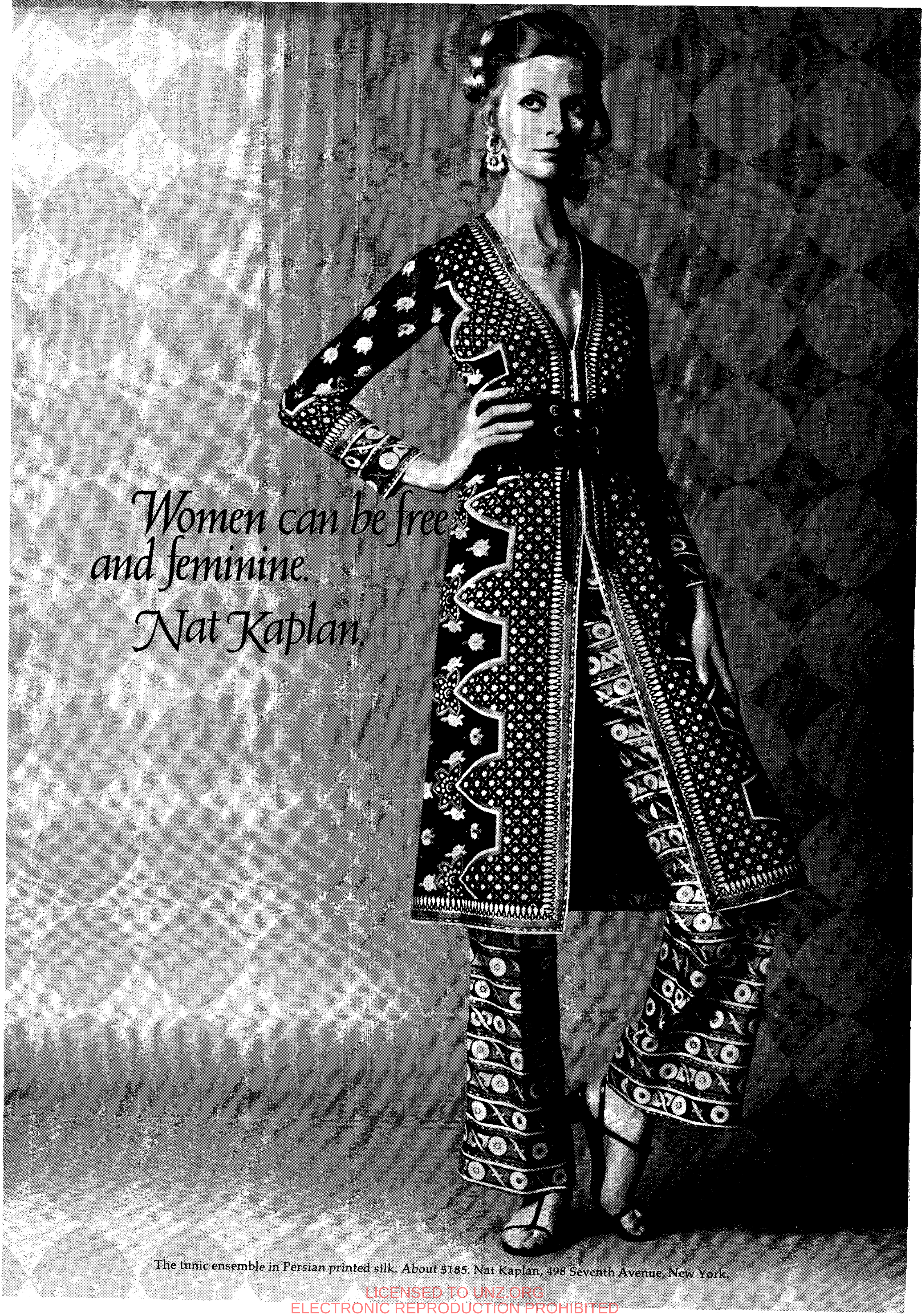
ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel,* loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The undergraduate athletic program devised by José Molina's school of the ballet is as conscious of the nineteen-seventies as it is of early-settler days in Spain, and it is in force (almost gale force) every night of the week.... ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), from whose Pierian spring issues a never insistent stereophonic sound that is all languishing Latin lyricism and the Mod music that goes with it. For either sitting or prancing, nine to four, and a fine idea.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—A recently coined wit (he is Marvin Braverman) and a veteran caroller (Jerry Vale, whose smile is not an optical illusion but whose tenor is occasionally an oral illusion) finish up on Wednesday, Feb. 3. One night later, O. C. Smith moves in, full of fresh country air and airs. Listening to his songs entails listening to an accompanying standard-gauge humorist, too, but into every life a little rain, etc.... ¶ In the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back such music acts as the Companions.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—A Greening of Manhattan takes place in **LA FORÊT,** an enchanted forest indeed, where the woodland, woodwind sound of Phil Wayne's exemplary quintet lures everyone to the dance floor. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... ¶ There is dancing every night in the **CAFÉ,** as well as (Tuesdays through Saturdays) Viennese *nachtmusik* by Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who have the proper Imperial touch.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—One can never be certain whether Lainie Kazan, who takes over the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten-fifteen on Wednesday, Feb. 3, is putting on a fashion show or a song recital. Whichever, it's designed to be a Major Operation. Thereafter, she occurs at nine and eleven-


Women can be free and feminine.
Nat Kaplan.

The tunic ensemble in Persian printed silk. About $185. Nat Kaplan, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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thirty. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family retainers, will be the musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933), "Cooler Near the Lake," a well-known Chicago midsummer-night's myth, is already having tryouts as a revue mounted by Second City, a troupe that has produced some winners in its time, and it opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 7, at 7:30. The entr'acte music is the piano of Baldwin Bergersen, a composer in his own right. In general, at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-thirty and eleven Fridays and Saturdays, at seven-thirty Sundays. . . . ¶ The **EDWARDIAN ROOM** undulates gently to Sandu Marcu's fiddle, seven to ten-thirty, except Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, fiddle from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon and from nine to one every evening but Sunday. Gunnar Hansen, peer of this realm, does the Wednesday-through-Saturday night shift.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Indomitable Hildegarde is doing, a couple of times a night, a sort of lawn party, in which the hostess indulges in both harmony and homily. No harmful ingredients are ever employed. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life here is lively, long, and often luxe: pre-theatre buffet, plus piano, from five-thirty until seven-thirty in the **ST. REGIS ROOM**; then dinner and supper in both **LA BOITE** (likewise garnished with piano) and the **MAISONETTE** (Quintero's brilliant Latin orchestra and Hal Turner's neat little band, which shuttles between Rodgers and Hart and palatable rock); last of all, a late-evening reprise of the **ST. REGIS ROOM** (Jason & Maryhazel—stalwart young composer and guitarman, plus a lass with a delicate air, plus persuasive meeting of voices). The St. Regis Room is closed on Sundays, the other rooms on Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Mabel Mercer, Delphic but never oracular, answers—in rhymed words and music—the questions that most concern mating man and maid, and answers them wryly and wittily. Jimmy Lyon's piano is her background. Closed Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Never a dull, or a dark, night. Dancing. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, epitome of the Angry Young Woman, blows her top (and sometimes everyone's mind) in conversation pieces sprinkled with occasional notes of cheer. Never before nine-thirty, or on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (six to one) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, led by Rudy Barron, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A part of the seacoast known only to the natives, never to tourists. The life is quiet, the music (every night but Monday) is the piano of Wayne Sanders, a musician who makes nostalgia a not at all broody occasion.

. . . **CARLTON LOUNGE**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (not before ten-thirty) on the top level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

OMAR ALT—Abstract paintings and sculptures of fantastic subjects by a young German artist; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LEO AMINO—A survey exhibition of this artist's sculptures in plastic, from 1945 to 1970; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—Air-brush drawings on black backgrounds; through Feb. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT BAYER—Recent paintings, sculptures, and architectural projects by a well-known member of the Bauhaus; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract paintings and collages; through Feb. 18. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES BROOKS—Paintings by one of the earliest of the Abstract Expressionists; through Feb. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Paintings based on the square; starting Saturday, Feb. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Recent paintings by a Surrealist; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM CROVELLO—Abstract sculptures in marble, also geometric paintings; through Feb. 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RON DAVIS—Minimal paintings with an illusion of depth; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1894-1964)—Major drawings on canvas and paper done between 1928 and 1964; through March 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELSIE DRIGGS—Oils, and some collages, of landscapes and figures; through Feb. 20. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Paintings of Maine and Nassau subjects; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALKER EVANS—A show of photographs by this leading American documentary photographer that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art; through Feb. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Long Island landscapes, cityscapes, and a nude by a veteran New Yorker; through Feb. 18. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LLOYD LÓZES GOFF—Romantic landscape paintings, also drawings; through Feb. 18. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ROBERT GRAHAM—Wax figures of a woman in a series of movements inside Plexiglas boxes; through Feb. 16. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

RED GROOMS—One huge construction with objects duplicating the contents of a Midwestern discount store; starting Thursday, Feb. 4. (924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Daily, noon to 6.)

HANS HARTUNG—A substantial number of paintings and drawings by this leading German Abstract Expressionist; starting Tuesday, Feb. 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

KEITH HOLLINGWORTH—The artist's first one-man show of sculptures in mixed materials that include recognizable images; through Thursday, Feb. 11. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Margaret Israel—Figurative painted-plaster wall pieces and sculptures; starting Thursday, Feb. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Recent paintings by a well-known landscapist; through Feb. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints of this artist's social subjects and portraits; through March 13. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irene Krugman—Suggestive wrigglings of animated plastic sheets; through Thursday, Feb. 11. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider" group; through Feb. 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony J. Lauck—Carvings, terra-cottas, and sculptures in plaster, plus drawings, all on religious themes; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Figurative terra-cotta reliefs and sculptures; through Friday, Feb. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clyde Lynds—Electrified constructions with changing light and color patterns; through Feb. 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—The artist's life-situation in New Mexico, presented through painted panels and a reconstruction of his environment; starting Saturday, Feb. 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

G. E. Moore—Objects of different materials—rubber, brick, glass, wood, gravel. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.)

George Bentley Nick—Realistic paintings of houses, streets, boats, and so on; starting Saturday, Feb. 6. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Oil paintings not hitherto shown in the United States, also watercolors, drawings, and recent graphics; through Feb. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Remenick—Paintings of figures, landscapes, and seascapes; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Alvin Ross—Still-life paintings in hyper-real style; starting Tuesday, Feb. 9. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Robert Ryman—All-white paintings; through Feb. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)...¶ New paintings; starting Saturday, Feb. 6. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Shaw—Patterns based on geometry, emphasizing color relations; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bevlyn Simson and Milan Popovic—First one-man shows in New York of hard-edge geometric patterns in primary colors by the former, and animals and birds carved in wood by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Solman—Expressionist portraits, figure paintings, and still-lifes with a New York theme; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Pat Steir—The first show here of this artist's paintings, all of which include the figure of a man with a wolf's head; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Julius Tobias—An environment of concrete slabs; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.)

Francisco Toledo—A comprehensive exhibit of figurative works in many mediums by a Mexican Indian who has been exhibiting in New York galleries; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

David von Schlegell—Abstract steel and aluminum sculptures, some huge; starting Saturday, Feb. 6. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Voss—Narrative paintings of minute figurations; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jane Wasey—Abstract sculptures in stone, a few in wood; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Mayan sculptures, reliefs, vases, sections of buildings, and hieroglyphic writings in stone, jade, bone, and other materials; through March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **danenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through Feb. 27.... **dorsky**, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Paintings and sculptures by half a dozen artists working in as many different contemporary modes; through Friday, Feb. 5.... **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Graphics and small sculptures by Israeli artists, including some of the leaders; through Feb. 14. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jo Baer, David Budd, Dan Christensen, William Crozier, and Peter Young; through Feb. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Leading twentieth-century European painters and sculptors, from the Fauves to Dubuffet, and from Brancusi to Giacometti; through Saturday, Feb. 6.... **knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: A hundred and forty works, including folk paintings from the earliest Colonial artists through W.P.A. art of the 1930's, addressed to the enigma "What is American in American Art?"; starting Tuesday, Feb. 9.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Chagall, Archipenko, Braque, and Calder, among others; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through Feb. 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints emphasizing common elements in different current styles, with works by Bonnard, Van Buren, Nancy Graves, Warhol, and others; through March 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **zabriskie**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Drawings of the past fifty years by Katherine Schmidt, Morris Kantor, and Louis Lozowick; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14....¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—ranging in time from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23....¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, celebrated for his boxes; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family," more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife, Sarah, gathered from many sources; through March 1....¶ Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's leading documentary photographers of this century; through April 11. A complement to this exhibit is the Evans show at the Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St....¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War; supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works. Through April 11....¶ Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; through Monday, Feb. 8....¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21....¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York cityscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Ab-

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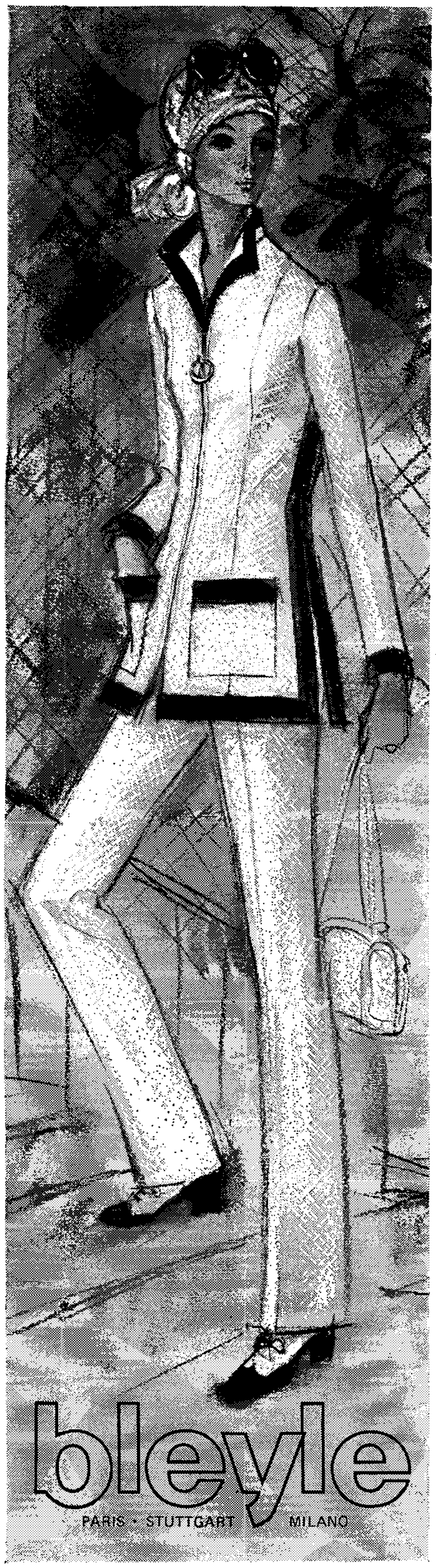

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bott, one of America's leading photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Thirty-six works by Wojciech Fangor, a Polish color painter who lives in the United States; through Sunday, Feb. 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum's traditional biennial survey of American sculpture; through Sunday, Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Ten paintings representing a turn toward a new orderliness by Jack Tworkov, a veteran Abstract Expressionist; starting Friday, Feb. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, *Eastern Parkway—Lithographs*, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Japanese folding screens dating from the late sixteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through Feb. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty prints by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), containing the human and animal themes of his celebrated sculptures; through March 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy wooden figures that adorned ships, shops, and theatres, and heralded circuses in New York during the nineteenth century; through Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibit of Henri Laurens (1885-1954), consisting of more than a hundred sculptures, as well as reliefs, constructions, graphics, and drawings; also fourteen paintings and five sculptures by Georges Braque (1882-1963), friend of Laurens. Through March 21. . . . ¶ Sixty lithographs (thirty-three in color), plus etchings, drypoints, woodcuts, and other graphics, by Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Renoir, Redon, Whistler, and many other artists who contributed to "L'Estampe Originale," a portfolio series published between 1893 and 1895; through Feb. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Feb. 14. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Fidelio," with Caterina Ligendza, Edith Mathis, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, Giorgio Tozzi, Paul Plishka, and Leo Goeke. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Josef Gabriels, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 1:30: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Inge Borkh, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Hillebrecht, Edith Mathis, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Paul Plishka, and Leo Goeke. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Inge Borkh, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gail Robinson, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill.

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, at 8:30, and Monday, Feb. 8, at 7:30 (all with Garrick Ohlsson, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 12, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 15, at 7:30 (all with Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano).

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Rafael Kubelik conducting, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Marilyn Horne, soprano, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Orchestra da Camera—Leon Hyman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Marisa Regules, Sung Kwak, and Roger Nierenberg conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the second of three concerts in a series entitled "The Viennese Masters," with commentary. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:40.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Michael Best, tenor; Nicanor Zabaleta, harp; Charles Treger and Romuald Tecco, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Paula Robison, flute; and Leonard Arner, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 9.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Koeckert Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; David Golub, piano; Miriam Fried and Felix Galimir, violin; John Graham, viola; and James Kreger, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

New Amsterdam Ensemble—With Per Brevig, trombone, and Theodore Weis, trumpet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Aaron Copland and Phyllis Curtin—A program of Mr. Copland's vocal music, with Miss Curtin; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and a chorus directed by Mr. Copland. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8:40.)

Joseph Fuchs, Lillian Fuchs, and Artur Balsam—Violin, viola, and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:40.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Jean-Pierre Rampal, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Baritone, flute, and harpsichord. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:40.)

Peter Frankl—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Leslie Parnas—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Note—Christoph Eschenbach will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 8, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Igor Stravinsky Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by, among others, Jean Hakes, soprano; Sidney Johnson, tenor; John Graham, viola; Gail August, dancer; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, pianos; the Tokyo String Quartet; and the Choir of the Central Presbyterian Church. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by Jimmy Giuffre's New York University Jazz Ensemble, a concert trio, the Choral Arts Society directed by E. Jon de Revere, and a band conducted by George Seuffert, with Herman Neuman as guest conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York, 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Steppenwolf, Genya Ravan with Ten Wheel Drive, and Luther Allison—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

Toshiko Akiyoshi Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.

The Temptations, Little Sister, and Jr. Walker & the All-Stars—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.

Joan Baez—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 7:15 and 9:30.

Bee Gees—With the Staples Singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8 and 11.)

Poco—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8, with Bert Sommer, and at midnight, with James Anderson.

Spencer Davis and Peter Jameson—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: Knicks vs. Phoenix.

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Minnesota.

Racing—At LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Buses to the track leave from the Port Authority Bus Terminal between 9:15 and 9:45.) . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Feb. 8, through Saturday, April 17.

Tennis—The ninth match of the 1971 Tennis Champions Classic: Rod Laver or Roger Taylor vs. Tom Okker. Also, a match between Roy Emerson and either Laver or Taylor. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 6, at noon.) . . . ¶ Clean Air Tennis Classic: Cliff Richey, Manolo Santana, Jan Kodes, Ilie Nastase, Clark Graebner, Tom Gorman, Haroon Rahim, and others. For the benefit of the Environmental Defense Fund and Citizens for Clean Air. (Vanderbilt International Racquet Club, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. Friday, Feb. 12, at 4 and 7; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 7; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at noon. For information about tickets, call EL 5-3611.)

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 5, at 7:15.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 1 and 3:30.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Puss in Boots." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Feb. 7, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS: "Fiesta Mexicana!" (Theatre of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 749-7000, weekdays between 1 and 4:30.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "The Wizard of Oz." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE: "Young Abe Lincoln." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2. Children under five not admitted. . . . ¶ Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 1.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Secret Treasure Room." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Lincoln's Birthday at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "From the Great Bear to the Southern Cross." (Mondays through Fridays, except Feb. 12, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Lincoln's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Lincoln's Birthday from 10 to 12. On Feb. 6, at 10, there will be an ice carnival, with skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that makes up an ice carnival.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (New Yorker Hotel, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 6-7, from 10 to 8.)

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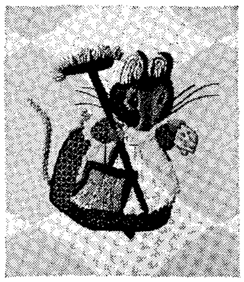

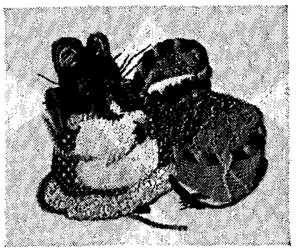

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, Feb. 10, commencing at 12:52 A.M., with the fullest phase from 2:03 to 3:26 A.M.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 10:15: Autographs of historical, literary, scientific, artistic, and musical figures, including Washington, Dickens, Einstein, Monet, and Chopin; the property of several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 2, and Thursday, Feb. 4, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Braque, Cézanne, and Renoir; from the estate of Alan R. Solomon and from other owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 2: English and Continental silver, including two sets of twelve George III dinner plates, a set of twelve German apostle spoons, and French eighteenth-century flatware; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Grandma Moses, Laurent, Calder, and others; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 6.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Pinky" (1949), directed by Elia Kazan, with Jeanne Crain and William Lundigan. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Viva Zapata!" (1952), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Jean Peters. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 8: "Gentleman's Agreement" (1947), directed by Elia Kazan, with Gregory Peck and Dorothy McGuire. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Lee J. Cobb. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 11:30: Early films by Edison, Lumière, and Vertov. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 3 and 5:30: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Wild River" (1960), directed by Elia Kazan, with Montgomery Clift and Lee Remick. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 1:30: "Baby Doll" (1956), directed by Elia Kazan, with Karl Malden and Carroll Baker. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 6 and Feb. 9 at 2: Part II of "Olympia" (1938), a German documentary, directed by Leni Riefenstahl. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris and James Dean. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961), directed by Elia Kazan, with Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 8: "The Arrangement" (1969), directed by Elia Kazan, with Kirk Douglas and Faye Dunaway. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after *11 on the day of the showing* or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of French films. Through Feb. 5: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), directed by Jacques Feyder, with Louis Jouvet. . . . Feb. 6-7: "Farrebique" (1946), a documentary film, directed by Georges Rouquier. . . . Feb. 10-12: "The Wages of Fear" (1953), directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Yves Montand and Peter Van Eyck. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Feb. 24.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Feb. 20, 23, and 27, and March 2, 6, 9, 13, and 16.

Boxing—Muhammad Ali vs. Joe Frazier, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. March 8.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 15-16.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 14, 21, 24, and 28, and March 3, 7, 12, and 14.

Racing—At Aqueduct: March 8-May 22.

Tennis—The tenth and twelfth matches of the 1971 Tennis Champions Classic. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 17 and 22.)

Track Meets—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: United States Olympic Invitational, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 26. . . . 102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY, Broadway at 168th St.: Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 24.

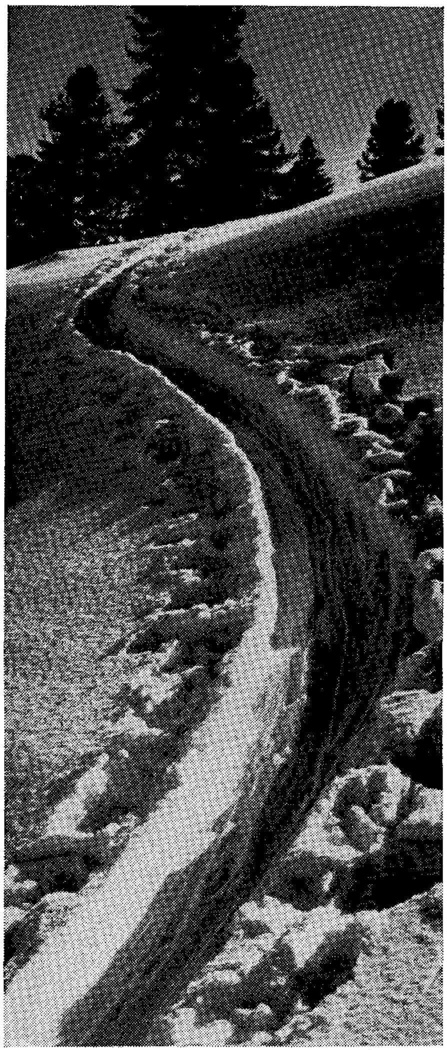
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: March 3-May 22.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 17. . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 17, with Rossini's "La Cenerentola," and will run through April 25. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The Philharmonic season continues through May 15. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 16 and March 9. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 17 and 19. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 21 and 23. . . . ¶ Igor Oistrakh, violin, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, March 5. . . . ¶ Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, March 7. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, and Itzhak Perlman, violin, March 10. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 14 and 16. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 15, 18-19, and 22. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Ernst Haefliger, tenor, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Handel Society of New York, March 1. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, March 3. . . . ¶ Atlanta Symphony, March 4. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Earl Wild, piano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Clarion Concerts Orchestra, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 21 and 23 and March 7 and 9. . . . ¶ Richard Goode, piano, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ New and Newer Music, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Patricia Brooks, soprano, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, March 10. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Byron Janis, piano, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Ivan Davis, piano, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Rudolf Firkusny, piano, Feb. 28. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Munich Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Feb. 27-28.

Ballet and Dance Programs—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Feb. 17-March 28. . . . ¶ City Center American Dance Marathon, at the ANTA Theatre: Nikolais Dance Theatre, Feb. 22-March 6; Dance Theatre of Harlem, March 8, 10, and 12; Erick Hawkins Dance Company, March 9-10 and 13; and Don Redlich Dance Company, March 11 and 13.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Molière's "The School for Wives," in a new English verse translation by Richard Wilbur; Brian Bedford heads the cast. . . . ¶ A play by Paul Zindel, "And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little," starring Julie Harris, Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, and Rae Allen. . . . ¶ A London import, "Abelard and Heloise," by Ronald Millar, with Diana Rigg and Keith Michell. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," the third in this season's series of four plays by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ Angela Lansbury in "Prettybelle," a musical with a book and lyrics by Bob Merrill and music by Jule Styne.

Other Dates—Washington's Birthday will be celebrated on Monday, Feb. 15, and anybody who says cut it out, he was born on Feb. 22, is a spoilsport. . . . ¶ Winter Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Feb. 17. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 20-28. . . . ¶ Coliseum Antiques Fair and Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 6-14.



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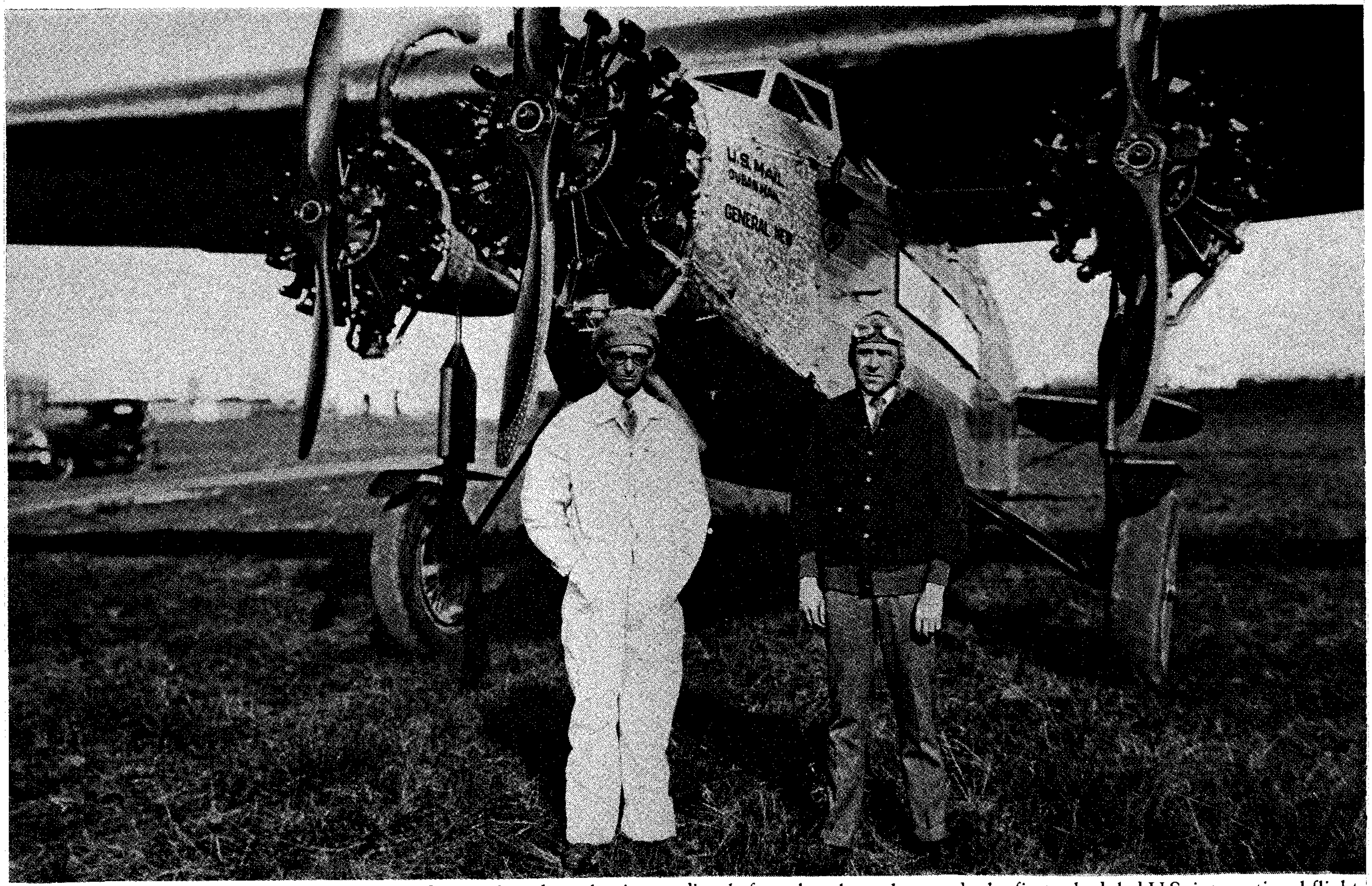
1927 First U.S. airline to offer international service.
1928 First U.S. airline to use radio communications.
1928 First airline to order aircraft built to its own specifications.
1928 First airline to limit flight time of pilots to a fixed number of hours.
1929 First airline to develop and employ instrument flying.
1929 First U.S. airline to develop a complete aviation weather service.
1929 First airline to fly to the Caribbean.
1934 First airline to perfect long-range direction finders.
1934 First U.S. airline to fly to Siberia.
1935 First airline to install facilities for heating food on board.
1935 First airline to fly the Pacific.
1936 First airline to inaugurate cargo service over the Pacific.
1937 First U.S. airline to offer service to Bermuda.
1939 First airline to provide transatlantic passenger and mail service.



1927 Legendary Pan Am pilot Captain Ed Musick and mechanic standing before the plane that made the first scheduled U.S. international flight over water. It carried six passengers (whenever we could coax them aboard) and flew between Key West and Havana. 90 miles, at 90 miles an hour.

1929 First airline to employ flight stewards and serve meals to passengers.
1930 First airline to develop instrument training planes for pilots.
1930 First U.S. airline to offer international air express service.
1930 First airline to fly to South America.
1932 First airline to sell all-expense international air tours.
1932 First airline to install galleys (kitchens) aboard its aircraft.
1940 First airline to assign a flight meteorologist to aircraft crews.
1940 First airline to inaugurate direct air service between the U.S. and Alaska.
1941 First airline to inaugurate air express service between the U.S. and Europe.
1941 First airline to inaugurate regularly scheduled service to Africa.
1942 First airline to offer international service with all-cargo aircraft.

world's most experienced airline"
experienced airline.

1942 First airline to complete a round-the-world flight.

1945 First airline to show full length movies on board.

1946 First airline to fly the great circle route to Tokyo.

1947 First airline to build and operate hotels in foreign countries to insure adequate accommodations for air travelers.

1948 First airline to provide regularly scheduled low-cost tourist service anywhere in the world.

1948 First airline to develop individual frozen meals to permit menu selection aloft.

1955 First airline to order U.S. commercial jets.

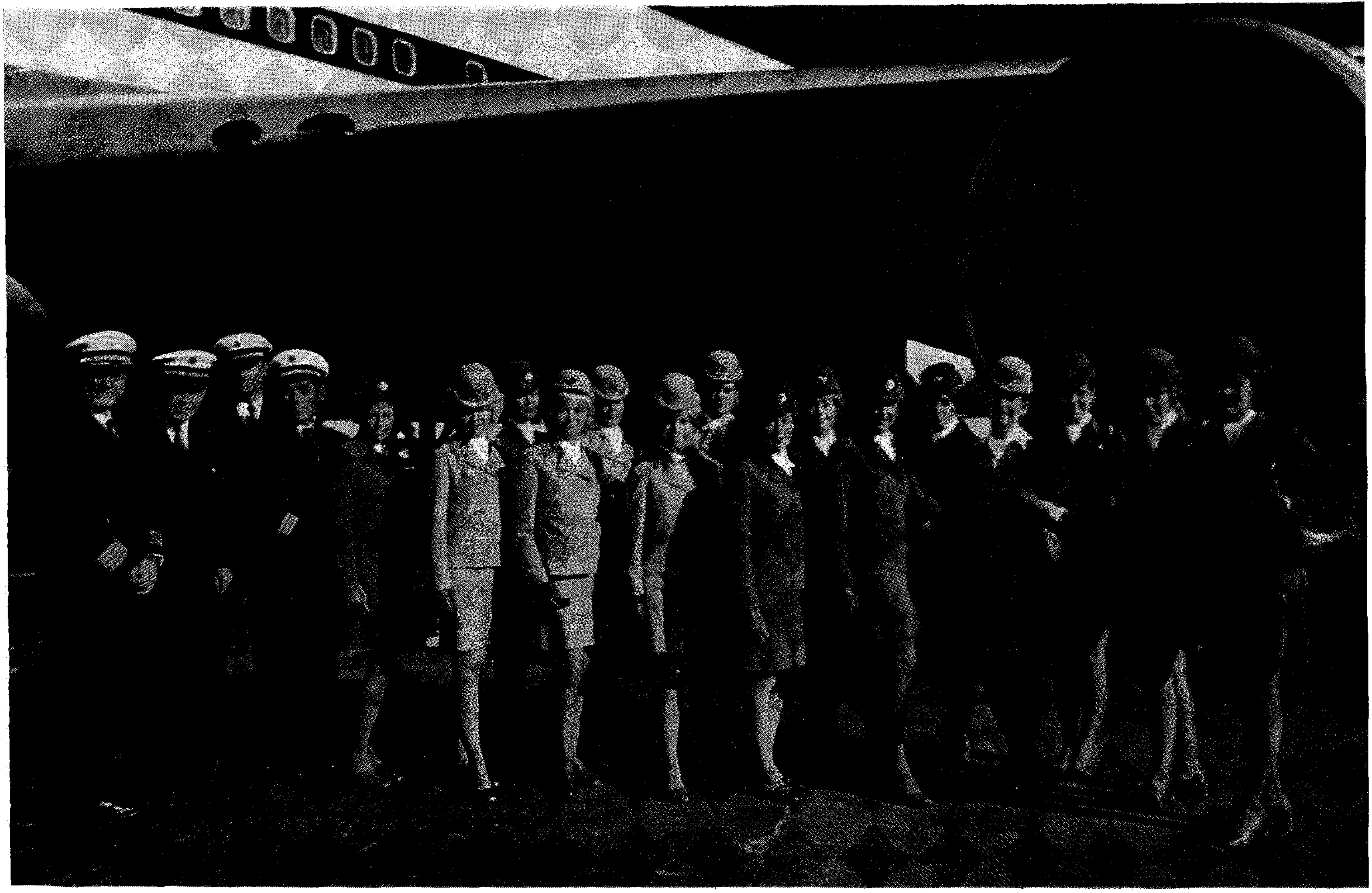
1958 First airline to operate scheduled transatlantic service with U.S. built jets.

1959 First airline to open a scheduled round-the-world jet service.

1961 First airline to offer a worldwide marketing service for shippers and importers around the world.

1962 First airline to make 100,000 transatlantic flights.

1962 First airline to establish a global electronic reservations system.



1971 Veteran Pan Am Captain J. C. Tranter and crew standing before *the* passenger ship of the '70's. The Pan Am 747. We introduced this great aircraft to the world on January 21, 1970. In their first year Pan Am 747's carried nearly 1½ million travelers to all corners of the earth, and back again.

1948 First U.S. airline to install fully automatic nationwide communications network for airline ticket reservations.

1951 First airline to provide direct one-carrier service linking Asia, the West Coast and Latin America.

1951 First airline to publish a comprehensive international travel guide. ("New Horizons® World Guide," most popular travel guide ever published.)

1952 First airline to use aircraft built specifically for tourist-class service on the transatlantic route.

1953 First airline to introduce a pay-later plan.

1963 First airline to operate pure-jet freighters.

1964 First airline to relay in-flight messages via Satellite Syncom III.

1966 First airline to order the Boeing 747 superjet.

1970 First airline to fly the 747.

1970 First airline to fly one million passengers on the 747.

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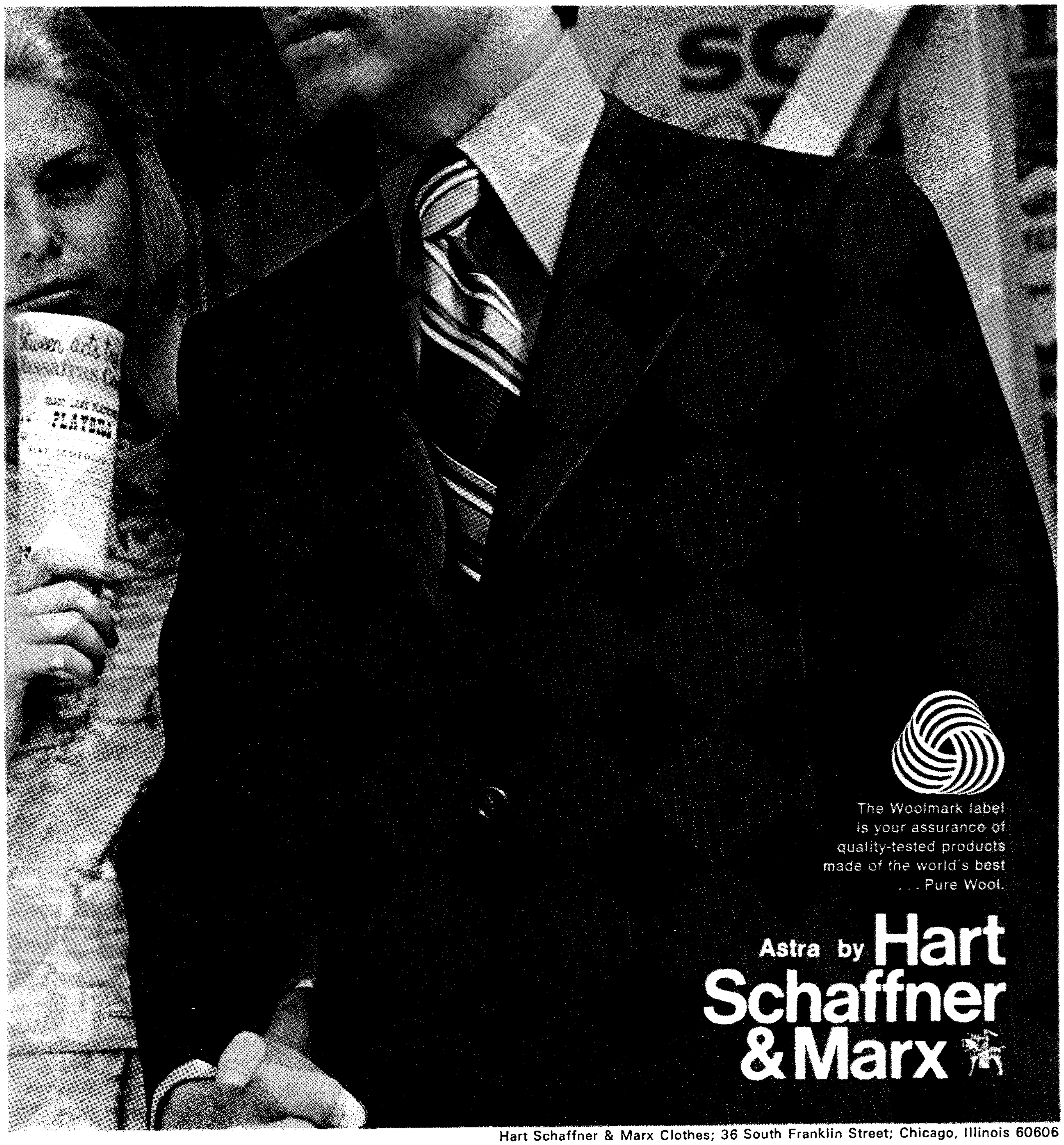

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 9: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
From Feb. 10: "Trash."
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"I Never Sang for My Father."
Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 9: "Little Fauss and Big Halsy" and "The Angel Levine."
From Feb. 10: "Catch-22" and "The Stranger."
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Julius Caesar."
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 8: "I Love My Wife."
From Feb. 9: "Sudden Terror."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 6: "Five Easy Pieces."
From Feb. 7: "Puzzle of a Downfall Child."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Pigeons."
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Bed and Board."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Music Lovers."
R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Feb. 9: "Alex in Wonderland."
From Feb. 10: "The Night Visitor."
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Feb. 6: "Trash."
From Feb. 7: "Ramparts of Clay."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Confession."
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fools."
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."
Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Zachariah."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Last Valley."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 9: "Cromwell."
From Feb. 10: "Five Easy Pieces."
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 9: "Five Easy Pieces."
From Feb. 10: "Tora! Tora! Tora!"
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Statue."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Doctors' Wives."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 9: "Brewster McCloud."
From Feb. 10: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Feb. 3: "Women in Love" and "Live for Life."
Feb. 4-10: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "Two Mules for Sister Sara."
From Feb. 11: To be announced.
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 9: "This Man Must Die."
From Feb. 10: "Joe."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Projectionist."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 9: "Groupies" and "Greetings."
From Feb. 10: "Five Easy Pieces."
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 7: "A Face in the Crowd" and "On the Waterfront."
Feb. 8: "The Birth of a Nation."
Feb. 9: "Hearts of the World."
Feb. 10: "Intolerance."
Feb. 11: "Broken Blossoms" and "Dream Street."
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 9: "How Do I Love Thee?" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Feb. 10: "There Was a Crooked Man . . ."
Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"My Fair Lady."
Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
"Freaks" and "Dracula." (No performances on Sunday, Feb. 7.)
Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 9: "The Aristocats."
From Feb. 10: "The Wild Country."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Promise at Dawn."
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."
Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 9: "Lovers and Other Strangers."
From Feb. 10: "The Night Visitor."
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Zachariah."
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Lupo!"
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Feb. 10 (tentative): "Cromwell."
From Feb. 11: "The Garden of Delights."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Say Hello to Yesterday."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 9: "Alex in Wonderland."
From Feb. 10: "The Wild Country."
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 4: "This Man Must Die."
Feb. 5-11: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 9: "I Never Sang for My Father" and "The Mind of Mr. Soames."
From Feb. 10: "Joe" and "The Landlord."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 3: "Mildred Pierce" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."
Feb. 4: "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Go Into Your Dance."
Feb. 5: "Go Into Your Dance" and "Casablanca."
Feb. 6: "Casablanca" and "Laurel and Hardy."
Feb. 7: "Laurel and Hardy" and "42nd Street."
Feb. 8: "42nd Street" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."
Feb. 9: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Feb. 10: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz."
Feb. 11: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" and "Persona."
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 9: "The Wild Bunch" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."
From Feb. 10: "Catch-22" and "Borsalino."
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 4: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "Nazarin."
Feb. 5-7: "Boris Godunov" and "The Threepenny Opera."
Feb. 8-9: "Hour of the Wolf" and "Eclipse."
Feb. 10-11: "The Trial" and "The Balcony."
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 9: "Groupies" and "Greetings."
From Feb. 10: "Trash."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alex in Wonderland—This story about a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject for his next film is so casual and loose that one's attention wanders. Though it's a misbegotten, pseudo "8½," from time to time it manages to capture the super-relaxed palmy-hip style of the new Hollywood. Directed by Paul Mazursky, who wrote the script with Larry Tucker. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas and Cinema Studio; through Feb. 9.)

The Angel Levine—Bernard Malamud's fable about an elderly Jewish tailor who is too skeptical to accept a black Jewish angel whom God has sent to help him. Unfortunately, the audience also has a hard time accepting the angel (Harry Belafonte). Uninspired. With Zero Mostel and Ida Kaminska. Jan Kadar directed. (Charles; through Feb. 9.)

The Aristocats—A new full-length animated film from the Disney Studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Guild; through Feb. 9.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia; Feb. 10-11.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Symphony; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ New Yorker; Feb. 8-9.)

Bed and Board—The married life of Truffaut's hero Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Of the D. W. Griffith film, James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Elgin; Feb. 8.)

Boris Godunov (1955)—Elaborate, faithful re-creation of the Moussorgsky-Pushkin opera. A. Pirogov is Boris. Directed by V. Stroyeva. In Russian. (Thalia; Feb. 5-7.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Symphony; starting Feb. 10.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), *who is building wings for himself*, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (86th St. East; through Feb. 9.)

Broken Blossoms (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film but his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, probably, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampano-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Elgin; Feb. 11.)

Julius Caesar—A new British version, directed by Stuart Burge, with Charlton Heston, Jason Robards, and John Gielgud. (Kips Bay.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors get in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (New Yorker; Feb. 5-6.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Charles and Symphony; starting Feb. 10.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Beekman.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (New Yorker; Feb. 10-11.)

Cromwell—The actors waddle around in their Puritan bloomers, then stand still to make speeches at each other. Richard Harris plays Cromwell as a sullen prig who hates power; the movie never explains how he got it. Ken Hughes wrote and directed, both academically. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art; through Feb. 10, tentative.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 4-10.)

Doctors' Wives—From the Frank G. Slaughter novel, with Dyan Cannon, Richard Crenna, and Gene Hackman, directed by George Schaefer. (Loew's Ciné.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel, and it becomes too stagy. It was a huge popular success, however, and started a cycle. With Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Feb. 7.)

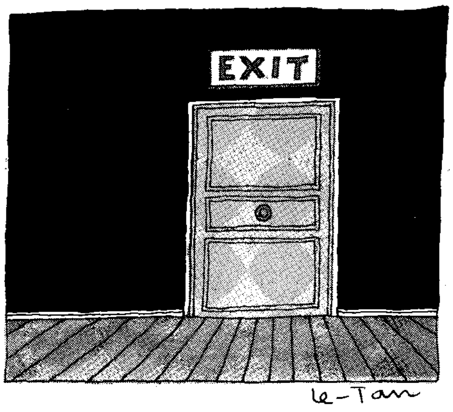
Dream Street (1921)—Returning to the Thomas Burke stories of the London slums that were the basis for "Broken Blossoms," D. W. Griffith had a disaster. The plot about a Chinese who lusts after Carol Dempster (a chilly heroine) is fairly embarrassing, and the mixture of allegory, melodrama, and attempted poetry is a sad mess. (Elgin; Feb. 14.)

Eclipse (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Thalia; Feb. 8-9.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (Elgin; through Feb. 7.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (34th St. East; through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St. and Greenwich; starting Feb. 10.)

Fools—It's one thing to lose your heart in San Francisco; it's another to lose your mind there. Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. Beware. (68th St. Playhouse.)



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42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On With the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (New Yorker; Feb. 7-8.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Feb. 7.)

The Garden of Delights—A comedy about upper-middle-class greed by Carlos Saura, the director of "The Hunt." In Spanish. (Lincoln Art; starting Feb. 11.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Wini Shaw sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The cast isn't topnotch, but it does include Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters, Al Dubin and Harry Warren, also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (New Yorker; Feb. 4-5.)

Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (New Yorker; Feb. 3-4.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Thalia; through Feb. 4.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Greenwich and Midtown; through Feb. 9.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (Greenwich and Midtown; through Feb. 9.)

Hearts of the World (1918)—D. W. Griffith's venture into direct propaganda; he began the film to convince Americans to enter the First World War, but his objective was achieved before he actually started to shoot, and the film turned into propaganda for a more angry spirit. Partly shot in the battlefields of Europe. With Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, and Robert Harron. (Elgin; Feb. 9.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—Max von Sydow as an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann as his troubled wife. Ingmar Bergman, of course, and not at his best. In Swedish. (Thalia; Feb. 8-9.)

How Do I Love Thee?—A comedy adapted from a novel by Peter DeVries. With Jackie Gleason and Maureen O'Hara, directed by Michael Gordon. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 9.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Cinema I.)

I Love My Wife—A grossly conceived seriocomic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Murray Hill; through Feb. 8.)

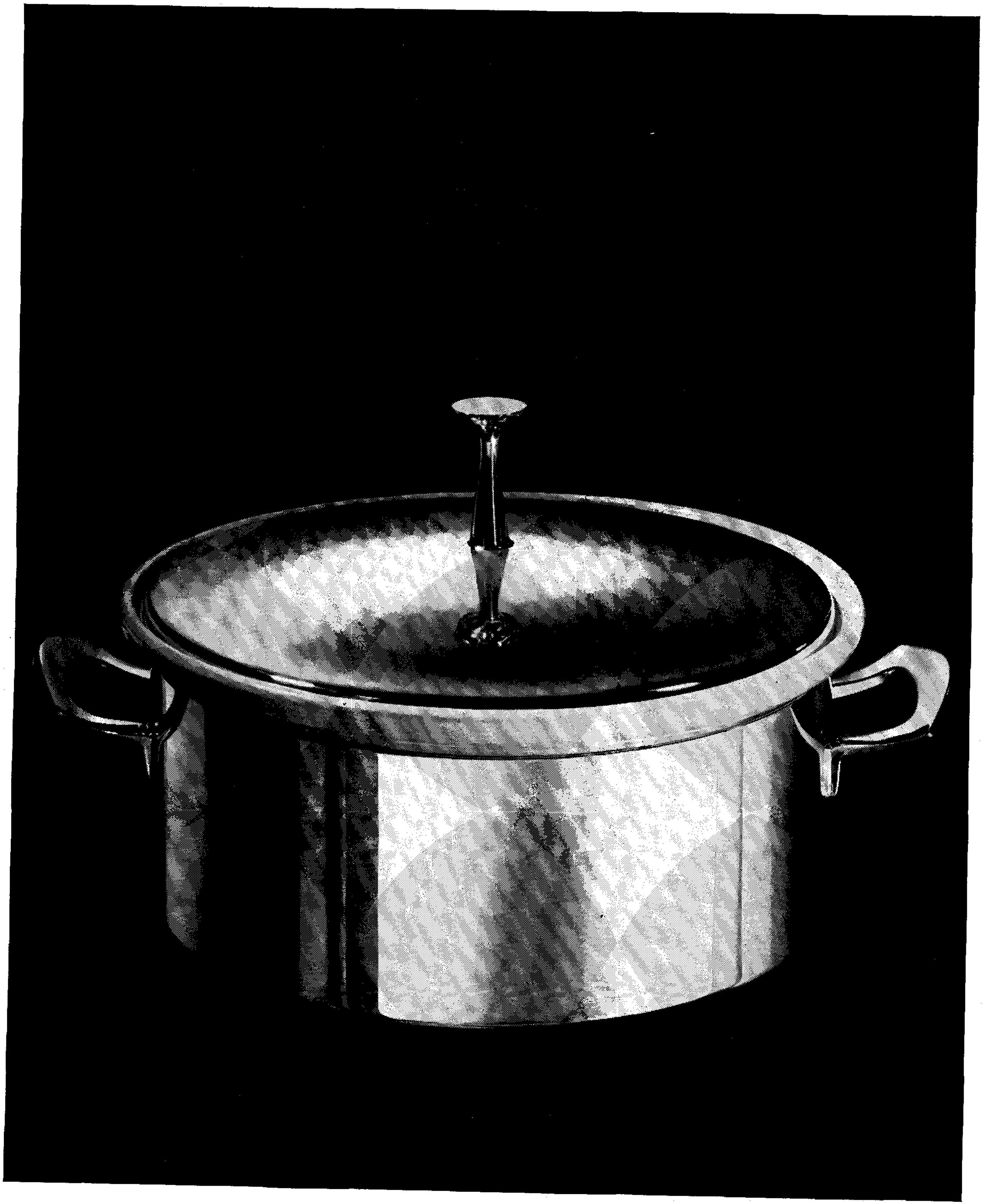
I Never Sang for My Father—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 9.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. In it one can see the source of most of the major traditions of the screen—the methods of Eisenstein and von Stroheim, the Germans and the Scandinavians, and, when it's bad, De Mille. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Elgin; Feb. 10.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—This plain and inexpensive bit of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah in a bit. Directed by Don Siegel. (New Yorker; Feb. 9-10.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Joe—A hard-hat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the free-loaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ 8th



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 10.)

The Landlord—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 10.)

The Last Valley—James Clavell directed this large-scale adventure story set during the Thirty Years War. With Michael Caine and Omar Sharif. (Juliet 2.)

Laurel and Hardy—A program of four films, "The Music Box," "Their First Mistake," "Them Thar Hills," and "Tit for Tat." (New Yorker; Feb. 6-7.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—Michael J. Pollard acts like Harpo Marx but makes the mistake of talking; Robert Redford makes the mistake of acting cute and raunchy. The film, directed by Sidney J. Furie, is about motorcycle racers, and it's insufferably smirky. (Charles; through Feb. 9.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 3.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sounds of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; through Feb. 9.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East.)

Lupo!—An Israeli comedy, with Yuda Barkan, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won the Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. (New Yorker; Feb. 3.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—Science fiction and educational polemics. Can a young man (Terence Stamp) recently awakened from a thirty-year coma find happiness with Nigel Davenport (strict structural educator) or Robert Vaughn (permissive educator)? With Donal Donnelly. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 9.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Coronet.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Criterion.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia; through Feb. 4.)

The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas and Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting Feb. 10.)

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On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Elgin; through Feb. 7.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a book clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Gramercy, 72nd St. Playhouse, Waverly, and Festival.)

The Passion of Anna—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots, for instance, and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Art; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Regency; Feb. 5-11.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Feb. 11.)

Pigeons—A comedy, directed by John Dexter, with Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which is mostly bits of old serials and features—some of them fun. With Ina Balin. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Promise at Dawn—Melina Mercouri and Assaf Dayan in an adaptation of Romain Gary's biographical story, directed by Jules Dassin. (Music Hall.)

Puzzle of a Downfall Child—Faye Dunaway as an unhappy high-fashion model. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (34th St. East; starting Feb. 7.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this story of a young girl in an Algerian village. In French. (Cinema II; starting Feb. 7.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

Say Hello to Yesterday—With Jean Simmons and Leonard Whiting, directed by Alvin Rakoff. (Paris.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Statue—With David Niven and Virna Lisi, directed by Rod Amateau. (Orpheum.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Charles; starting Feb. 10.)

Sudden Terror—Suspense story about a boy who witnesses an assassination. With Mark Lester, Lionel Jeffries, and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (Murray Hill; starting Feb. 9.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 9.)

There Was a Crooked Man . . .—This example of commercialized nihilism seems to have been written by an evil two-year-old, and it has been directed in the Grand Rapids style of filmmaking. There's nobody to root for but Kirk Douglas, a red-haired jokester-killer who gets sent to a territorial prison in the Arizona desert in the eighteen-eighties; he makes a fool of Henry Fonda, the warden who is trying to make the place tolerable, and he makes corpses of his buddies. Written by David Newman and Robert Benton; directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 10.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. In French. (Regency; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 9.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Thalia; Feb. 5-7.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond, but a little too much underwater warballet. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. (86th St. East; starting Feb. 10.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—A solemnly superficial account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. (U. A. East; starting Feb. 10.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II; through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Art and Midtown; starting Feb. 10.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Thalia; Feb. 10-11.)

Two Mules for Sister Sara—Poker-faced Clint Eastwood, and Shirley MacLaine as a spunky whore disguised as a nun. If there's anyone who wants to know how long it takes Eastwood to penetrate her disguise, that could explain why the picture was made. (It takes a long time.) Don Siegel directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 4-10.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Symphony; through Feb. 9.)

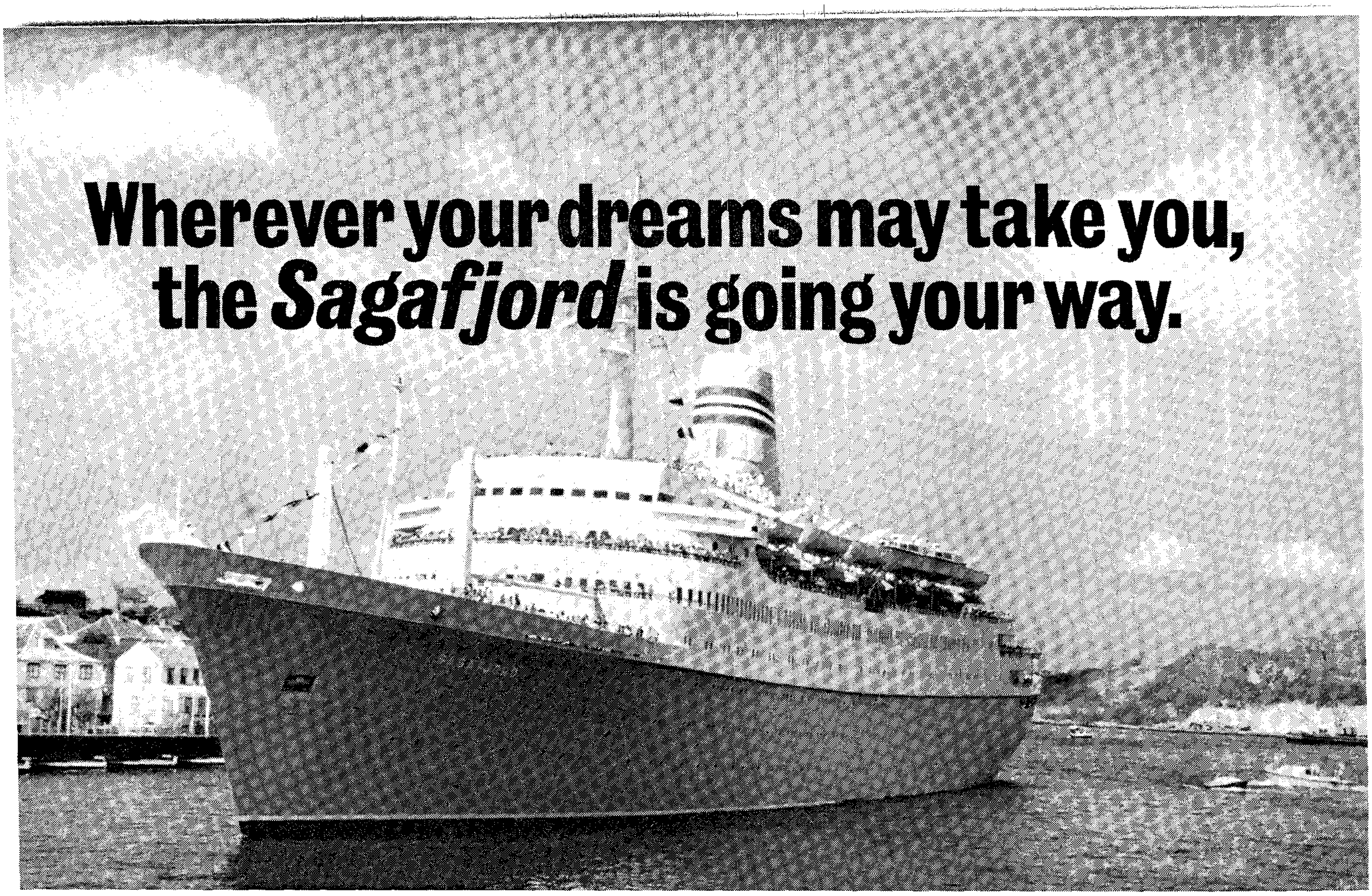
The Wild Child—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Art; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Regency; Feb. 5-11.)

The Wild Country—The Disney studio's treatment of Ralph Moody's "Little Britches," with Steve Forrest and Vera Miles. Directed by Robert Totten. (Guild and Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 10.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 3.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. In this one his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he'd served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (86th St. East; starting Feb. 10.)

Zachariah—A rock Western with John Rubinstein and Pat Quinn, directed by George Englund. (Juliet 1 and Little Carnegie.)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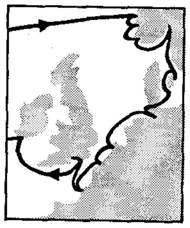

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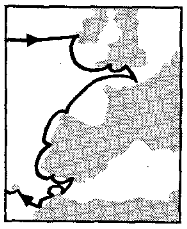

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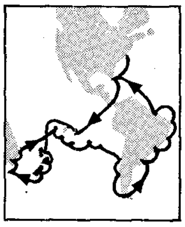

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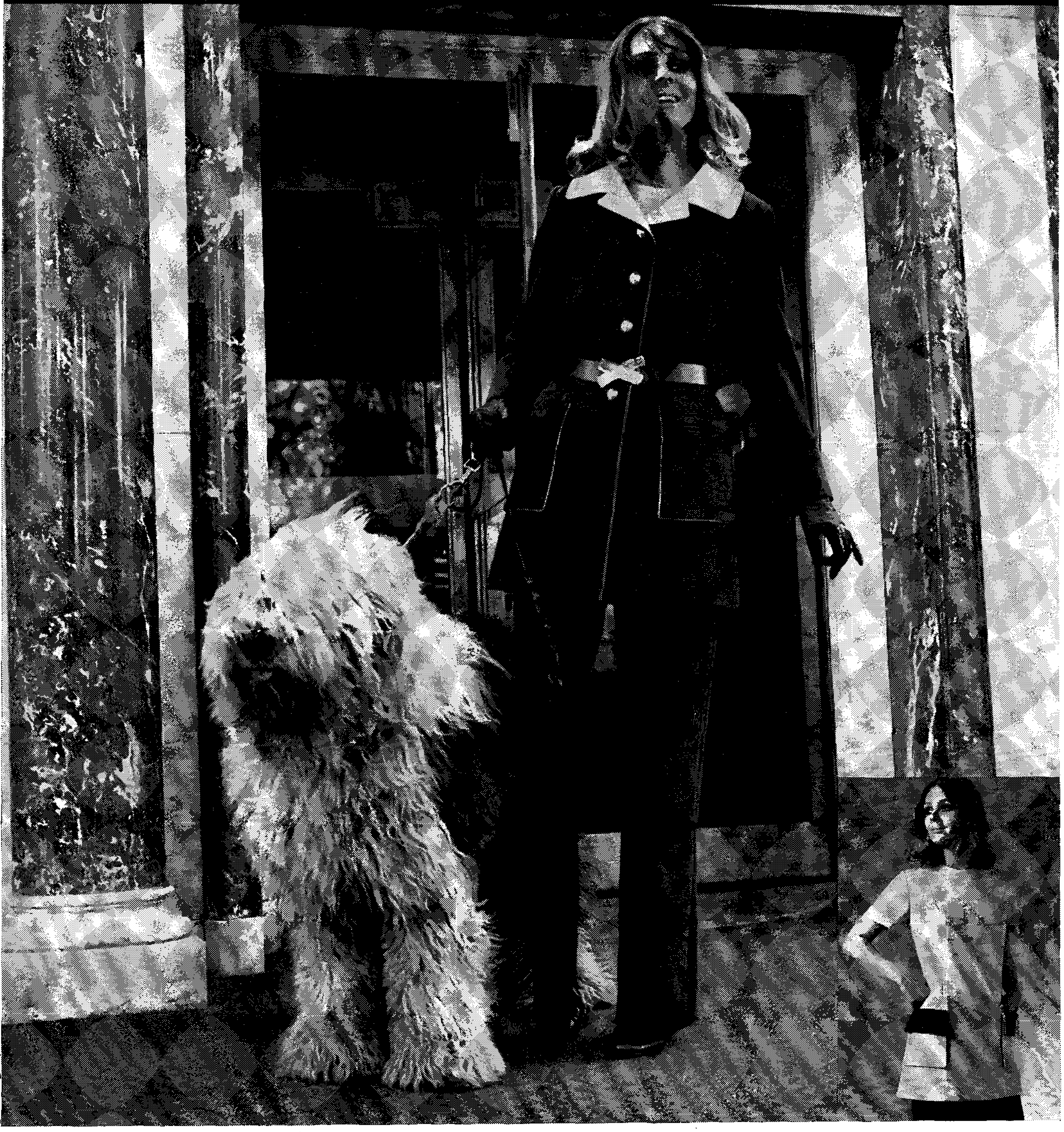

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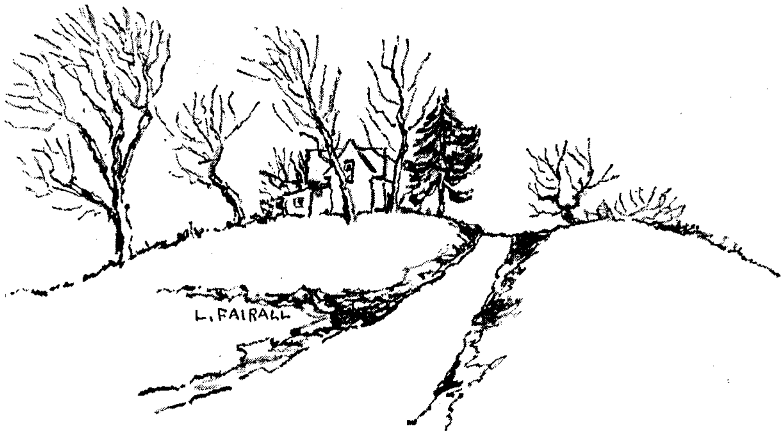
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

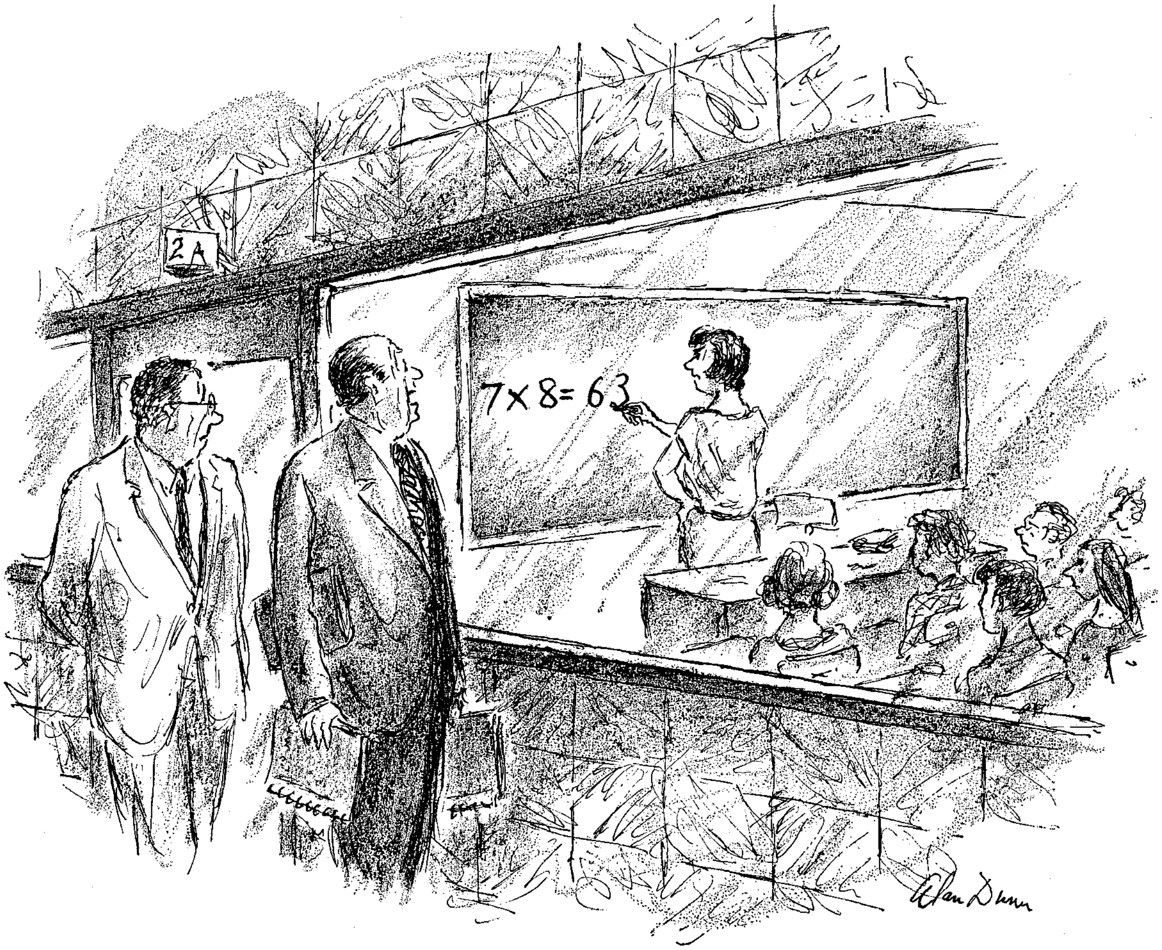
FOR several weeks now, we have been pondering the plight of the eight citizens whom the House Internal Security Committee has booted off its list of dangerous radicals without as much as a by-your-leave. The original list, made public last October, consisted of the names of people who had spoken on college campuses while supposedly belonging to or supporting organizations that the committee believed to be part of the Red Menace. (The committee retains the same peculiarly broad view of what constitutes Bolshevism that it had when it was known as the House Un-American Activities Committee. HUAC, like the "front groups" it had warned Americans against for so long, one day simply changed its name without changing its policies—making its acronym HISC, which we find mildly onomatopoetic.) Although the purpose of the list-gathering was ostensibly to discover how the revolution is being financed, civil libertarians asserted that its real purpose was to limit some people's right to be heard by intimidating prospective audiences into believing that they would be aiding the overthrow of the republic if they engaged those people as speakers. But if the people on the original list were wronged, what about the eight people who were left off a revised list that the committee published in December? These are days, after all, when film producers in bell-bottom trousers put out what they like to think of as revolutionary statements and when bankers give talks on how to stand up to the Establishment. Can there be a campus in the country where inclusion in a House Internal Security Committee list of dangerous radicals isn't considered a minimum requirement for a political speaker? It is possible, of course, for some radicals to claim that they were overlooked by the committee: since there were people on the original list who turned out to have no connection with the organizations mentioned, it is reasonable to assume that there were people not on the list who *were* connected with the organizations. But someone who was on the original list and then was rejected must be someone who was considered, upon reflection by the committee, not radical enough. What college organization would want to hire a speaker who is not even radical enough to be included in a list of people considered radical by the House Internal Security Committee? When the revised list first came out, it appeared to us that the eight rejectees had been permanently robbed of their source of income. Lately, though, we have begun to believe that their careers can be salvaged. The eight may, after all, show up on the list of people spied on by the Army. Or, if not the Army, the Air Force. Or it may turn out that their phones are being tapped as part of the Attorney General's broader wire-tapping program. Or they may be included in a list compiled by any one of a number of local police forces that collect photographs and license numbers at anti-war rallies. The eight rejectees must find it comforting to live in a country in which remedies are so readily available.



Béjart

MAURICE BÉJART, the French choreographer whose "Ballet of the Twentieth Century" has just opened a three-week engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, is regarded in Europe as the social revolutionary of classical ballet. Béjart's convictions—that dance is a basic human ritual, that choreographers should emphasize men instead of women, that ballet must be taken out of nineteenth-century opera houses and presented in twentieth-century sports stadiums if it is to survive in an age of mass communication—have demolished artistic conventions and hooked a generation of young people. If his idea of total theatre—ballet augmented by speech and song—is not universally admired (critics over thirty tend to be skeptical), his audiences are enormous: ten thousand one night in Paris, twelve thousand in Berlin, another twelve thousand in Montreal, twenty-five thousand in Mexico City.

We travelled out to Brooklyn to meet M. Béjart, who, of course, is playing to much smaller audiences at the Academy, and found him pacing back and forth in the gold-upholstered auditorium with the grace of a caged panther. Onstage, thirty girls, strikingly individual in appearance and personality (Béjart's company is based at the Brussels Opera, but he prides himself on its international character), were performing classical *barre* exercises—*pliés*, *battements*, and *arabesques*—under the watchful eye of a long-haired ballet master. M. Béjart, a compact,



"Do you suppose it's a job action?"

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electric man of forty-three who has light-blue eyes and a black Goyaesque mustache and beard, greeted us with a smile and indicated that he would be happy to talk about the company after a run-through of "Choreographic Offering," a ballet that he had composed for this tour. "It's a discourse between the two main elements in my work—classical ballet, which is choreographed to Bach's 'Musical Offering,' and modern dance, which appears during percussion passages, to interrupt and parody the traditional steps," he said. "There is a struggle between the two styles, but we don't resolve it. We end with a young girl holding out a rose to the audience. That's our way of saying, 'In New York, you have the best choreographers and dancers, so we don't dare offer you a finished ballet. Come to your own conclusions.' "

When the *barres* were pushed back and the entire company had assembled onstage, M. Béjart sat down on a rickety wooden chair in the center aisle, picked up a microphone, and said, "*Allez, mes enfants!*" Five girls spaced themselves in the center of the stage and began to perform the famous thirty-two *fouettés*—whipping turns on one toe—from "Swan Lake." As the girls dropped out, one by one, a lithe redhead, who, M. Béjart told us, was Maina Gielgud, Sir John's niece, completed the exercise and added a few extra spins to prove that she had energy to spare. Béjart smiled, and waved to a man who was sitting at an electronic console in one of the theatre boxes. As the recorded sounds of Bach's gravely beautiful theme filled the auditorium, Paolo Bortoluzzi, the company's principal dancer, performed a few classical steps and then was interrupted by Micha Van Hoecke, a round-faced clown, who gyrated wildly to the rhythms of drums, chimes, and the Iguanaphone, a towering instrument that resembles the backbone of an arthritic dinosaur. Groups of dancers dressed in black or white alternated between classical passages of considerable beauty and modern sequences in which torsos twisted and arms and legs became angular weapons. Toward the end of the ballet, M. Béjart picked up two metal bars and beat them together in gradually accelerating rhythm as Bortoluzzi circled the stage in a series of soaring leaps. Then, after the entire company had danced a passage combining the two styles (Bach punctuated by some startling beeps and drumbeats), M. Béjart dashed onstage to arrange the dancers in a final tableau.

When M. Béjart returned to the chair, we asked why his concept of ballet was regarded as such a break with the past.

"It shouldn't be," he said. "As you can see, our fundamental training is purely classical. But we do try to use traditional techniques in ballets of ideas—ballets that express strong feelings about what life is and what life should be. I am not interested in the fashionable audience that comes to a theatre for two hours of light entertainment. For me, dance is one of the fundamental activities of the human race—an art that has not developed completely, because it has been restricted to a small, specialized world. When you go to the cinema, you don't need special knowledge to judge whether a film is good or not. I take the same approach to ballet. I speak directly with the body and the sense of movement, and hope that the audience participates to the extent of being concerned about what is happening onstage." M. Béjart added that there are two parts to his company's repertoire. "To Brooklyn we bring intimate theatrical productions that were choreographed for the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, in Brussels, but we also have large-scale works for sports stadiums—the Berlioz 'Romeo and Juliet,' and Beethoven's 'Ninth Symphony,' which is performed with orchestra, chorus, and a hundred dancers. I think it's important to reach a mass audience in person—not on film or television—because dance is ritual, and ritual needs the living presence."

We asked M. Béjart to describe the Academy repertoire, and he replied that it included "Le Sacre du Printemps;" "Messe pour le Temps Présent," a two-hour episodic work dealing with love, militarism, and alienation in modern life; "Bhakti," a

Hindu love poem; and "Les Vainqueurs," a ballet about love and renunciation that is based on the music of "Tristan und Isolde" and on a libretto inspired by the life of Buddha that Richard Wagner was writing at the same time. "The libretto—which is also called 'Les Vainqueurs'—exists, but nobody has ever discovered a note of the music," said M. Béjart. "So I made a theory from my own experience as a choreographer. If you work on two ideas simultaneously and produce just one of them, the dominant work absorbs the ideas you prepared for the other one. I think that some of the music Wagner wrote for 'Les Vainqueurs' ended up in 'Tristan,' so I combined the two works. The final words of Isolde, when she says 'I sought to dissolve myself in the ocean of life,' are very like a well-known Buddhist prayer."

"You haven't mentioned 'The Firebird,'" we said, referring to a recent and startling ballet, also based on Stravinsky, in which M. Béjart has two men dance a role that is traditionally given to a woman.

"*Mais certainement*," said M. Béjart, giving us a Mephistophelean smile. "The music is so strong, so modern, so full of life, but the Russian legend on which the original ballet was based—the magical Firebird who enables a prince to rescue a princess from a wicked sorcerer—is impossible to translate on the modern stage. So I thought there must be a way to reach the spirit of the music. The ballet was composed shortly before the Russian Revolution, and as I started to read revolutionary poets such as Esenin and Mayakovsky, I discovered that there was a small group of avant-garde writers, artists, composers, and dancers working in this period who called themselves the Firebird. So I did an abstract ballet but tried to give the feeling of young intellectuals grouped around one boy searching for something new in life. The Firebird leader is a phoenix. He is destroyed, but he rises from the ashes and lives again. That is why we have two men dancing the Firebird instead of one ballerina."

"Are you undermining the concept of the ballerina?" we asked.

"Possibly," replied M. Béjart. "Ballet has been a woman-dominated art since the middle of the nineteenth century, but in every folklore the male dancer is more important. In seventeenth-century France and Italy, where ballet was born, women at first were not even allowed to participate. For example, Louis XIV was a very good dancer, but never his queen. They called him the Sun King because he always took the part of the sun in his ballets. In the classic repertoire, we have the *entrechat*, the jump in which a dancer changes the position of his feet several times. The *entrechat-trois* is always called *le royal*, because the Sun King performed it exceptionally well. I think the day of the prima donna in dance, theatre, and opera has passed into the history of our civilization. Now we begin to go in the other direction."

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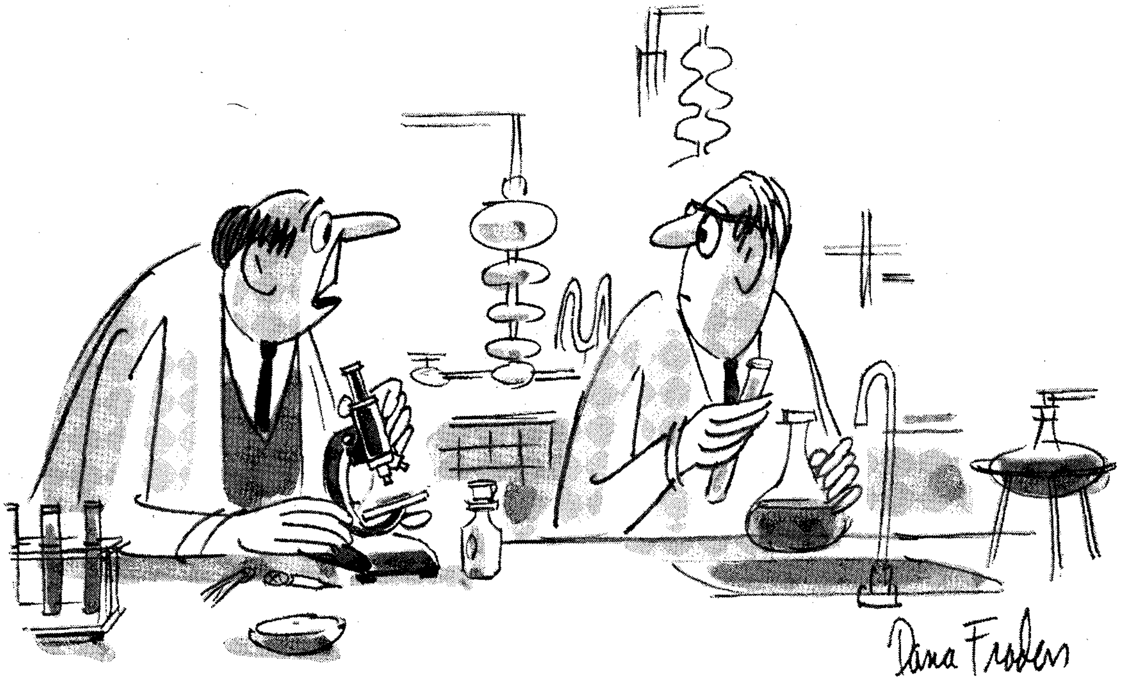
OF FREE LOCKERS

Flag Down

IN the light of some of the issues at stake in the recent City Council hearings on taxi-fare increases, a Brooklyn correspondent of ours has reported an ominous experience he had the other night. He was standing on a street corner in Brooklyn trying to hail a taxi to take him to Manhattan, when a yellow, medallioned (i.e., non-gypsy) cab came to a stop in front of him for a red light. Because the cab's top light was out and its flag was down, our correspondent made no effort to hail it, but as it stood there, he became aware that the back seat was empty. His first reaction, he reports, was one of simple concern, as if he had noticed that a passing motorist's tire was soft, his muffler pipe sagging, or his license plate loose. "Hey!" he called to the driver. "You don't have any passenger!" The cabby assured our correspondent that it was nothing to worry about. It was not, as our correspondent had feared, that some irate passenger, perhaps caught in a traffic jam, had surreptitiously taken a powder, or even that the driver had inadvertently left the meter running after discharging a fare. Rather, as the cabby calmly explained, it was that he had got fed up with Brooklyn after working half the night there, and was making his way back to Manhattan at his own expense, instead of employing the more prevalent but illegal ruse of driving with his "Off Duty" sign on. The driver added that it was a relatively economical tactic, since a dollar and a half, say, on the meter would be divided with the fleet owner and would cost him only about seventy-five cents. It appears that there is no law prohibiting a cabby from driving at his own expense and passing up passengers as long as his flag is down.

Boutique Mystique

"WELCOME to the Second National Boutique Show, Sponsored by Larkin Publications, Publish-



"My God! There are traces of tuna fish in this shipment of mercury!"

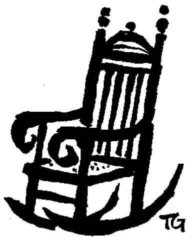
ers of *Boutique Magazine*" was the message, in six colors, on the cover of a directory we were given when we went to the show last week, at the Hotel McAlpin. "We got it all together," the message continued on the inside cover, in three colors, in the middle of a kind of astrological design. "This is it! Over 800 spaced-out lines of boutique fashion, footwear, giftwear, and accessories to turn you on. . . ."

The show was teeming, on ten floors, with young men and young women wearing, almost to a young man and a young woman, what we correctly assumed was the latest: leather hot pants, hand-tooled-leather suits, hand-painted-leather jewelry, velvet jeans, Italian suède boots, Afghanistan furs—the works. They all looked as though they felt good—or better than most of the people we meet on a bus, or across the street at Macy's, anyway.

"Why a boutique show?" we asked a chunky, unshaven, harassed-looking young man in shirtsleeves who was wearing a badge that read "Sid Davis—Nat'l Boutique Show Mgr." We had found him at headquarters, on the mezzanine.

"It's *boutique!*" Sid Davis said impatiently to us. "It's new! Take a look! They're *young!* They're *alive!* There are thirty-five *thousand* young, alive, vibrant, boutique-oriented people here!"

Mr. Davis opened the Boutique Show directory to an alphabetical list of exhibitors and slapped the list with the back of his hand. We looked at the list, not missing American Academic Environments, Inc.; Aquarian Enterprises; Artisans of Vermont; Big Scene, Ltd.; Boo; Boo Tiki; Boutique Mystique; Bread & Butter, Inc., & Ceiling Zero; Cockamamie Originals; Earl of Lichfield, Ltd.; Easy Rider; Easy Walkes; Ethnic Etc. Etc.; Funky; Funky & Groovy; Funky by Dexter; Groovy Headwear; Hip Products; H.I.S. for Her; India Emporium, Inc.; India Garments, Inc.; India Nepal, Inc.; "In" Products; Kweens of Kings Road, Ltd.; Love n' Stuff; Luv-Peace; Mixed Media; My Things; My Whirl; Naked Grape; Now Accessories; Organic Haberdashery; Psyche and Soma; Put Yourself Together; Skin of California; Socrates Sandals; Truth & Soul.



"What you want is to talk to the editor of our *Boutique Magazine*, our own magazine," Mr. Davis told us. "It's only two months old." He took us into a back office at headquarters, where two pleasant young men were sitting, one with curly dark hair worn to the base of his neck and the other with blond straight hair and a short beard. "Meet Barry Van Lenten, editor, and Bob Liebler, advertising director of our *Boutique Magazine*," said Mr. Davis. "And I'll go get Alan Larkin, our publisher, who started the whole thing." He left, and we asked Mr. Van Lenten (the dark hair) and Mr. Liebler (blond) if they would mind telling us what they were wearing, because we thought their outfits looked impressive.

"Not at all," Mr. Van Lenten said politely. "Around my neck, on this thin silver chain, this pendant is made of kingfisher feathers overlaid on silver. I got it at Rasheeda, 45 Christopher Street, where they have a lot of groovy things. The fish is a symbol of Christ. Symbolism is very important now. On my right pinky, this silver ring is embossed with an ankh, the symbol of life. My jacket is a regular bluejean-jacket style, made to order for me in brown velvet. It has antique silver buttons. Peter Dimitri made it for me. My pants are regular jeans, in brown corduroy, and all these studs in the stud design I got from Tandy-Crafts and put them on myself, down there and here, on the outside part of the front, the fly. My shirt is flax and polyester knit in tan, blue, and rust, made by Michael Milea and Peter Sinclair, two very groovy people—very articulate, too. My half-boots in brown suède are by San Remo—Italian—with laces and a buckle on the side. I have great socks, some Bill Blass socks, but right now I'm wearing some regular socks I got at Bloomingdale's. I like those, too. My saddlebag is by Stephen Burrows, a brilliant, brilliant young boy. I saw it at Bendel's, and I ordered it made for me like a pony-express bag. It carries a lot of stuff."

"Doesn't it take you a long time to get dressed in the morning?" we asked.

"No," said Mr. Van Lenten.

"I don't wear underwear, so I'm not held up by that," Mr. Liebler said. "I stopped wearing T-shirts when the mercerized-cotton council tried to foist upon me the idea that I'd be *cooler* in the summer wearing a T-shirt. If you like, I'll start from the bottom up on my clothes."

"Please," we said.

"My boots are full, high leather boots made by Italia, with a zipper on the side. Tucked into the boots I have New Man printed corduroy pants out of France, with a Cardin belt, of woven suède strips, that wraps around three times. I got it from De Jalin, which imports Pierre Balmain, too. My Jaeger sweater is a brown ribbed pullover. I got it at Bonwit's. Around my neck, on a gold chain, is an 1837 American penny, mounted for me by Judith del Peso, of Boston. My wristwatch is a Biostar, made by Certina. It's a biorhythmics watch set to my birthday, February 3, 1933. My pocketbook is a brown leather clutch bag. Carlo Palazzi, who has a boutique at Bonwit's, gave it to me."

"Thank you very much," we said. "What's the circulation of *Boutique Magazine?*"

"It goes directly to twenty-five thousand retailers," said Mr. Van Lenten. "It costs six dollars a year. There was a gap between what the retailers were doing and the communication between them and all the established publications. Luckily, we got there first."

"Why 'boutique'?" we asked.

"It is the *lousiest* name," Mr. Liebler said. "It's the most maligned name. But there's no better word for what's happening. It's an *attitude*."

"It's like Bendel's is the department store of the future," said Mr. Van Lenten. "Bendel's is now almost all boutiques—shops within a shop. There's that, and then there's the freak shop, or the head shop. The European boutique is chic boutique. It's chic boutique and freak boutique now. And that's what the show is. New fashions. A different type of selling. This show is boutique-oriented; it's not a mother-oriented show. There's an outfit in London, incidentally, actually called Mother Wouldn't Like It."

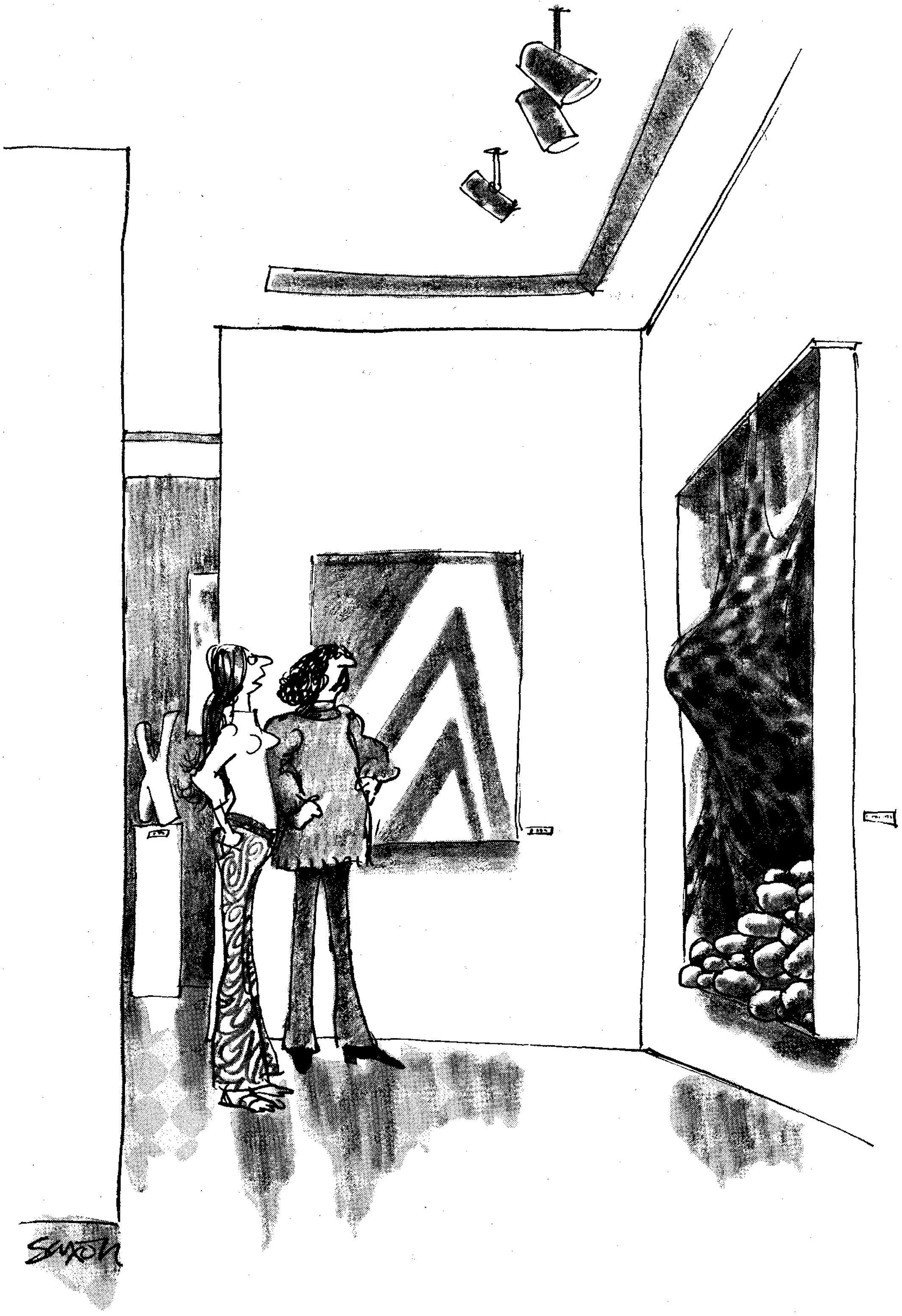
"Why do you like being boutique-oriented?" we asked.

"I'm very fashion-oriented," said Mr. Liebler. "And, to use a tired phrase, this is where it's at."

"And I like the people," said Mr. Van Lenten. "If you watch the young people here, you'll see that they're very warm, very gentle people. The pseudo-fashion people could learn a lot from these people."

"There's money, good money, to be made in this industry," said Mr. Liebler. "Here. Try some of my Tangerine Body Oil." He took a little bottle from his pocketbook and poured some of its liquid on the back of our hand. The odor reminded us of an overripe, lush tropical garden in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

"Now, here's a guy, Kaymac, out



"How do we know he isn't just trying to make damn fools of us?"

in Royal Oak, Michigan, who did twenty-five thousand dollars in 1969 with his body fragrances, decals, patches, and beads. Last year, he did one *million*. This stuff is a body fragrance, a liquid incense, a room deodorizer, all in one. And he makes it in strawberry, lime, patchouli, raspberry, and cherry besides the tangerine I put on you. Doesn't it *smell* like tangerine?"

"Well . . ." we began.

A tall, lean, gray-haired, gray-mustached, gray-sideburned man wearing horn-rimmed glasses, a conventional Glen-plaid suit, a pink shirt, and a red silk necktie strode nervously into the room. He was followed by Sid Davis.

"The man who filled the void—Alan B. Larkin!" Mr. Davis said.

"There's a whole exciting thing going here," Mr. Larkin said quickly, and then he strode out again, hyperactively.

"Why isn't Mr. Larkin dressed the way you are?" we asked.

"That's true. He's *not* together," Mr. Liebler said gently. "We're working on getting him into some thrilling threads."

"You should have seen him *last* year," said Mr. Van Lenten. "He didn't even have the mustache."

"But the world loves a doer, and he's a doer," said Mr. Liebler.

Mr. Larkin returned, restlessly, and sat down. Sartorially, he was still not together. His threads were still unthrilling.

"How do you like your show?" we asked him.

"Great!" he said. "It's great to see these beautiful young people, beautiful young people who wouldn't go near business a few years ago, now getting involved in the so-called Establishment. Suddenly, here are these young people, people with a fantastic vibrancy, and they are going to be our new merchant princes. These lovely, beautiful people for years could not find what they wanted in the stores, and now, through their handicrafts, they have created their *own*."

"What made you come up with the idea for the show?" we asked.

"I've been running shows for the apparel industry for twenty-five years, Boston-based," Mr. Larkin said. "Apparel shows emanate from sales shows. Every major market has a sales show. For the past decade, for forty weeks out of every year, I've been putting on thirty-two regional shows. I have a feeling about how to run a show. I ran trade shows for the discount houses—an industry that has gone from five and a half billion dollars in 1962 to twenty-three billion in 1969, according to Dun & Bradstreet. A show shows cohesively in one place what's going on, and those not in the show get pretty nervous about being out. There have been only three revolutions in the twentieth century. One, the supermarkets. Two, the discount houses. Three, fashion. The boutique is part of the third revolution, and this is only the beginning."

ONLY HUMAN

"IT was a terrible, terrible shock. The night before, I was talking to him on the telephone, and he said he was fine—but then, of course, he wouldn't have let on. He was forever thinking of others, never of himself, and that was how he spent his last day on earth, thinking of others." This line was the climax of Mrs. Cunningham's story of the death of her brother, Father James Murray, the Jesuit, but telling the story now to a group of nuns at the wake she'd somehow let the line slip into the very beginning. She had to stop and collect her thoughts, and the nuns, who took her to be overcome with feeling, nodded and frowned sympathetically. Two of them were nursing sisters in traditional long white habits; the four others wore drab black dresses, improvised habits that were each slightly different but looked all alike, not so much habits as the uniform of the new Church.

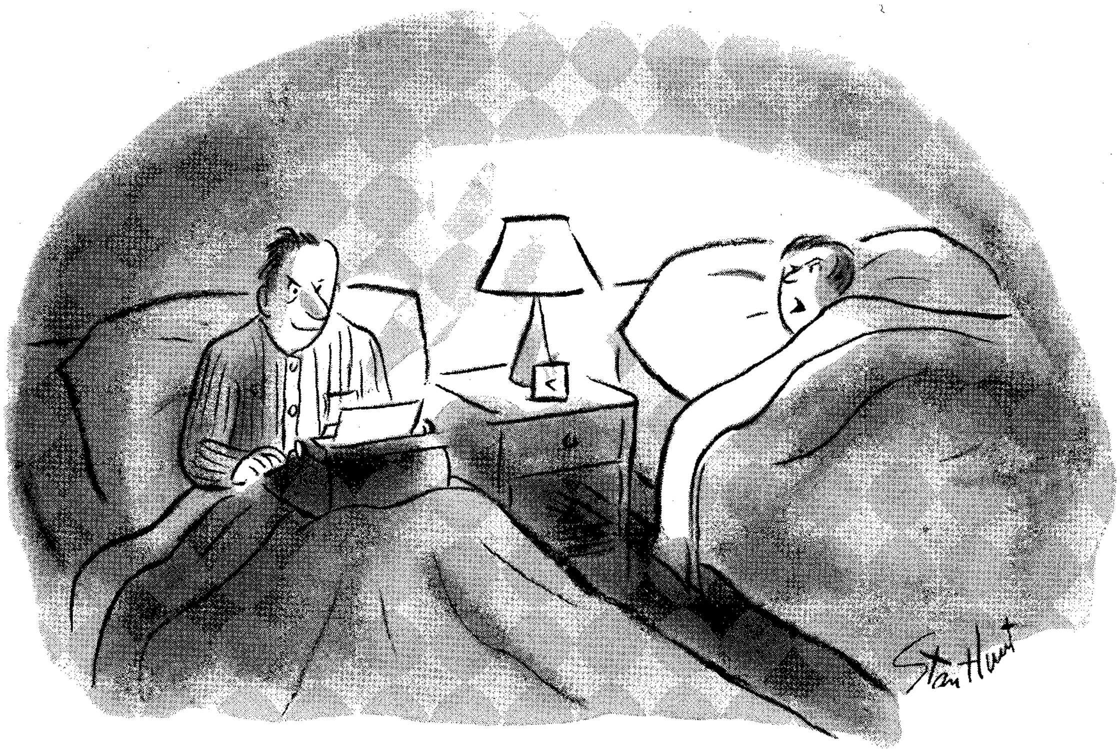
"There never was a superior like Father Jim Murray," one of the nursing sisters filled in. Except for the family, the nuns were the only people at the wake just then, but half a dozen of them plus the half dozen or so Murrays gave an impression of twice that number, because the room was so small and so ornate. It looked like a miniature ballroom and was actually a reception parlor there at the university, where Father Murray had spent most of his twenty-odd years as a priest and where, for the last two years, he'd been an assistant superior—one of several. "Whenever any of his men were at the hospital," the nursing sister went on, "we never had to worry about their being lonely or neglected, because we knew Father Murray would look after them, whether they had family or not and whether or not the family was attentive. He gave of himself unstintingly."

"Unstintingly," Mrs. Cunningham agreed, "right to the very end." She was a good-hearted woman, well over sixty but still pretty, and with a kind, motherly rather than matronly look about her, but her natural warmth and attractiveness were spoiled by the way she was throwing herself into all the sad details of this sad story. She couldn't help herself, though. She'd actually never felt that she was as close to her brother as she would have liked, as close, as a matter of fact, as she felt now. She was making up for lost time. "That Tuesday was the first anniversary of the death of Father Bill Kearns, Dolly and Rita Kearns's brother, and they wanted Father Jim to say the anniversary Mass, so he had to travel all the way out to Brooklyn. Afterward, he went along to the cemetery; then the Kearns girls insisted he go back to their place for lunch, and he did; he went along and had a meat-loaf sandwich and from there he went to the hospital where Father Steve Cusack is in with ulcers. By the time he finally got home his hip must have been bothering him terribly."

"I can see why they made February the shortest month of the year."

"Had the hip been broken?" asked a thin, very plain but very sweet-looking nun.

"No, Sister, he had arthritis in his whole lower left side. Walking aggravated it, and I'm sure he was in great pain when I talked to him, but all he said was he thought he'd go to bed early. During the night Brother Desnoes, who had the room next door, heard moaning, but he figured Father's hip was acting up, so he thought no more about it. Six o'clock next morning, Father Jim got the nurse on the phone, and they rushed him to Mercy Hospital. I had a call from Father Minister at half past eleven and I asked him if I should come, but he said, 'There's no immediate danger, Mrs. Cunningham.' " Her imitation of a sharp, clipped voice suggested some antagonism, a grudge being harbored, if not cherished. (*If I'd paid attention to that Father Davis, and thanks be to God I didn't . . .*) "All the same I felt I should make the effort, but I couldn't reach Mr. Cunningham and I was afraid of the delay on the bus, and there was no use calling Marjorie." She glanced at the young woman sitting over by the door, and again her voice had an edge to it, but this time there was a simple explanation—the fact that her daughter, Marjorie, was sitting alone when she could have been with her Uncle Bob, the bachelor, and her aunt, Sister Grace Marie, or with her Uncle Joe, who was a colonel in the Army and had come up from Virginia with his wife, Sally, and their two teen-age boys; or she could have been with her father. To Mrs. Cunningham, Marjorie's solitariness made her look as if she'd walked in off the street and sat down for a rest, but only to Mrs. Cunningham, because Marjorie's clothes—her plain black faille dress, her plain black patent shoes, and her white sweater—showed a strict regard for the occasion. Her dark blond hair was neatly held back by a narrow black velvet band. She wore face powder and lipstick and no other makeup, and no jewelry. She was someone who would always look the way she was supposed to look, someone who had a horror of standing out, though she did like being by herself. Mrs. Cunning-



"Couldn't you just keep a pencil and paper beside your bed for when you have one of your little night thoughts?"

ham said, "Marjorie has no car. She doesn't have the need for one, living down there in the city."

"What did you do?" the thin nun murmured anxiously, sensing trouble and wanting to smooth it over.

"I called a young friend of ours, a girl who went to school with my older daughter, Caroline. We were at the hospital in twenty minutes, and as soon as I walked into the room I thanked God I'd come. There was death in his face."

"And this was from his hip?"

"No, Sister, an infection of the pancreas. He'd just been put in an oxygen tent when I got there, and I went over to him and said, 'Jim, dear, it's Helen,' and he went"—she bobbed her head—"and his mouth moved"—she gagged realistically—"as if he wanted me to know he knew I was there, so I began to talk to him. 'You're the best brother anyone could ever want,' I said. 'I love you dearly, but you have to be quiet now and get better. Let everybody take care of you for a change instead of you taking care of everybody else. Because,' I said, 'you're the most generous, most loving fellow in the whole world, and we can't let anything happen to you, but you have to help, you have to relax.'"

"He wasn't conscious then, was he?" one of the nursing nuns quietly suggested.

"I think he must have been just going," Mrs. Cunningham said, "but I never stopped talking to him from the time I got there, which was a quarter past twelve, till almost the very end."

SMALL as it was, the room where the wake was being held had two big windows and two big doors. The windows were each open a crack, the doors were both wide open, and the place was freezing. This was the second coldest January 10th on record; a few days earlier there'd been a blizzard, and off and on since then there'd been several snow showers. The university grounds looked beautiful, but the old fieldstone buildings like this one, the lovely old Administration Building, were hard to heat. Marjorie Cunningham (who'd been Marjorie Peck for three years) wrapped her white sweater more closely around her. It was five o'clock, the slow time of the wake, and not enough people were there in the room to block the drafts, but any minute now Father Davis would come and call for the family and take them to dinner in the priests' dining room, over in the priests' residence, a new building, where it would be warm. It was strange, though, going inside there—four or five years before, women hadn't been allowed in the buildings where the priests lived, and men who weren't priests could only go as far as the front hall. Four or five years ago, Marjorie thought, she herself would probably not even have been on this campus. She'd been married to a man who was divorced, but now she was divorced from him—divorced for a year, married for three. She tilted her head back and concentrated on a curlicue of the molding near the high ceiling of the little room. All that happiness and all that misery—there was very little to choose between them, she thought. Or was she exaggerating? No. Good luck and bad luck amounted to pretty much the same thing in the end, except that the good was more trouble. It was harder to live with happiness because you couldn't forget about it. You were too full of it—you were blown up by it. But unhappiness brought you down to size. All you wanted was to get it out of your mind and you did. So in that sense it was true; she could honestly say it was pretty much the same to her now which way things went for her. What happened to other people was more interesting. She thought of what had happened to Father Jim, but thinking of him she was forced to think of herself, too, for strangely enough her life and his had clashed, six years before, when she'd met Harry Peck, and Father Jim was rector here at the university—not an especially popular rector. There'd been factions in the community, and the breath of scandal had eventually mattered, had been just one more strike against him, one more strike among a whole lot of others, for the wheels of change were just then beginning to turn, and he'd been of the old school, not quite ready for the change and not quite able to stand up to it or back from it. But now the Church itself had had a real dose of scandal. Defections, heresy, a generalized discontent and disorder in the ranks—all that gave Marjorie the sense of having been ahead of the times, which, it turned out, was the last thing in the world she'd wanted. What had she wanted?

"Marjorie!"

She'd wanted to lose her way and

then find it again, find it for herself, if the way was there and could be found. But while her back was turned a trick had been played on her; everything was switched around. She got up and went over to her mother and the group of nuns.

"Marjorie is my younger daughter," Mrs. Cunningham said. "My older girl, Caroline, and her husband, Frank, will be here tonight. They live in Boston with their four children, two boys and two girls."

"The perfect family," said a tiny nun, bright as a bird. "And what about Marjorie? What do you do?"

I don't do anything. I'm divorced. That was the truth, as good an answer as any, but not the right answer for this nice, enthusiastic little nun. Marjorie thought of the job she'd once had and would probably have again one of these days, when she was ready, when she had to do something. "I'm a proofreader," she said.

"My, that must be interesting!"

"It's not really," Marjorie said. "It's very exacting, Sister, like sewing."

"*There's* something I'd love to be able to do—sew. Sister Renata here is an expert. She made nearly all these new habits of ours—I say made but I really mean remade. We got the dresses, castoffs, from our families, and Sister altered them to fit us and then made the white collars and cuffs and the headpieces. She can make suits, blouses—she even made a coat once, but she says she'd rather not tackle *that* job again in a hurry!"

In the old days, nuns had been all sacrifice. They'd given up everything, given it up for you (and let you know it), but then they'd discovered themselves, their bodily selves, anyway. They'd blossomed out. You saw them in department stores or in the five-and-ten, buying stockings and hair spray, looking, on the whole, a little pathetic. What a bad bargain they'd made—giving up the sense of mystery for this new but sadly, hopelessly dated clothes sense. Marjorie said, "Do you ever miss the old habits, Sister?"

"Miss them? I should say not! As your dear uncle, Father Murray, used to say, we like being in the swim. He was a terrible tease, wasn't he?"

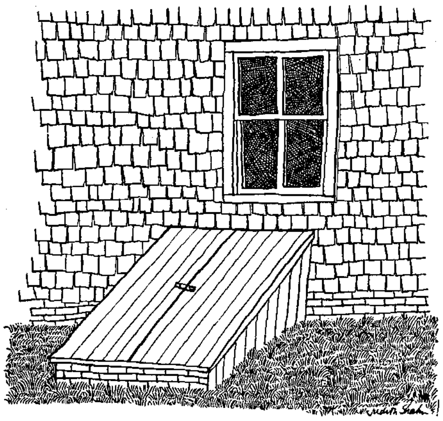
"He was." And in ways this nice nun wouldn't have come up against, in some very strange ways.

"But he had tremendous warmth, too."

"He did." Always taking you aside and telling you, in that beautiful, cultivated voice, some awful dirty joke; always, when he kissed you, touching you some place he shouldn't have touched you; always those wet kisses.

"And patience! I never, in all the years I knew him, ever saw him lose his temper!"

Neither did I, it occurred to Marjorie. "The most generous, most loving fellow in the whole world"—there was some truth in that description of her mother's, but there was a lot more to the truth, a lot more to the man. He'd been terribly complicated, not someone you'd have thought of as a priest. Maybe being a priest had created the complications, exaggerated all those feelings he was supposed to give up, had given up, though they hadn't given him up, had never, probably, given him a moment's real peace. Maybe if he'd got married he wouldn't have been so at the mercy of his feelings or been so generous and loving. He might have drawn back the way people did, retreating to some position there was at least a hope of holding.



"Will you excuse me, Marjorie?" the nun asked. "I see Father John Zimmerman." A priest with an overcoat over his cassock had just come into the room, along with a man in a tan duffel coat. "I must go and say hello," the nun said. It was the man in the duffel coat she went and spoke to. Marjorie looked over at the figure that had become for her the one sure point of reference in the room, Brother Desnoes, the lay brother. For the last three days he'd stood in that same corner, his hands in his pockets or tucked under his arms, or one hand touching the end of the long side table, his close-set, brown, shoe-button eyes staring into the crowd or over all the heads, a rough, healthy peasant out of Flaubert. Why would a man, especially a man like that, become a brother? It was such a nondescript life, the so-called "lay" side of a religious order. If this man hadn't joined up, what would he have been? A waiter, maybe. A very good waiter in a very good restaurant. He had that serious confidence of someone who knows his job and enjoys showing he can do it perfectly. Marjorie saw him in a tuxedo, taking orders, serving plates—*the Chateaubriand? the veal scaloppine?*—keeping his mind on his work, saying almost nothing. It struck her then that she hadn't noticed anyone talking with Brother Desnoes during the wake, any of the family. She was thinking of go-

TIDINGS

The boat rides watertight, moored, shrouded.
The boy reads, floats, daydreams.
With less daylight, I get to know darkness.

Sorrowful winter, laying gloom on the river.
Unkind winter, contradictor of comfort.
Blank winter, an unmarked blackboard.

Evenings aboard will be longer, with more remembering,
conclusions breaking, a long slow march of thought.
I sit in the lamp's pool, my head in darkness.

The boy mutters lost words, passing dreams.
The tide takes him to sleep, nudges him with morning.
He rises, born and beginning. To watch him is wonder.

Might that not be enough, the warm prospect,
shrouded in winter, shipshape on the river,
the boy bright with question, I fathering answer?

Oh, but the weather hints of gloom, a looming winter,
the present light breaking, change making fear,
tide on gray tide, another, another, another.

—ALASTAIR REID

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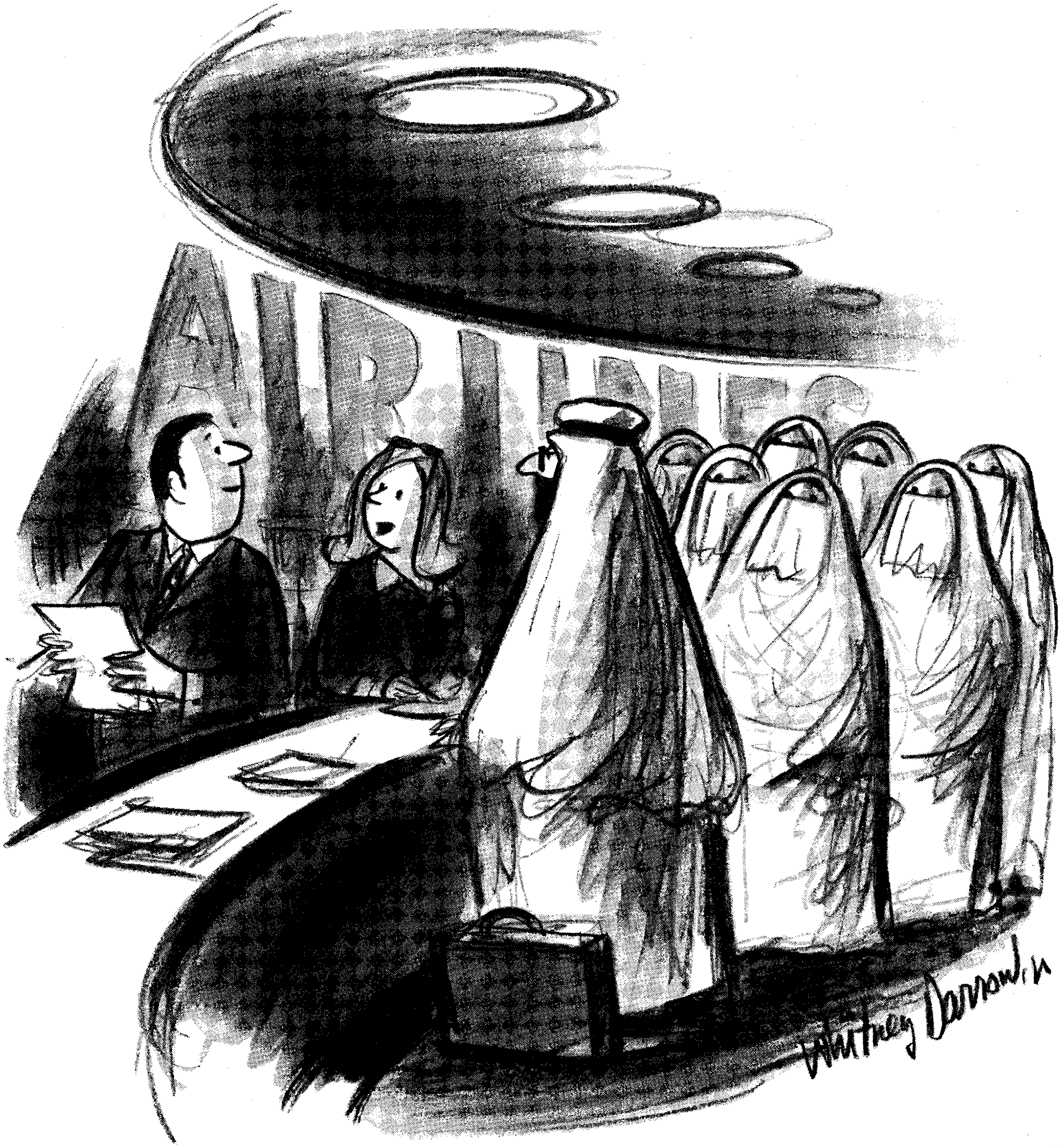


"Are we still running the Take the Little Woman Weekend Special?"

• •

ing over and starting up a conversation when someone took her by the arm.

"Is anybody hungry?"

It was Father Davis, come to collect them.

THE dining hall was huge, and on two sides it consisted of floor-to-ceiling windows that were uncurtained, turned into mirrors by the black winter evening, so that they gave back two more vast, bare, brilliantly lit, depressing rooms with the general effect of a cafeteria rather than anything more spiritually refined that the word "refectory" might suggest.

The place was empty when Father Murray's family arrived. They could have fit at one table (these few surviving members of a family of nine) but they split up because priests from the community had been joining them each evening, as a gesture of hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Sister Grace Marie, and Bob Murray sat down together. Joe and Sally went with Marjorie and the two boys to another table.

"*Komban wa,*" Joe Murray, who'd been stationed in Tokyo, greeted the Japanese waiter.

The little man grinned and bowed. "*Komban wa*, Colonel," he said.

"*Ikaga desuka?*"

"*Genki desu*, Colonel, *genki desu.*"

Sally Murray had a pleasant look on her face, but she seemed to have started concentrating on something else. The boys looked embarrassed; Marjorie looked irritated; but Joe, who was not so much gregarious as over-energetic, kept on talking Japanese until the Jesuits began coming into the dining room; then he stopped and set himself to seeing which priests he recognized. "There's Father Bill Mulry," he'd say. "Or is it Father Mulhare? I know that face." Or, "The name is on the tip of my tongue," he'd say. Men of all ages breezed through the swinging doors, but something about them all—and not their black clothes—seemed to give them a kind of common age; it could be said of the young men that there was something old about them, and of the old that they had an air of youthfulness, or, at least, youngness. One other thing was true of the group as a whole—they were all in a hurry. Even the very aged who hobbled in with canes or on crutches looked as if they had only a little time to put in here, or only a little time that they were ready to spare from their semi-invalid lives for eating. But what was there for them to do afterward? Sit around in the lounge next door? And if the refectory was like a cafeteria, the lounge was like the waiting room in a railroad station.

As the priests passed the family tables, most of them nodded. Some waved. And those who knew the Murrays well came over and said a few words. But the two who took the pair of empty places between Marjorie and Joe had to introduce themselves. Joe said, "I can't get over the generosity of you Jesuits, having us share your meal like this."

"It's to show our enormous regard for your brother," said the priest whose name was Morris, a small man with gray hair parted in the center over the face of a saint—a scholar-saint. A scholar-saint with a sense of humor.

Marjorie said, "I keep wondering if it's a good idea."

"It's an excellent idea," Joe answered her (cut her off—in his opinion Marjorie should have been cut off altogether; he couldn't see that she was anything but a troublemaker, a proven troublemaker). "We'd be at least an hour at a restaurant," he said, "by the time we ordered and were served and had our dinner. At least an hour, probably more. To say nothing of the inconvenience."

The other priest, the one right next to Marjorie, who hadn't caught his name, turned to her and quietly asked, "Why do you disapprove?"

"I was half joking," she said. And half serious. "But it does seem to me that opening up something that's always been closed can be unsettling."

"I think we clergy can afford to be a little unsettled," he said. He was a handsome man with a nervous, excitable manner that gave him the look, though he was tall and fairly well built, of being worn down, worn away from what he was meant to be, possibly a bit chipped as well. "I think it may even be good for us. We've had things very easy for a very long time."

"I didn't mean unsettling for you, Father."

He laughed. He had bad, very small, widely spaced teeth. "Do you mean to say *you* can't take being unsettled?"

"I guess not," Marjorie said. "Not gracefully, anyway."

He laughed again. "Which of the Cunningham girls are you?"

"Marjorie," she said, "the younger one." The one who caused the trouble. Something told her he knew that very well—something too alert and too knowing in his eyes and in his voice. She changed the subject. "Do you teach, Father?"

"I do indeed, I teach theology. If you can say that theology can be taught, and of course it can't. I'm giving it up next semester."

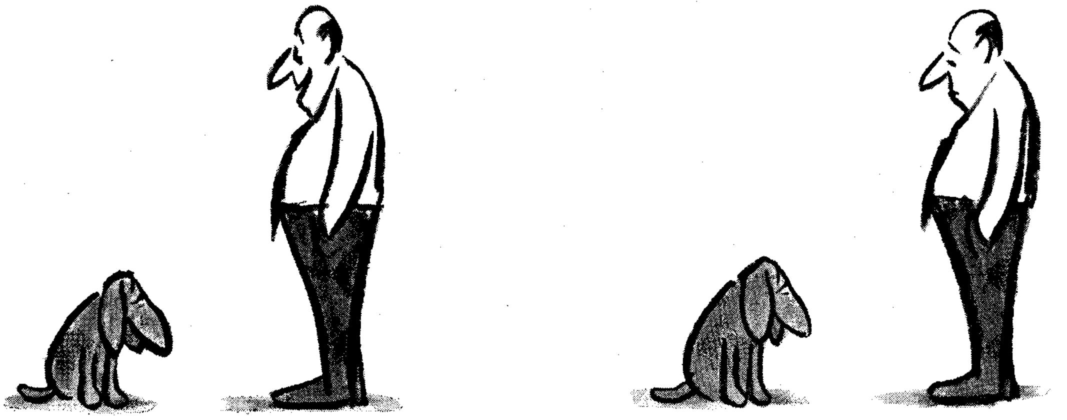
Nuns had become clothes-conscious, priests had become independent-minded. Marjorie looked around the table for help, but Sally had got into a conversation with Father Morris—across Joe, who was busy taking serving dishes from the Japanese waiter; the boys had their eyes on the food.

"You don't teach God," said the priest. "You have to know Him and you don't get to know Him from a course in a university."

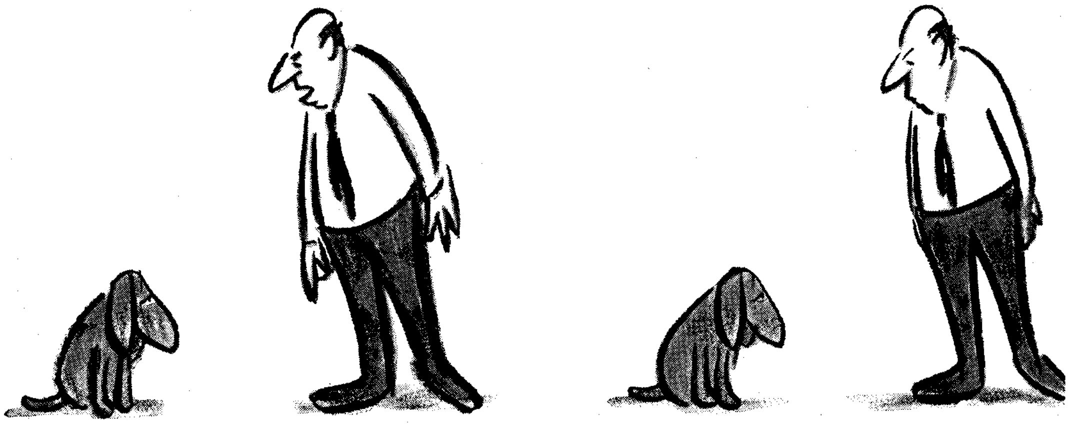
Marjorie said, "Any place is good for a start, isn't it?"

"Not at all, and a classroom is the worst place in the world. God is people and their relationships to each other and to Him. Think, for example, of your uncle."

She thought, again, of her uncle and herself, of the old scandal and the trouble it had caused among men like this



"Speak."



"Heel."

man and like the others at the nearby tables. The room was half full now. In the clash of a hundred forks against a hundred plates, in the drone of all that routine conversation there was the sense of mortal dreariness, of day-to-dayness so devoid of the play of deep feelings as to make any man, you'd have thought, desperate. Communal life. The priesthood. There was more to it than stalls in a chapel, Divine Office being chanted, more to it than prayers and holiness and self-sacrifice. There was this other side that was really institutional life—men at loose ends, each one thrown back on himself because there was no one other person who really knew him, knew what he was like; no one who was involved in what happened to him; no one particularly wanting to please him. Take the simplest things, like meals—like this food being handed around the table now. A platter of overdone lamb chops, dishes of vegetables ready too early and kept warming in the kitchen too long. She helped herself to the withered-looking broccoli. Imagine that kind of thing night after night. And imagine sitting down night after night with what really must amount to a crowd of acquaintances plus, maybe, a crony or two, and having to be pleasant (or unpleasant), making conversation, probably passing on bits of gossip. Yes, of course, there'd be gossip—it was all too plain; they were only human, like Father Jim. Marjorie said, "My uncle was a terribly kind man, terribly forgiving." It sounded like the same old line that had been dished out all during the wake. *He was the soul of kindness. He gave of himself unstintingly. He lived for others.* "But he was terribly vulnerable," she added.

"Vulnerable? In what way?"

She'd meant to say something real, something that would give the dead man back a little of what had made him alive, but she'd said the wrong thing. "It was so important to him to be close to people." That was even worse.

"The impression he gave around here was just the opposite. He was the Establishment, as they say, the high command, and some of us used to feel he was inclined to put on airs and throw his weight around a bit too much."

Marjorie said, "That's something different from what I had in mind."

"What was that?"

The dirty jokes, the wet kisses, the touching. It was easy enough to see what all that came down to, what the truth about anyone could be traced to. "His family," she said. "There were a lot of children, and he was the middle child. The competition was terrible, and their mother was the classic matriarch." Classic was right—probably half the men in the room had the same or a very similar story; probably this man did, too. Yes, definitely. Marjorie could tell by the way he was frowning over his plate that she'd hit home. She was prepared for a new offensive, but he surprised her.

He looked up and said, "Oddly enough, in these last couple of years the people who hadn't got along with Father Murray before were the very ones who admired him. He changed, you know. He grew mellow with time and with the events of the times—in spite of himself, of course. He had no real desire for changes in the Church, but that made it even more praiseworthy that he was able to overcome his prejudices."

It was almost an about-face. It put Marjorie to shame and it made her resent this man who'd been drawing her out for reasons that were not quite clear but were clearly not simple friendliness. She said, "Who ever does want something to be drastically changed when it's a thing you care about?"

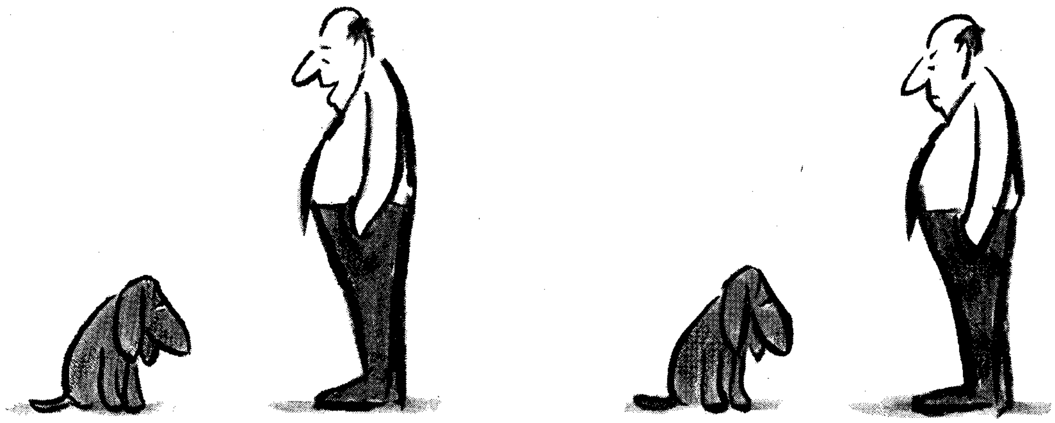
"Don't tell me you're a conservative."

"I'm not anything," she said. "I just miss the old indifference of the Church."

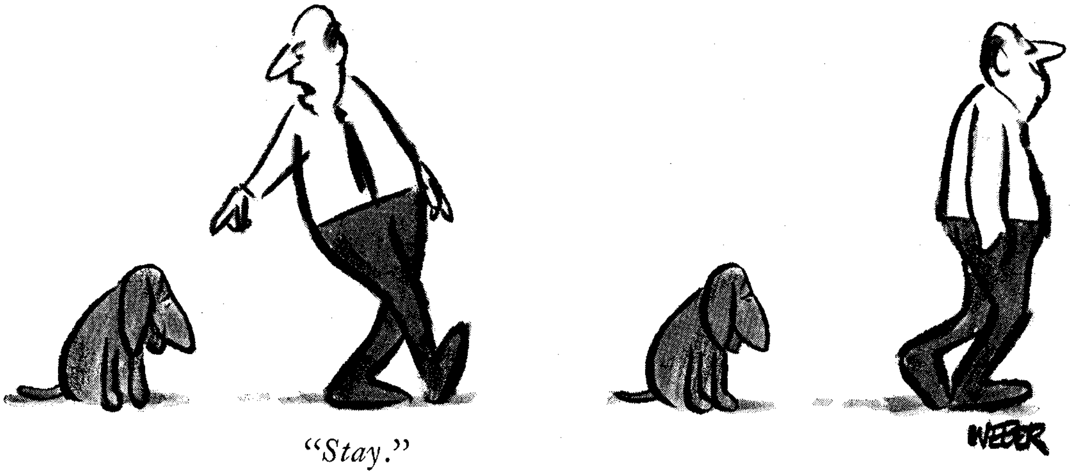
"Because it let *you* be indifferent."

"Because it was like the indifference of God. I wonder if you'd pass me the butter, Father." It was a silly, obvious sort of rudeness, and the priest didn't take offense. "What do you do, Marjorie?" he asked politely as he handed her the dish.

"I don't do anything, I'm divorced." This time she was being more than rude, she was trying to embarrass him, and she succeeded, not so much by what she said (which he very probably already did know) but because she'd given a loaded answer to such



"Roll over."



"Stay."

THE MAGIC CURTAIN

1

At breakfast, Mother sipped her buttermilk,
her mind already on her shop,
unrolling gingham by the yard,
stitching her dresses for the Boston trade.
Behind her, Frieda with the yellow hair,
capricious keeper of the toast,
buckled her knees, as if she'd lost
balance and platter, then winked at me, blue-eyed.
Frieda, my first love! who sledded me to sleep
through snows of the Bavarian woods
into the bell-song of the girls,
with kinds of kisses Mother would not dream;
tales of her wicked stepfather, a dwarf,
from whom she fled to Bremerhaven
with scarcely the tatters on her back;
riddles, nonsense, lieder, counting-songs. . . .

Ein, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs, sieben,
Wo ist hier mein liebster Herr geblieben?
Er ist nicht hier, er ist nicht da,
Er ist fort nach Amerika.

"Be sure," said Mother briskly at the door,
"that you get Sonny off to school
on time. And see that he combs his hair."
How could she guess what we two had in mind?

2

Downtown at the Front St. Bi-jo (spelt Bijou)
we were, as always, the first in line,
with a hot nickel clutched in hand,
impatient for *The Perils of Pauline*,
my Frieda in her dainty blouse and skirt,
I in my starched white sailor suit
and buttoned shoes, prepared to hang
from cliffs, twist on a rack, be tied to rails.
School faded out at every morning reel,
The Iron Claw held me in thrall,
Cabiria taught me the Punic Wars,
at bloody Antietam I fought on Griffith's side.
And Keystone Kops came tumbling on the scene,
in outsized uniforms, mustached,
their thick-browed faces dipped in flour,
to crank Tin Lizzies that immediately collapsed.
John Bunny held his belly when he laughed,
ladies politely removed their hats,
Cyrus of Persia stormed the gates,
upsetting our orgy at Belshazzar's Feast.
Then Charlie shuffled in on bunioned feet.
We twirled with him an imaginary cane
and blew our noses for the gallant poor
who bet on a horse, the horse that always loses.
Blanche Sweet, said Frieda, had a pretty name,
but I came back with Arline Pretty,
and, even sweeter, Louise Lovely.
Send me your picture, Violet Mersereau!
Lights up! Ushers with atomizers ranged
the aisles, emitting lilac spray.
We lunched on peanuts and Hershey bars
and moved to the Majestic for the two o'clock show.

3

Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . .
The frames are whirling backward, see!
The operator's lost control.
Your story flickers on your bedroom wall.
Deaths, marriages, betrayals, lies,
closeups of tears, forbidden games,
spill in a montage on a screen,
with chases, pratfalls, custard pies, and sores.
You have become your past, which time replays,
to your surprise, as comedy.
That coat hanger neatly whisked your coat
right off your back. Soon it will want your skin.

Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . .
Where has my dearest gone?
She is nowhere to be found,
She dwells in the underground.

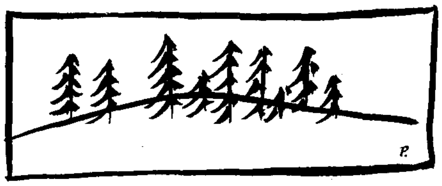
Let the script revel in tricks and transformations.
When the film is broken, let it be spliced
where Frieda vanished one summer night
with somebody's husband, daddy to a brood.
And with her vanished, from the bureau drawer,
the precious rose-enamelled box
that held those chestnut-colored curls
clipped from my sorrowing head when I was four.
After the war, an unsigned picture card
from Dresden came, with one word: *Liebe*.
"I'll never forgive her," Mother said,
but as for me, I do and do and do.

—Stanley Kunitz

* * *

a simple question. She'd embarrassed herself, too—more so when she realized that saintly, scholarly Father Morris had overheard her. Their eyes met, and she found herself facing the old, stern sorrow, the kind disapproval, all that was tough, true, really impossible, and necessary—the Church.

THESE evenings had to end early and so they also had to begin early. By half past six, when the Murray family returned to the Administration Building, visitors were already waiting patiently in the drafty little room—some old friends, some nuns, a couple of elderly women of the retired office-worker type that priests will befriend or be befriended by in the course of a life of needing and dispensing small favors. The hours ahead looked like a grim prospect. Why should she stick it out, Marjorie wondered. Because it hadn't been asked or apparently even expected of her. Because it was simply the least she could do. Because the one real reason for leaving—that she felt like it—seemed to her just as much a reason for staying. It amounted to some kind of loyalty, that homely virtue it was so surprising to discover even existed, much less that it could be strong. She hung up her coat and turned to the room. Brother Desnoes was back at his corner post, the picture of simple faith, simple devotion. She went over to him and put out her hand. "You're awfully good to have been here all along, Brother," she said.



He took the hand and let it drop

"Two glasses of dry vermouth! That really must be his daughter!"

• •

again quickly. There was no change of expression in his shoe-button eyes. "I'm in charge," he said.

Marjorie was a bit taken aback. She felt a bit foolish. "Well, even so, you've been wonderful," she said, hugging her sweater around her self-consciously.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"A little."

He shook his head. "I'm very sorry but I don't know what I can do about it."

"That's all right, Brother."

"We have to keep these windows open a crack, don't you know."

"I understand," Marjorie said, but it turned out she didn't.

"Otherwise the hot air might ruin him—even in winter. Winter, summer, you can never really tell. Some of them hold up three days, four days, others start going black the first day."

Marjorie wondered if she was hearing right.

"Then there's the people kissing them. The face gets spoiled and I have to fix it up."

She was hearing right. "*You* have to?"

"The undertaker charges about a hundred dollars for a touchup, but I do it and they pay me twenty-five or thirty dollars. I give it to my sister."

This was the trouble with vague, kindly impulses. You never knew what you were letting yourself in for and more often than not you got stuck—unless you had the courage to run away, and Marjorie didn't. She resigned herself to following the conversation wherever it led, saying what was expected. "Do you come from a large family, Brother?"

"No, just myself and the two sisters—one of them's dead now. We buried her last year."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"It's a funny thing—she was the younger sister, she was two years younger than me."

"Had she been very sick?"

"She had cancer. She never had a chance, but she knew that from the start, and we gave her a good funeral, anyway, we gave her a steel coffin."

"Steel is better, I guess."

"Much better, much more costly, but you see wood rots, and steel lasts. My sister never had a home of her own and she always wanted one, so we gave her the steel. I'm glad we did."

He might have made a good waiter but clearly he was cut out to have been an undertaker's assistant. Marjorie wondered again what made him become a brother. Probably some sermon on religious vocations when he was very young. Or maybe a priest who'd taken an interest in him at school, seen a good soul that might be made better. That was what religion did. It gave good men a quality that enhanced their goodness, gave them a kind of style. And it gave the mediocre man a choice—which was the real attraction of the Church, according to Harry. It offered a man the widest possible choice, dared to suggest that you could give up everything for God, absolutely everything. And if you gave up that God of Catholicism it was really everything you gave up. Marjorie remembered how, at the beginning, she'd vaguely suspected that the Church was her big attraction for Harry; later on she'd become convinced of it. That elegant ideal of pure discipline, there in the background, was as much as anything what he'd married her for and it was, as much as anything, the reason he'd turned against her, the reason she'd given him. She'd made the wrong choice, she was no longer what had attracted him, no longer, it sometimes seemed to her, anything specific, but just a collection of habits, traits of mind, characteristics, all of it adding up to someone who was far more serious than anyone ever took her to be, really rather hopeless, but privately, and of necessity, pretty durable; intolerant, too, and yet insanely (Harry used to say) polite. She took a step back and delivered an exit line. "Well, I just wanted to thank you, Brother, for being so faithful."

"Tomorrow's the big day," he said. "Twenty-six priests will be on the altar concelebrating. They put an announcement on the bulletin board and twenty-six signed up; the most we ever had was thirty, and that was for the vice-provincial, Father McCabe. He died a year and a half ago. I had some job then getting the chapel ready."

"You take care of that, too?"

He smiled proudly. "I'm sacristan. How would you like to see the way we set things up?"

"I wouldn't want to put you to that trouble, Brother," Marjorie said firmly.

"No trouble at all. Get your coat, we'll go on over."

She was certain someone would stop her and ask where she was off to and say she couldn't be spared, but the timing was against her. The evening was really getting started; a lot of people had arrived, and in the general coming and going Marjorie was able to cross the room, get her coat, and follow the brother out into the corridor and out of the building without being noticed. It was snowing again. She kept slipping on the icy pavement; she kept tasting the snowflakes when she opened her mouth to speak—though there was hardly any need to say anything to Brother Desnoes. He was too excited and happy to listen or to care, and when they stepped into the basement of the chapel he was too busy throwing doors open—wooden lockers lined the walls of the room, and the lockers were lined with chasubles, white, purple, green, gold; silk or fine wool with crosses or liturgical designs in gold thread or in velvet. "Lovely," Marjorie said as he dashed about, like a child showing off his playroom. "Lovely, Brother. Beautiful. Lovely."

"This is all new stuff, all modern. They don't wear the old-type brocade anymore. Some of them don't use vestments at all when they say Mass." He shook his head in angry disapproval, taking it personally. "They come out on the altar in an old shirt or a sweater." He banged open another door and began pulling out drawer after tiny drawer. "Here's your amices," he said. "That's the little piece of linen they wear around the neck. Each one has his own set, and I make sure they're fresh. You have to change them, don't you know, every couple of days." He pushed on, calling her attention to chalices, cruets, ciboria—shelf upon shelf of them; a closetful of monstrances. "See this?" He picked up an elaborate gold chalice. "The Pope used it when he was here in '36—Pope Pius, only he was Cardinal then." Nothing the brother did was irreverent, but if his air of authority hadn't been so totally unconscious it would have seemed almost diabolically cool. Then he chose a key from among the others on his chain, and his manner became confidential. "How would you like to see the relic of the true Cross?"

Marjorie was horrified. "Brother, no!"

"It's right here—I'll show you." He unlocked a special little cupboard and took out the relic, seen on so many Good Fridays (lips touched to the figure that had just been wiped free of another kiss). "Take it, hold it."

She found herself grinning ridiculously, hefting the silver crucifix with the glass insert. How small it was, how light, how—yes—pretty. "Thank you, Brother," she said.

He took it and put it away. "Now let's have a look up here. We'll see how they're getting on." He opened a door on a narrow staircase that turned out to lead right up to the main altar—a huge altar, for the chapel was originally a parish church that the university had been built around. Brother Desnoes genuflected heavily, picked himself heavily up again, and made his way through a crisscross of wires that were attached to electric heaters there in the sanctuary and in all three aisles. "How's it going, Jack?" he called to one of the workmen in green overalls.

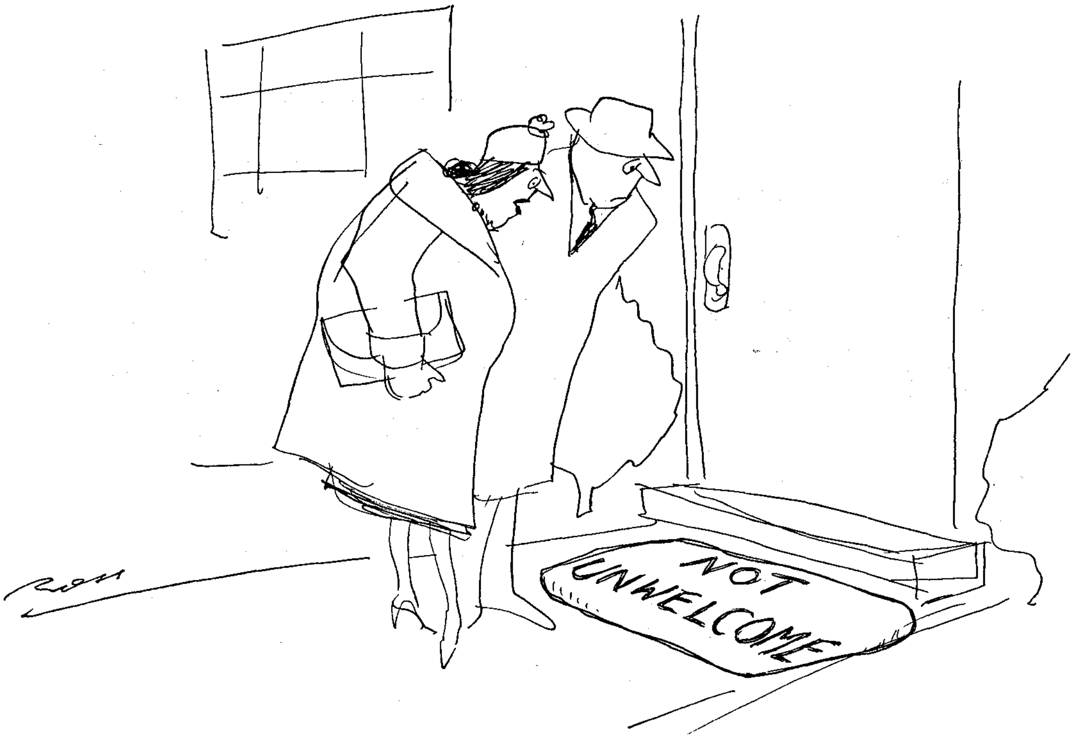
"O.K., Brother."

"Do we need any more heaters?"

"No, I think we're O.K."

Marjorie felt like someone who'd wandered onto a stage. Though it was an empty stage and she was only a sightseer, some exceptional response seemed to be required of her, but her only response was no response. She could only look around—at the huge marble altar, at the room-size Oriental carpet in front of it, at the stained-glass windows of the Jesuit martyrs, here in this Jesuit house given places of honor. She faced the body of the church, and something struck her then: the place where the rows of pews were and this place where she was standing—the sanctuary—seemed to be the same size, though when you were down in the pews the altar seemed so small and such a long way off. It was a perfectly pointless observation, and she wished it hadn't occurred to her. It was depressing to think that was all she could come up with, something so trivial and irrelevant, something that wasn't even interesting.

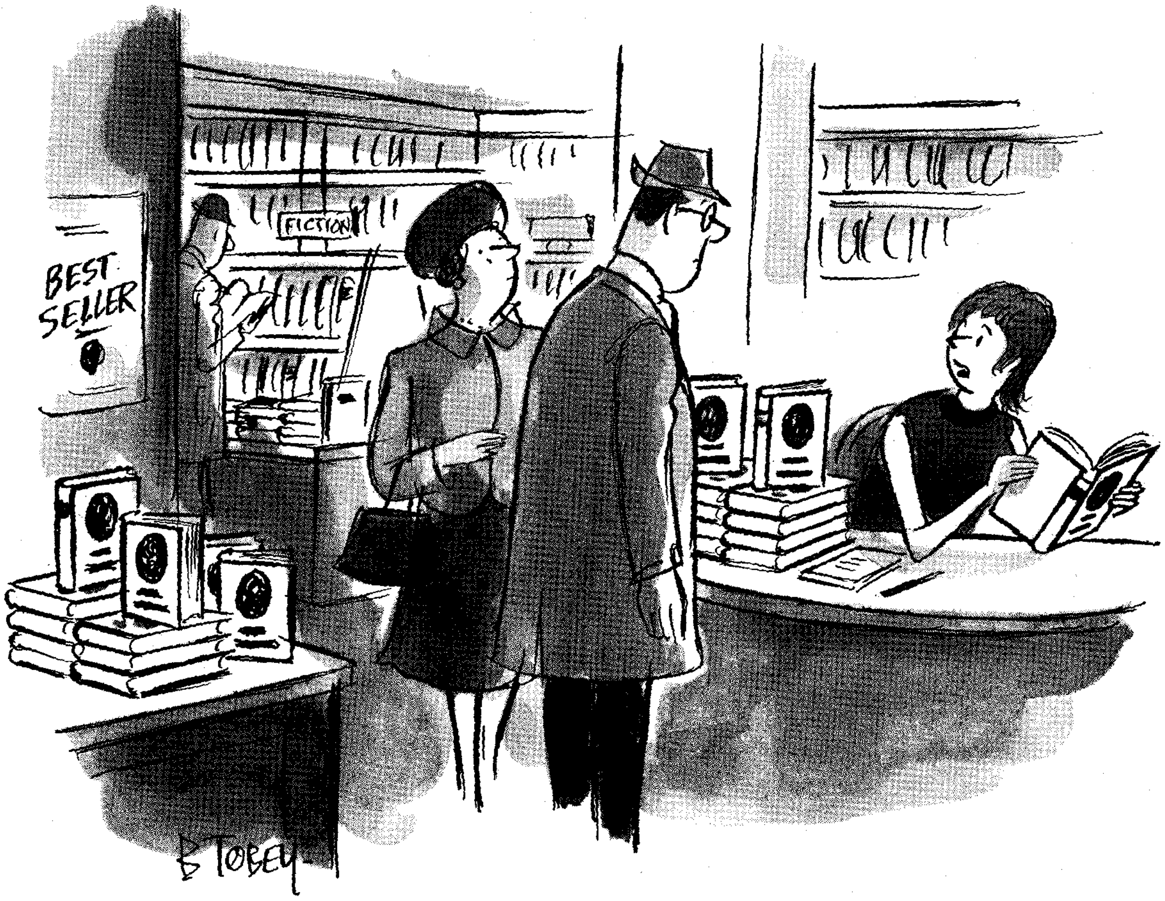
Brother Desnoes picked his way back through the wires. "We have to start warming the place up tonight," he explained. "Otherwise you wouldn't be able to stand it in



"See what I mean? You're never sure just where you stand with them."

here tomorrow, and we want it to be good and warm, we want the people to be nice and comfortable."

Marjorie nodded. There was an excuse to keep quiet—they were in church, after all—but she couldn't have said anything anyway. She felt too awful, too lonely for words, too lost and, above all, sorry. It was a while since she'd touched this particular base of feeling, but she knew perfectly well where she was and she was shocked to find herself there—at that point where the worst is over and you've discovered you're still on your feet, at the very beginning of the very end of love.



"Do you mind waiting a few minutes, sir? I just have to finish this chapter."

• •

A LOW roar, like the sound of a cocktail party, was coming from the little room in the Administration Building and from the corridor outside, where some of the people were forced to congregate. The whole place seemed comfortable and cheerful, and Marjorie was almost glad to be back. She hung up her coat and turned to the crowd and saw the curly black back of her sister Caroline's head on the other side of the room. She'd started over in that direction when she picked up the sound of her mother's voice.

". . . and as soon as I stepped into that room I thanked God I'd come, because there was death in his face if ever I saw it. I went over to the bed, and his head moved, as if he were trying to tell me he knew me, so I began talking to him. 'You're the best brother in the world,' I said. 'I love you dearly, Jim, and I'm not going to let anything happen to you, but you've got to help. You've got to relax and forget about everything and everybody, though I know that's hard for you. You're always thinking of others,' I said, and that was the truth. All his life, he gave to others unstintingly and in the end he gave his very life for others."

The voice broke. The story had come to the right conclusion, and it was more than right, Marjorie thought. It was true. One way or another—in acceptable ways and unacceptable ways—Father Jim had been always thinking of others. And one way or another he had given up his life for others—given it up as a young man to become a priest and then, possibly, realized what he'd given up and wondered why and tried to put up a fight against the life he'd chosen, or against himself, and eventually stopped wondering, stopped fighting, just went on with what he'd begun. And he had given his last day to others, literally given up his life to people who meant little or nothing to him, as though his life meant little or nothing, as though it were something he had no real use for. That was what had occurred to Marjorie when she walked into the hospital room. Eventually she'd been called; she got there just in time; and that was what struck her when she saw him lying in the hospital bed—what an ornamental thing his or anyone's life was, what a fanciful piece of workmanship compared to the pure and simple fact of dying.

The white hood that was part of the oxygen tent had fitted over the sick man's head like the hood certain monks wore when they came out to say Mass, and it had made him look very much a priest, an ascetic. Though he'd also looked very much a man—a man besieged, by the infection in his body and by the demands of his sister's talk. *You're the most generous, most loving fellow in the world, and I'm not going to let anything happen to you. What would we do without you? We can't do without you. We're not going to. . . .*

Most of the nurses at the hospital knew him, from all his visits to his men who'd been in there. They'd kept looking in on him, and finally one capable, sensible little gray-haired woman came over to Marjorie and said, "Try and get your mother to stop talking for a while; she's disturbing him." Marjorie did as she was told. Her mother did, too—she stopped talking, and it appeared then that she'd been holding on to him. When she let go, after a few minutes he let go, too, with a little sigh of relief.

—ELIZABETH CULLINAN

•

(28) Nader Report—Consumer Affairs c An old suitor of Lottie's turns up—investigation into an analysis of the pollution of Georgia's Savannah River. —*TV listing in the Los Angeles Times.*

All because of one old suitor?

METROPOLITAN NEW YORK POINTS OF INTEREST

△ Elevation Point
Ski Area
◎ Camp Area
● Point of Interest
⛳ Golf Courses
✈ Large Airport
▲ Yacht Clubs
Kneeling Man

① In the middle of the Expressway, where it banks high above the South Bronx, a milk truck lies upside down, burning. Around the blazing truck are pools of flaming oil and gas; it appears that the concrete itself has ignited. Oily smoke—pink—rises from the truck, turning gray, then black as it ascends toward low rain clouds. The rain has just stopped. Milk, diluted by the rain and mixed with oil, streams down to the roadside. Traffic has halted in both directions; people have left their cars and are walking around where no one has walked, probably, since the Expressway was built. They watch the blaze, keeping their distance. The driver of the milk truck—a heavyset man in his late fifties—crouches on the pavement, resting on one knee and one knuckle. It looks as though—now that his vehicle is being destroyed—he is going to run the rest of the way. He waits for the starting gun; his eyes are closed. Other truck drivers gather around him, touch his shoulder, speak to him. He doesn't answer. They raise him, guide him into a car. He sits alone in the front seat, turned away from the windshield and fire on the road.

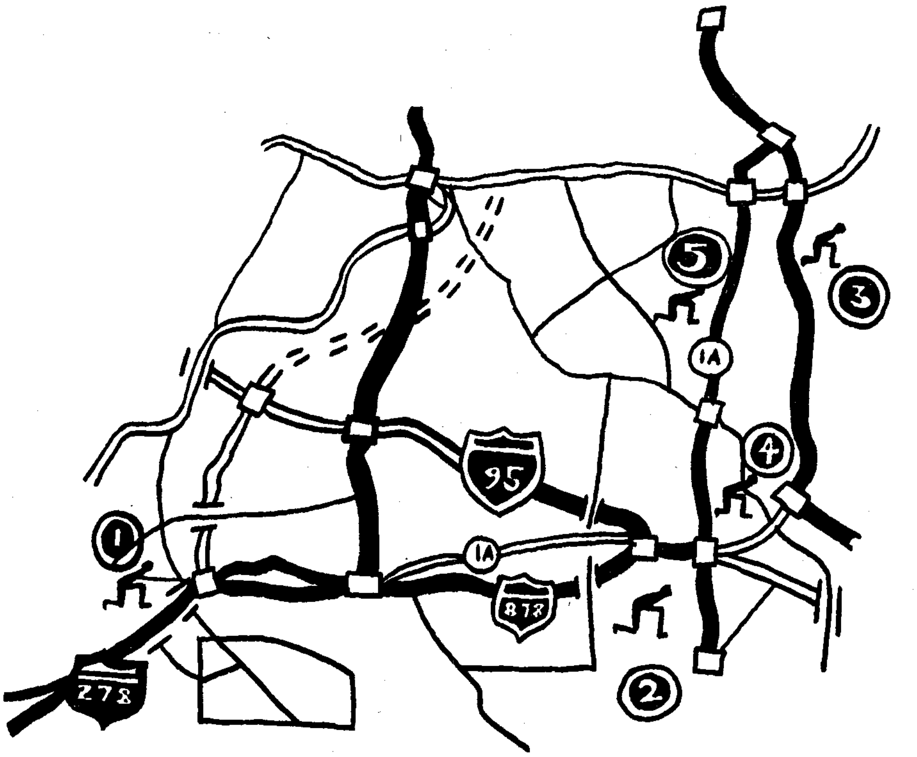
② At the side of the highway, across from the cemetery, the taxi-driver kneels by the left rear wheel of his cab, poking at the flat tire. His fare stands twenty feet down the road, waving the traffic away with his briefcase. The fare is dressed in a dark suit and hat; he was headed for the airport, probably, because he keeps looking up—his eyeglasses glinting—as the jets go overhead, then glances at his wristwatch. He stares for a moment at the cemetery: between the rows of close-packed headstones, a workman maneuvers a ditch-digger, its large claw bouncing as the vehicle moves. The man turns back to the traffic, gesturing with his briefcase.

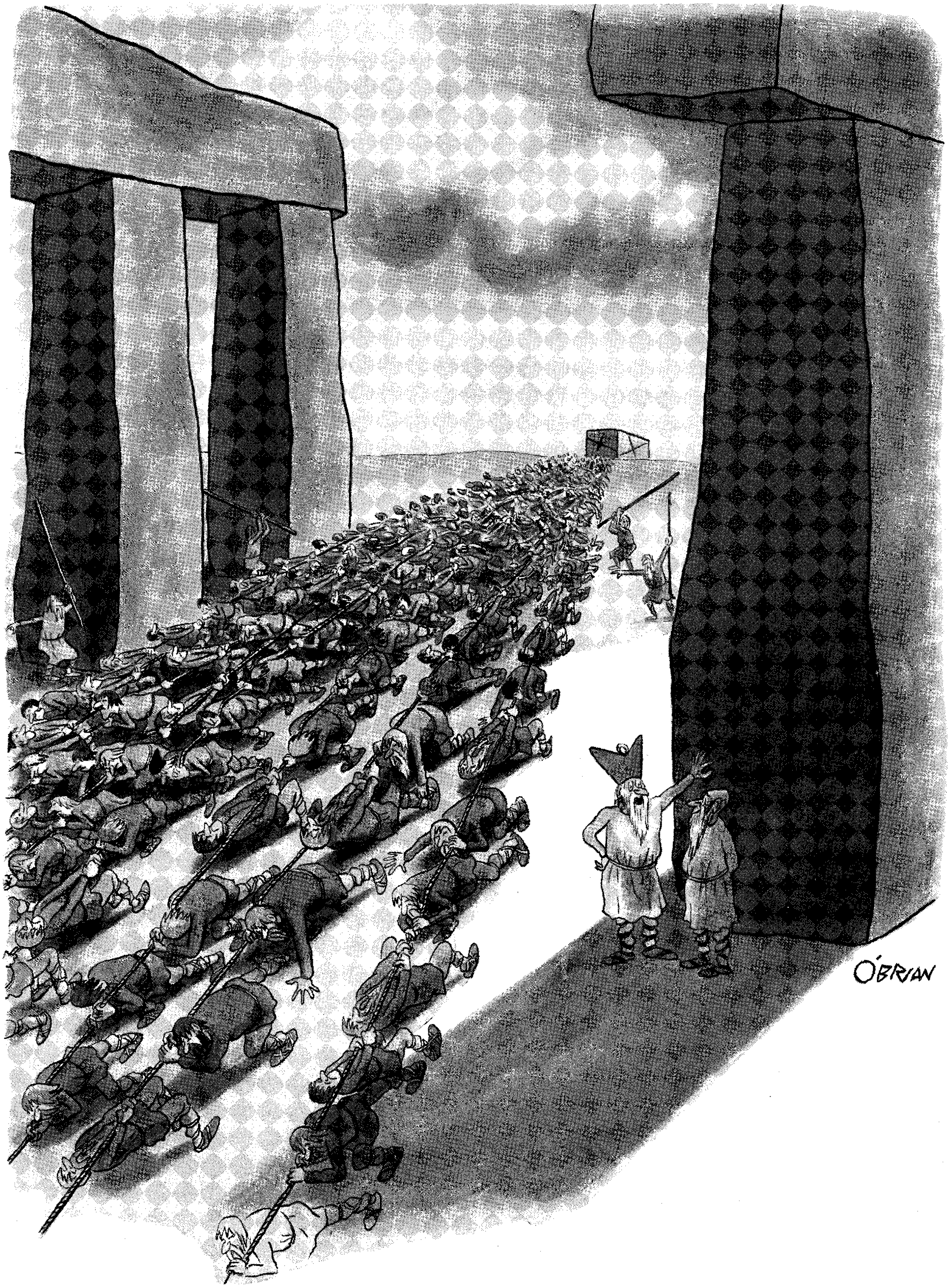
③ The man stands with his back to the highway, chipping golf balls up a rise toward the woods. The balls, scattered like toadstools, glisten on the grass. A few yards away from the first trees, a woman sits in the shadow; a man kneels in front of her. He is speaking to her, his arms extended, his hands resting on her shoulders. She looks past him, first in one direction, then another. He is talking, talking. Now she is crying; her hands rise and cover her face. The man slowly gets to his feet. He stands next to her, lights a cigarette, and gazes bleakly at the distant golfer.

④ The old man shuffles along the grass, holding what first appears to be a cane. But he does not lean on it for support; he moves it across the ground, a few inches above the grass, in a slow arc. It is a metal-detector. He passes it back and forth, back and forth. Then he kneels, head bent, and scratches in the soil with his fingers. He finds something, examines it, and puts it in his pocket; then he stands up and moves on, preceded by the slow, steady criss-cross of his electric wand.

⑤ The family drifts across the lawn together, away from the tall buildings of the mental hospital, down almost to the edge of the Hutchinson River Parkway. They are all dressed up. One is the mother, probably, but perhaps an aunt; another an uncle, a brother, the father? The old woman may be the grandmother; the three others could be— It is hard to tell, but the young man in the lead, the one who looks like a high-school coach, surely he is the doctor. He kneels on the grass; the others gather around him, standing. They bend their heads, listening, watching as he draws something on the grass with his finger. He appears to be telling them the next play: the person in the hospital—he will definitely get back in the game (is this what the doctor is saying?) or he will remain on the bench, simply kept clean and fed and calmed for the years to come. The family—one at a time—look back at the hospital buildings, then stare down again at the doctor's finger tracing the probabilities on the grass.

—JAMES STEVENSON



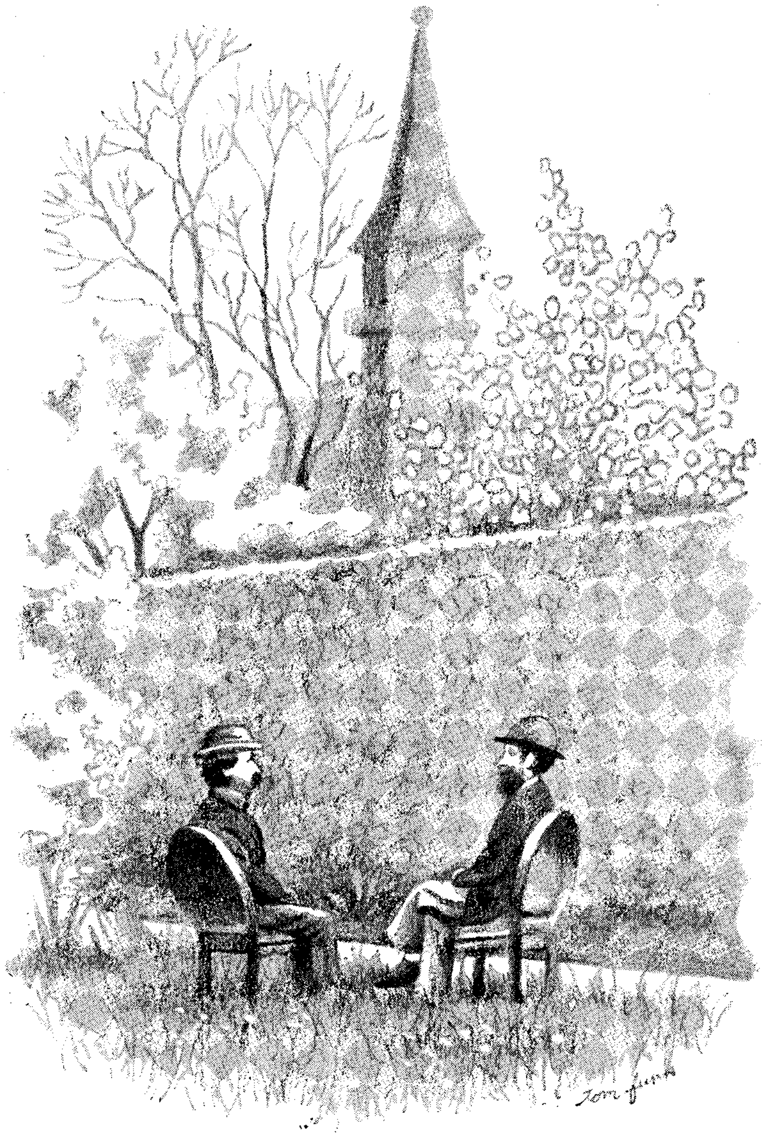


"*Many hands make light the work.*"

PROFILES

AT THE PINES

III—HE WAS A REAL GOOD MAN



"I WAS born in what is called the aristocratic class—an accident which I share with Byron and Shelley, the only two other English poets brought forth in these later generations who have had faith in republican progress and freedom. . . . At an early age, without teaching or example, I became convinced of the truth and justice of the republican principle, and I have always looked to the land of Dante and Mazzini . . . to take the lead in realizing that idea for Europe."

Algernon Charles Swinburne wrote this statement of belief in 1872 in a letter to a scholarly Italian admirer, Giuseppe Chiarini. Mazzini, "the man whom I most loved and honoured of all men on earth," had died that year. The cause of Italian unity—the passionate enthusiasm of Swinburne's youth and the inspiration of "Songs Before Sunrise"—had been won, but more than a decade later Swinburne still reserved for Italy the unique place of the first and best loved. By then, he was living with Walter Theodore Watts at No. 2, The Pines, Putney, as he had been since 1879, when Watts rescued him from the depths of delirium tremens—Watts, "my best friend," prescriber of temperance, dispenser of praise and pin money, faithful guardian (and, according to some, like Sir Edmund Gosse, extinguisher of the leaping Swinburnian flame). Italy could no longer inspire poetry, but Swinburne was filled with excitement when Aurelio Saffi, Mazzini's friend and the only surviving member of the triumvirate of the Roman Revolution in 1849, came to tea at The Pines one May afternoon in 1884. In the eighteen-fifties, when Saffi was living in exile, he had been Swinburne's Italian professor at Oxford; his pupil had gratifyingly carried off the Taylorian Scholarship for Italian and French in his second year. Saffi was now calling on Swinburne and Watts on his way back from Edinburgh, where he had gone to receive a degree. The Italian was sixty-five, but Swinburne thought affectionately that, except for being slightly grizzled around the temples, he had hardly changed at all. The host ran up and down his library ladder, bringing out his finest Renaissance bindings and types, and happily pointing out their beauties to Saffi. It was a gala occasion. After all, had not Swinburne once thought of himself as practically an honorary Italian? He had said "we" one day in talking to Mazzini, and when he flushed and apologized, his chief had put him in seventh heaven by saying kindly that he did not know anyone with a better right to call himself an Italian if he liked. In his usual fashion, Swinburne had abruptly lost all interest in Italy's future as soon as the battle was won. He never had any curiosity about what happened next; the young men who would follow, in poetry or in politics, remained faceless phantoms compared with the brilliantly lit places and great figures on which he had fixed his devotion in his youth. Yet he was pleased by every sign that Italy had not, in her turn, forgotten Mazzini's poet. Though he had vanished from sight into The Pines, he was immediately proposed, and accepted with enthusiastic applause, as a member of a national committee to raise funds for a monument to be erected in Viareggio to the memory of Shelley. A few years later, an Italian senator paid an eloquent tribute in Parliament to Swinburne's long friendship with Italy. He was deeply touched.

As the years passed in Putney and world events rolled over the villa rather as the procession of storm clouds rolls over the blasted heath in "Lear"—realistically thunderous but comfortably remote from a real tempest to the watchers in the audience—very odd things happened to some of Swinburne's loves and hates. He was deeply interested in current affairs, but his impression of them came from the papers or was shaped in the ceaseless dialogue with Watts, also a keen student of politics. Though he was informed about what was going on, there were huge gaps in the canvas. It might have been improved if he had been able to hear some spontaneous opinions from ordinary people met through casual encounters, but nothing in his life was casual. Nobody dropped in at The Pines. The somebodys who were invited came for a specified purpose, and they were always cautioned by Watts to be punctual, for to be kept waiting upset the Bard. His quiet hours were charted so precisely that the slightest deviation altered their balance. Unscripted outside meetings were unthinkable. He talked to nobody on his daily walks on Putney Heath, apparently, except to Mrs. Frost, the gentle Jane Austen lady who kept the bookseller's-and-stationer's shop in Wimbledon High Street and was a friend, and, of course, to any child who trundled a hoop or chased a kite across his path. "Look," a mother or a nursemaid would command, "there goes Mr. Swinburne," and some of the children looked, and remembered the strange little fleeting figure all their lives. But his defective hearing made the everyday world of humor and coarse common sense stand off at a distance and become dumb as an oyster. In the silence, everything except literature tended to turn ingrowing, and sometimes to become enlarged out of proportion.

Some of the postures Swinburne took up toward the nation's affairs during the Putney years seem indeed giddy. Old friends suddenly became foes, and old foes were castigated with redoubled ferocity. The poems Swinburne wrote on political topics during the eighties and the nineties were often as disconcerting to his admirers as they are mostly unreadable to us now. They doubtless read better at the time when Watts bore them off, sizzling hot, to the editors. Frequently, they embarrassed and alarmed Watts, who did his utmost to suppress them. He failed very often. The theory put about by some of Swinburne's resentful friends that Watts had an infallible mesmeric power over him breaks down awkwardly. Though he could soothe and adroitly suggest a train of ideas that Swinburne, nine times out of ten, would follow with childlike docility, Watts knew perfectly well that when the child was bent on some headstrong course no voice on earth could stop him.

Swinburne was, unfortunately, completely without thought for his own interests. It must often have occurred to Watts that one day someone would have to be appointed to succeed his dear and revered Tennyson as Poet Laureate. It was discouragingly true that Swinburne had a sturdy radical aversion to any honors more worldly than an occasional tribute in the Italian Parliament. As a matter of fact, he was fond of rapping out the scornful invocation "May I die a Poet Laureate!" He raged when Tennyson accepted a peerage in 1883 and the Tory press made obsequious remarks about the great man's elevation to the House of Lords. The rage overflowed into the heavily sarcastic poem "Vos Deos Laudamus": "Stoop, Chaucer, stoop. Keats, Shelley, Burns, bow down: These have no part with you, O Lords our Gods." The peers were a favorite target. A year later, angered further by what he considered the pusillanimous hesitancy of the Upper House, Swinburne haughtily advised it to dissolve itself forthwith and get out. The lineal descendant of Hotspur (as he claimed himself) reminded Their Lordships that some of them could be addressed only as Their

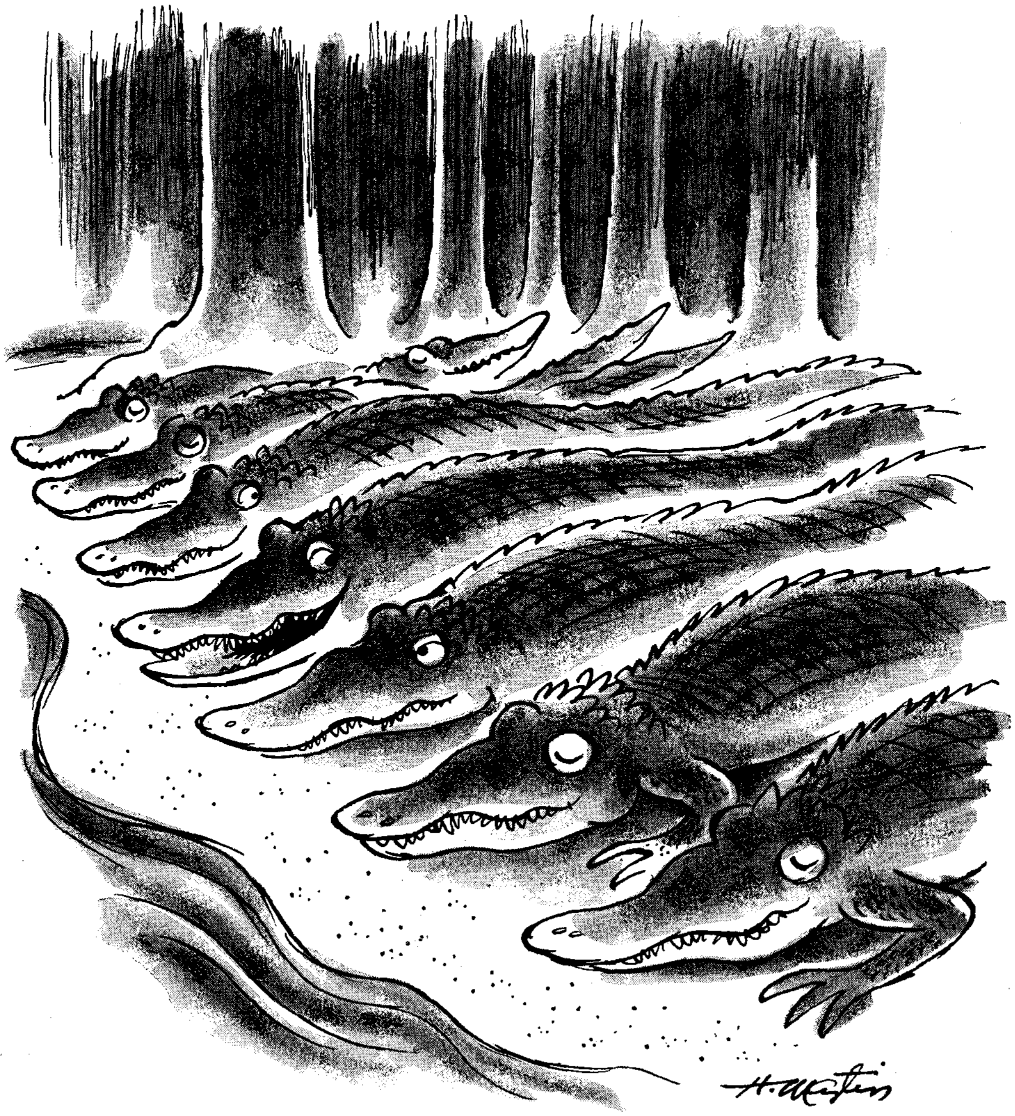
> Graces by grace of such mothers
> As brightened the bed of King
>   Charles.

(The lines have a neat Gilbertian ring. The comparison would not have displeased him. He was a keen admirer of "The Bab Ballads" and the comic operas.)

> Bright sons of sublime prostitution,
> You are made of the mire of the
>   street
> Where your grandmothers walked
>   in pollution
> Till a coronet shone at their feet.

It was hardly the way to address a duke. It was no way, certainly, to ingratiate oneself in the highest quarters, but then Swinburne had never dreamed of ingratiating himself with anyone in his life. Watts may have shuddered, but he also may have thought that if the cards were played carefully in the future, it was possible that all this could be forgotten.

So we seem to hear a steady domestic hum, somewhat like the cozy singing of a kettle, floating out of the room at The Pines where the two friends sit talking. It is Watts suggesting, Watts praising, Watts giving sage reasons to Algernon for following up the old fervent hymns to the sunrise of European republicanism with new songs lauding the apparently never-setting imperial



"Great news! Mass media are pushing ecology. Pass it on."

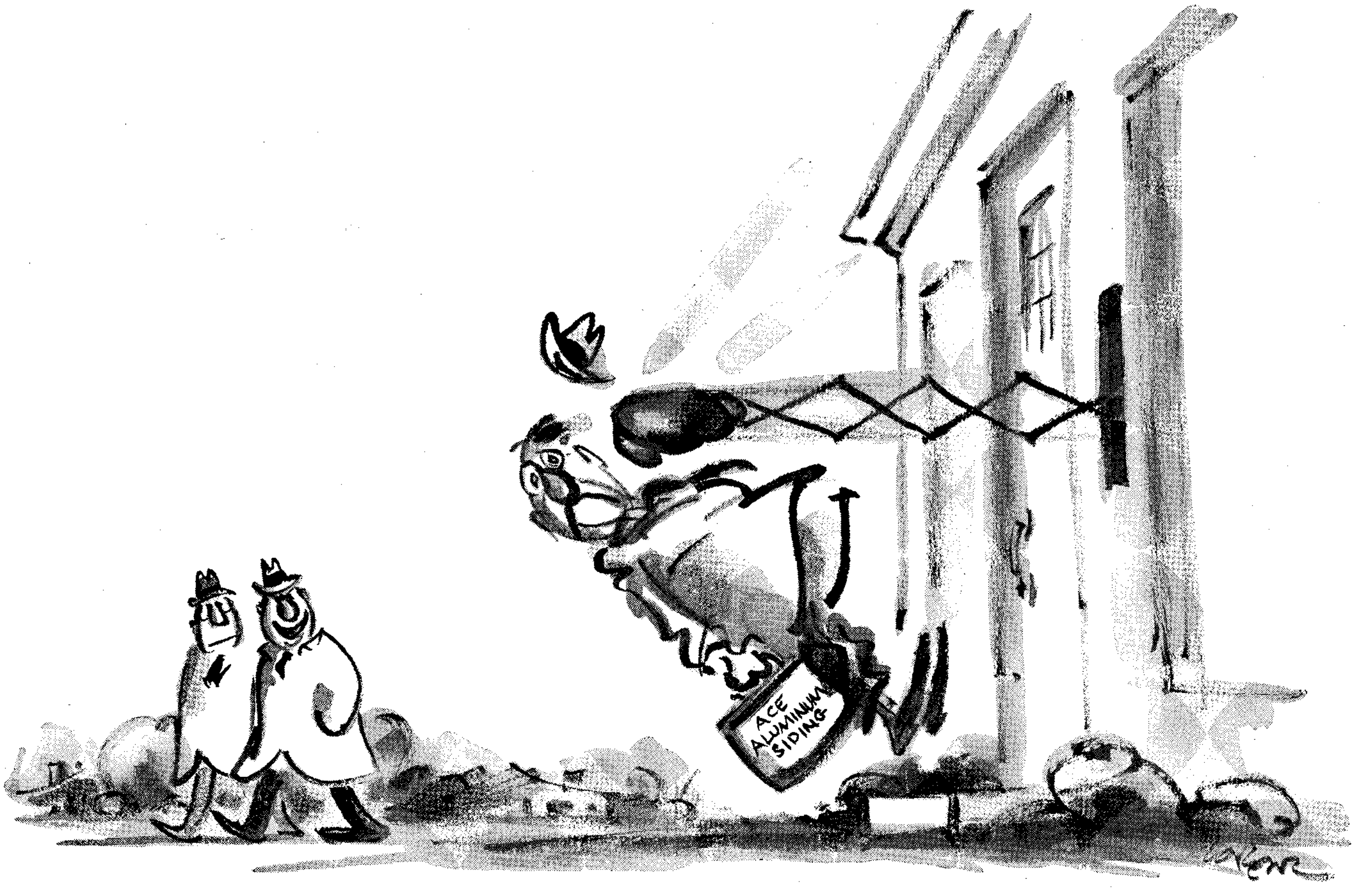
sun beaming on the possessions of Queen Victoria. He did it marvellously well. For suddenly Swinburne, the joyous celebrant of the breasts of the nymph in the brake, began to reel out yards of serviceable red-white-and-blue flannel made in England. The noble and nude and antique, or the large, violet-eyed goddesses called Italy or Humanity, or simply Right, had always been necessary to move him to warble songs of ecstasy or indignation. Now they were succeeded by the most beautiful of all—Britannia on her penny, ringed by her cold, bracing seas. He was "on fire with admiration and with love" again.

In 1887, England was in the grip of Golden Jubilee fever. Swinburne might have been expected to stay aloof from all the loyal jollifications planned to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen, who had come to the throne in the year he was born. His private references to Victoria had never been as exquisitely courteous as his manners to women invariably were—far from it. Only a few years before the Jubilee, indeed, he had written a hilarious letter to Georgiana Burne-Jones solemnly asking her if she had heard of a tragic drama that was about to be given in Paris. It was founded, he said, on Her Majesty's new volume of "Leaves from the Journal of Life in the Highlands," with its dedication to the memory of her loyal departed Highlander servant John Brown. Its title was "Sir Brown: Drame en 7 Actes et 49 Tableaux." To Ned Burne-Jones, chuckling over the extracts passed on to him from this spirited work, it must have brought back wonderfully the little Swinburne of their youth, whose tearing spirits had rattled off other burlesque French dramas of the sensational intrigues going on behind the scenes at Buckingham Palace—"La Fille du Policeman" and "La Sœur de la Reine." In the latter extravaganza, Queen Victoria lives a scandalous sex life and has the headmaster of Eton executed for tactlessly mentioning Messalina to his pupils. (After Swinburne's death, Edmund Gosse poured a cold bath of derisive scorn on Thomas J. Wise's ingenuous suggestion that it might be nice if these works were translated.) Like the earlier parodies, the tiny fragment of "Sir Brown" that Swinburne composed for Mrs. Burne-Jones' amusement is supposedly written by a French author with a very imperfect knowledge of English history, place names, and titles, all of which he scrambles recklessly. Queen Victoria is discovered at "Osborne's House, Ile de Wigth," impatiently waiting to hear from her lover Brown that he has succeeded in doing away with the Prince Consort. Sure enough, "*Entre Brown. Grand costume de Higlander.*" When the Queen inquires anxiously, "*C'est fini?*" he is able to reply, "*Tu l'as dit. Mais embrasse-moi donc aussi, toi, ma reine!*" Falling into his arms, Victoria cries, "*Mon Johnny! Mon Jack adoré! Je vais donc enfin être toute à toi!*" At the end, imperial vice does not triumph. Swinburne briefly, and with relish, outlines the stunning final curtain. The Prince of Wales, escaped from imprisonment in the Tower of London, stabs Brown to the heart at the feet of the Queen, exclaiming like a stout Hamlet to the restless paternal shade, "*Dors en paix, ô mon père! Tu m'avais donné la vie—je te donne la vengeance!*" The Burne-Joneses greatly enjoyed the nonsense, but one suspects that this may have been a letter that Swinburne did not read aloud to Watts.

His reactions to Victoria's Jubilee, however, were all, or nearly all, that could be desired. He was caught up in the wave of patriotic emotion that swept through the household at The Pines and every other household in England. The excitement was contagious. Swinburne wrote to his publisher, Andrew Chatto, asking if he could find seats in his corner windows in Piccadilly for three friends—Watts, Miss Theresa Watts, and young Bertie Mason, Watts' nephew—to watch the Queen drive in state to Westminster Abbey for a Jubilee. Thanksgiving service on June 21st. For himself, he thought of "running down—and up—to Beachy Head" in the evening with Watts to see the bonfire lit there—one of the chain of loyal beacons that ringed the coast with fire that night from John o' Groat's to Land's End. He wrote to his sister Abba chiding her for planning to be out of England—and in Germany, too!—on the great day. How could she think of missing it? He was delighted that she liked his ode "The Jubilee" in the June *Nineteenth Century*. (It was later published in "Poems and Ballads: Third Series," retitled "The Commonweal.") Watts had come home this very minute, he added, bringing with him a bit of news that would amaze Abba. He had just heard that the ode had been warmly admired by—who did Abba think? The Prince of Wales! Swinburne pretended to be as surprised by this as if he had learned that the Queen herself and Mr. Gladstone (whom he detested and often attacked bitterly in verse) had liked it. He insisted that its fifty stanzas, one for each year of the reign, were as essentially republican in spirit and tone as anything he had ever written (though it is difficult for us to see it as a bugle call to the barricades), and he was plainly delighted that the Prince of Wales had approved of it.

And Watts, we may feel, was also well content. It was a fine, stirring piece of work. It had caught the royal eye, not much given to the rapturous reading of poetry. A mood of comfortable congratulation succeeded the excitement. "How more than satisfactorily the good Queen's Jubilee has gone off!" Swinburne wrote to his mother, Lady Jane Swinburne, a few days later, in somewhat startling republican vein. He seems to have adopted the aging Queen as an object of tenderness and veneration, almost as though she were a particularly durable member of his own family. He and Watts both thought, he told his mother, down in Wiltshire, that the "genuine and really beautiful success [of the Jubilee] . . . will have been . . . a heavy blow to the enemies of England."

SWINBURNE became increasingly preoccupied with the enemies of England as he grew older. Through the years, a stream of intensely patriotic topical poems—the worst really little better than rhymed journalese—came tumbling out of The Pines in a truly Laureate-like flow. They proved in the most satisfactory way that Mr. Swinburne's muse was as ready as Lord Tennyson's to hymn a national occasion. Watts thankfully found a ready sale for the ones he did not consider too dangerously vituperative to get into print; we have to wish that he had managed to suppress more. The generation of young men to whom Swinburne had always stood splendidly for revolt read them with dismay. It seemed unbelievable to them that he had swerved from the libertarian views of his youth to this truculent chauvinism—had "passed," as was bitterly said, "from the van to the rear-guard, forsaking the Ayes for the Noes." Swinburne denied the charges scornfully. He was fond of quoting William Blake's pronouncement, in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," that a man who never changes his opinions is a stagnant water and breeds reptiles of the mind. But opinions, he would add, were not to be confused with principles. His own principles still stood like rocks.



"Now, that's what I call consumer activism."

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He found no difficulty in reconciling the doctrines of republican liberty with affectionate appreciation of Queen Victoria and furious denunciation of any of her rebellious subjects who were ungentlemanly enough to wish to rule themselves. One attitude of his youth, indeed, never suffered a change, and that was his implacable hatred of the rulers of Russia. Like everything lasting in his life, it had started early; it dated from his boyhood emotion when the news of Balaklava reached the family house, East Dene, on the Isle of Wight, in 1854. In 1880, Czar Alexander II's splendid new yacht, the Livadia, was launched, and Swinburne called down his most blistering imprecations to speed the vessel and her imperial passengers on her way:

> All curses be about her, and all ill
> Go with her. . . .

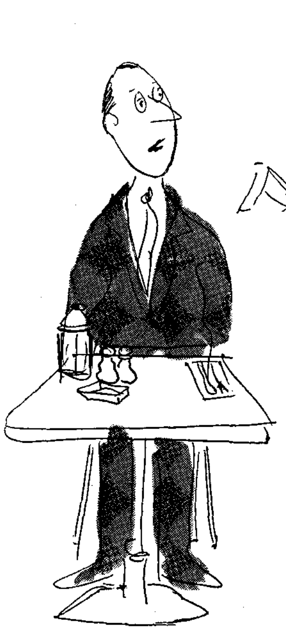
The gods answered almost immediately. Alexander II was assassinated by a Nihilist bomb in March of the following year. Swinburne was exultant. "At last!" he wrote triumphantly to William Rossetti. " 'One more unfortunate' has joined *'quel cattivo coro' di re'* "—Dante's "caitiff choir of kings." The brutal crushing of the Polish patriots' rising in 1863 was paid for, and he felt "at peace with all or most men, and ready to make allowances for God." He could be sure of a sympathetic audience in Rossetti, but Watts nervously counselled a little restraint in proclaiming further jubilation in public; Queen Victoria's son Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, had married the dead Czar's daughter Marie. Then in "Russia: An Ode," published in 1890 in spite of Watts' hesitations, Swinburne sternly urged the subjects of Czar Alexander III to do their sacred duty, too. The terrors and miseries of Russia could have only one violent end. "Smite!" Swinburne thunders from the peaceful heights of Putney—

> Smite, and send him howling down
> his father's way!

This was the old, the true Swinburne—a phoenix rising at last out of the dusty immolation of The Pines.

> Night hath none but one red star—
> Tyrannicide!

The young kindled to it at once. "No poem of my time thrilled me more," wrote the poet William (later Sir William) Watson to Watts years later, when Swinburne was dead, "and it showed the man in his noblest light, as a great and fiery hater of oppression—the light in which I shall choose to think of him to the last." To the last, Swinburne was an unbudging enemy of Imperial Russia, and of any country that made a gesture of friendship toward her. He had never felt the same about France since the Franco-Russian entente. It was as strange and as painful as feeling anger toward one of his own family. If in his youth he had liked to regard himself as an adopted Italian by right of the heart, he had once spoken quite seriously to Watts of "my loyalty as a Frenchman." There was, of course, his highly debatable, pleasantly romantic strain of Polignac blood. His whole background and upbringing were rooted firmly in "France, the well-beloved." His Swinburne ancestors, in exile for their Stuart loyalties, had taken refuge there more than once, and had liked it so well that they lingered on after the need was past. The family had particular ties with Bordeaux. An earlier Thomas Swynbourne, awarded land in France by Richard II after making a crusade to the Holy Land, is recorded as having become mayor of the town in 1404. Swinburne's grandfather, Sir John, was born near Bordeaux and educated in France. French was Swinburne's second language. His filial devotion to Victor Hugo strengthened his feeling of being almost a Frenchman. And yet after the well-beloved moved toward



"A hamburger, please."

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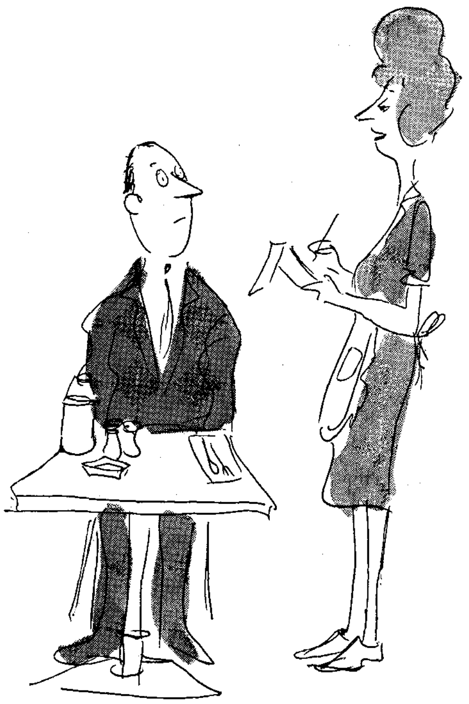

"Rare, medium, or well done?"

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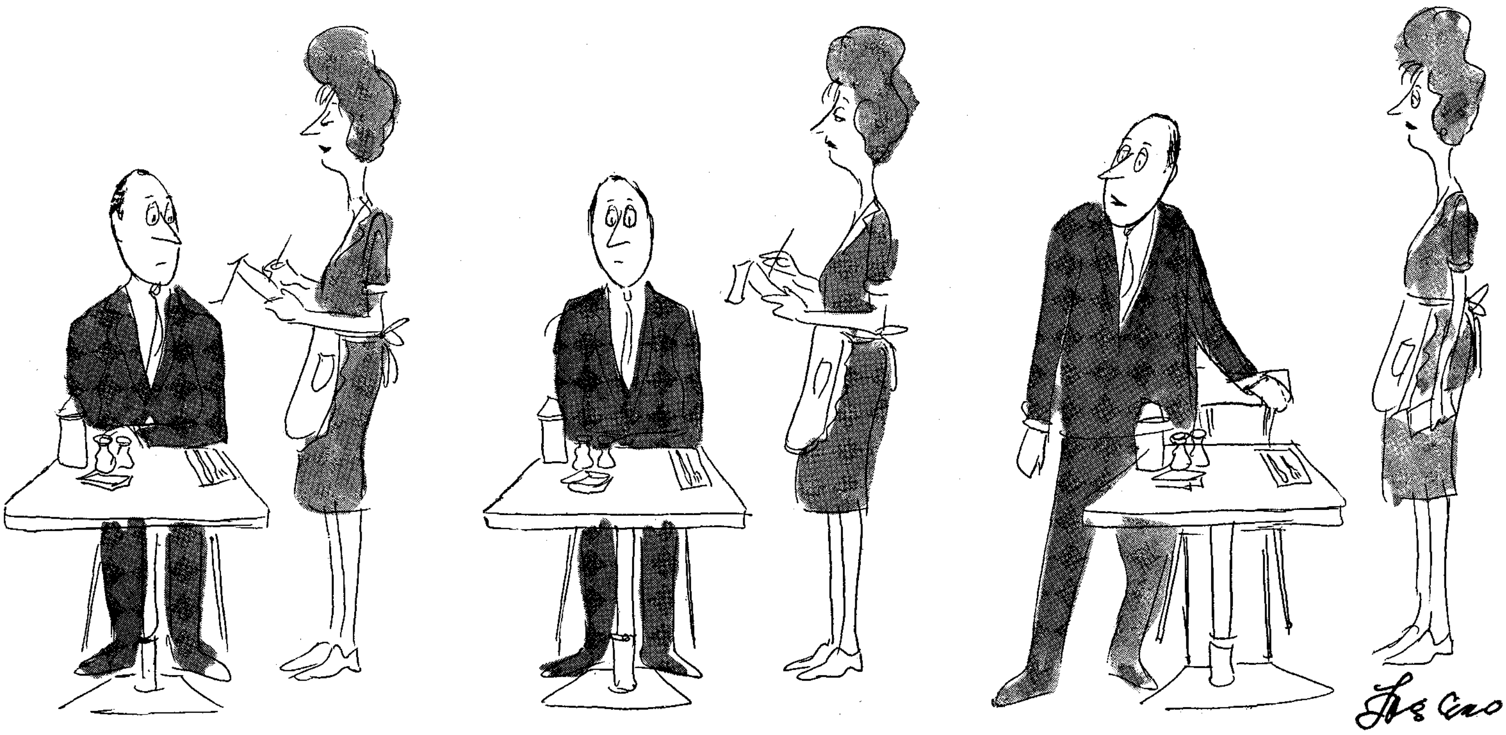
Russia he never really forgave her. The Third Republic, which he had hailed with such ecstatic rapture, had long ago disappointed him. As with Italy, his fervor and his songs cooled directly the cause was won. Hugo was now dead. When the French press dared to criticize England, Swinburne directed some sharp fire across the Channel, and the Paris journals rattled a hail of hostile comment back. When young William Rothenstein succeeded in being asked to The Pines one August day in 1895 to draw the Bard, fidgeting wretchedly in the torture of a new suit (the unease is visible in the nervy, delicate drawing, which later went to the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin), Swinburne expounded to him the tetchy theory that the French were "always ready to fly at our throats, and would crush us at any moment" if given the chance. He also kept a sharp, distrustful eye on the increasing militarism of Germany.

> Let the German touch hands with
>   the Gaul
> And the fortress of England must
>   fall. . . .
> Our time once more is over,
> Once more our end is near;
> A bull without a drover
> The Briton reels to rear,
> And the van of the nations is held
>   by his betters,
> And the seas of the world shall be
>   loosed from his fetters. . . .

Did Watts praise, in his usual nourishing way, such pathetic fallings off from the wonderful days? Undoubtedly he did. He fired off some booming patriotic salvos of verse himself from time to time, which were greatly admired among his friends. He believed firmly in the divine right of England as the nation superior to all others. Cecil Rhodes was one of his heroes; he wrote a laborious sonnet sequence to him. Masses of his fellow-countrymen were in the same euphoric mood. An aggressive imperialism echoes through the popular newspapers and the music-hall ditties of the day, often belted out by uniformed ladies who tapped their abundant thighs dashingly with military canes as they sang. There was a note of desperation under all the noise, perhaps. The insistence on England's greatness, richness, invincibility sprang from Englishmen's uneasy suspicion that, as Swinburne dolefully chanted, threats to all three were lurking somewhere ahead in the new century that would shortly begin. It was impossible that Swinburne should fail to catch the fever, as he had been swept into the emotion of the Golden Jubilee. He was always like a piece of sensitive paper which could take an impression and reproduce anything it chose with wonderful fidelity.

Swinburne's attacks in the eighties on the fighters for home rule for Ireland and, at the end of the century, on the Boers were applauded at The Pines and by the patriotic ladies of his family, but liberal opinion was outraged. It was a grievous shock to find the poet of liberty—Mazzini's and Hugo's poet—pouring out violent abuse of Ireland for daring to demand that she should cut away from Queen Victoria and govern herself, and, later, castigating the two small republics of belligerent Dutch farmers who were giving England (to world applause) such humiliating military setbacks in the Transvaal. Swinburne saw not the slightest awkwardness or change of principle in this attitude. He defended himself irascibly against the criticisms of friends and of his disappointed public. Did the fools point out that Italy's struggle to free herself from Austrian rule in the forties had many points of resemblance to the bitter Irish battle for independence? Mazzini, he averred with confidence—not entirely shared by all his critics—would certainly have been utterly opposed to the ending of the legislative union between England and Ireland. And when feeling over the Boer War, which broke out in 1899, divided the country into pro-war hawks and pro-Boer doves, and Swinburne declared himself with the first group, many of his old circle could not keep him company—including, to his sorrow, another old and forever-to-be-thanked friend, the exiled German political writer Karl Blind, leader of the Baden insurrection in the forties, who had introduced him to Mazzini in 1867. Some individuals, indeed, were still crass enough to take for granted the side on which Mr. Swinburne's illustrious muse would naturally be singing. A journalist named Clayden wrote to The Pines in August, 1899, enclosing a report of a public meeting that had been called a month earlier "to Protest against Reckless Threats of War with the Transvaal." "Believing that you will sympathize with our efforts and be willing to co-operate in our endeavour to spread a knowledge of the true facts of the case, we ask you to allow us to add your name to our Committee." Thus wrote the surely reckless Mr. Clayden, and received back a short, sharp broadside: "Dear Sir: I am about the last man in England who would allow his name to be added to your Committee."

Ten years later, when Swinburne died, Bernard Shaw added some musing and not unfriendly comments to all that was being written about him. "An odd phenomenon," Shaw ruminated, "this supporter of Dublin Cas-



"Never mind."

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tle who was a republican and regicide when Russia was in question; always . . . great on paper, insignificant on Putney Hill." What a pity it was that Swinburne had not done more work as a translator, he went on. "Putney could not set him thinking, but the Periclean age could. . . . He was a splendid sounding board vibrating grandly to other people's conceptions, and if he had spent his life in turning Greek thought into English music he would have enriched the nation enormously."

The nation never enriched Swinburne with any honor, as it turned out, and he steadfastly declined any distinctions from other quarters, such as an honorary degree from Oxford. Watts' fond dream that dear Algernon would one day take his rightful place and come into his own never became daylight fact. In 1892, Tennyson died and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Swinburne did not go to the ceremony, although his last exchange with the Laureate had been affectionate. He had written, with encouragement from Watts, an ode to Tennyson on his eighty-second birthday the year before, and the Laureate had thanked him with emotion. "In your Birthday Song I find metre and diction as lovely as ever; but the touch of kindliness towards myself . . . moves the heart of the old Poet more, I think, than even the melody of your verse." Yet Swinburne was not among his mourners in the Abbey, for the same reason that he had stayed away from Robert Browning's funeral three years before. He detested all functions, and a funereal one was the worst. His antagonism to the rites of Christian burial was as vehement as his horror at the idea of taking a newborn infant to the font and proclaiming it "a child of wrath." He and Watts often discussed it. Watts knew exactly how he felt. It had been agreed solemnly between them that if Walter, the elder by five years, should turn out to be the survivor, he would see to it that Algernon was laid simply in the earth without any priest assisting in the proceedings.

So the old Poet was now dead, and who would succeed him? Many people's thoughts travelled to Putney and the celebrated retreat. Queen Victoria herself appears for one brief and charming moment, speaking a stately line to her Prime Minister, perhaps, when he attended Her Majesty to consider Tennyson's successor. "I am told that Mr. Swinburne is the best poet in my dominions," she is reported to have intoned. Did the immortal royal observation reach Watts' sharp ears and rejoice them? But it was not enough. Though many of her subjects agreed with it, too many impossibilities stood in the way of the preposterous notion of Swinburne's being invited to step into Tennyson's shoes. Was it thought of the early "imprudences," or his often stated attitude toward the Established Church, or (this was said to be the official reason, so Watts' fears at the time seem to have been well founded) that he had offended by "something he once wrote about the Czar"? Anyway, no frog footman with an immense blazoned envelope pushed open the gate between the stone pineapples at No. 2. The unexceptionable poet Alfred Austin was appointed Laureate.

Poor Watts may have been bitterly disappointed, but we can be contentedly sure that Swinburne was not. Unless Walter had managed to work a miracle of persuasion, he would certainly have refused the post. He did not take it with proper gravity. Just before Tennyson's death, he had quoted to Watts some loyal lines composed by one Reverend Laurence Eusden, a clergyman who had been George II's dutiful Laureate and was now deservedly silted up in the dust and rubbish of the past.

Hail, mighty Monarch! [Eusden
  had piped] whose desert alone
Would without birthright raise
  thee to a throne;
Thy virtues shine pe-cu-li-ar-ly
  nice,
Ungloom'd with a confinity to vice.

Perhaps, Swinburne suggested slyly, Walter would show this to the Laureate as a worthy model next time he ran down for a night to the Tennysons at Aldworth, where all the bedroom doors were inscribed with the names of knights and ladies in "Idylls of the King." Swinburne used to refer to the work as "Idylls of the Prince

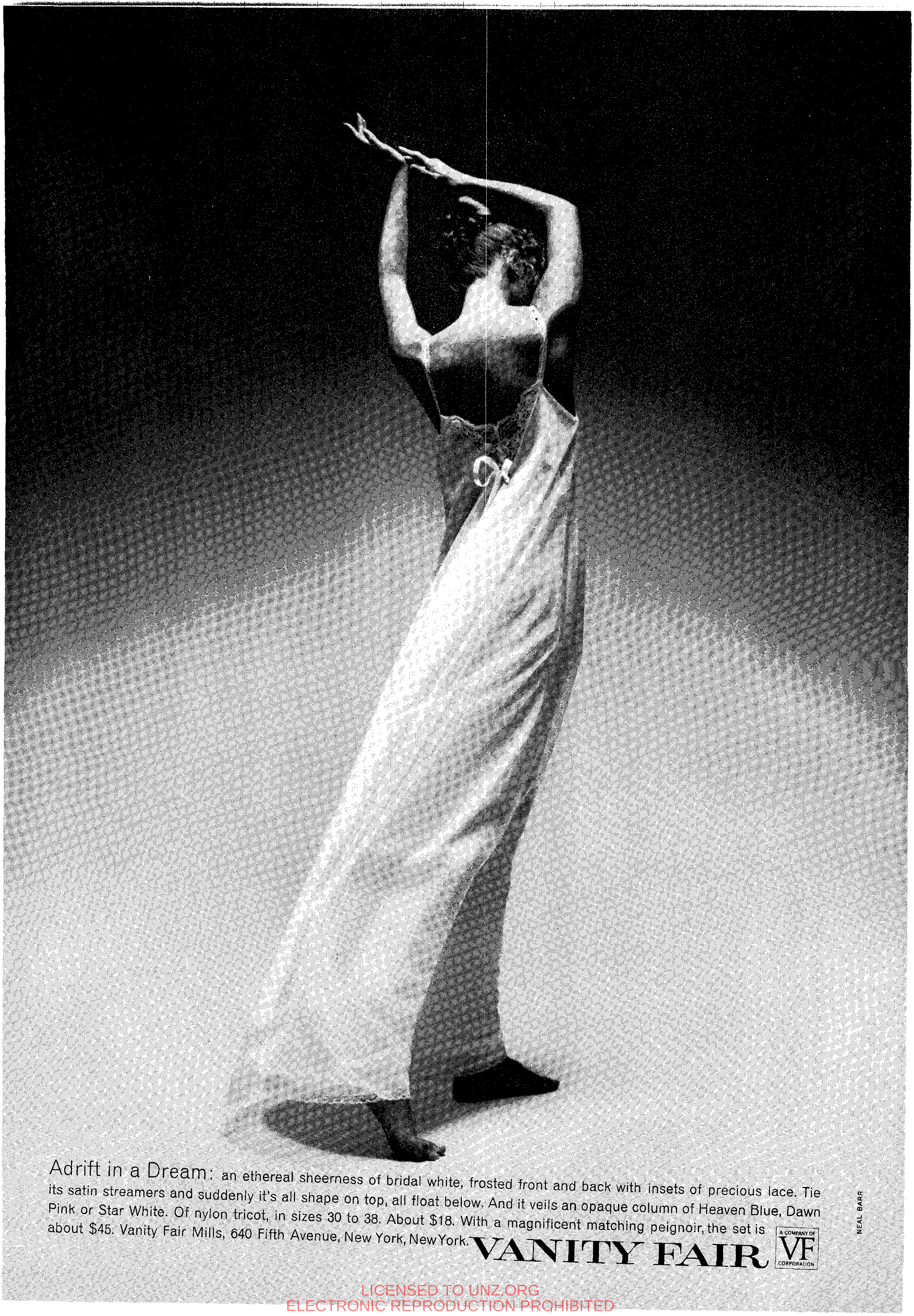
"Oh, come on, Harry! It can't be as bad as all that!"

• •

Consort." *Dors en paix, ô mon père! Tu m'avais donné la vie—je te donne la vengeance!* No, he would not have done at all. And when Tennyson died and Swinburne was asked to say who he thought should be the new Court Singer, he indifferently mentioned two names—Austin's was not one of them, and neither was one of the younger generation of poets, for he seems to have had curiously little interest in what others were writing. Then he went back into his library, immediately entered the bright, pure world of art, which was increasingly the only reality, far from the remote happenings he hymned so mechanically from time to time, and forgot all about it.

SWINBURNE continued the practice of going off, generally once and sometimes twice a year, for leisurely visits to his family in the country. The details of the journey were still worked out carefully in advance by Watts and Lady Jane, as though planning the shipment of some immensely precious object that might easily go astray on the railway and end up in a dreadful condition miles from its destination. They never precisely voiced their fears of how perdition was likely to pounce on Algernon sitting happily reading on the slow from Paddington, but they continued to confer uneasily before each expedition. If Mr. Watts could not accompany him, we find Lady Jane writing in 1892, perhaps, "as it is a short journey, only a hour and a half from London to Bentley, our station, you might think that Algernon might do it alone." He was then fifty-five, and Watts seems to have written back soothingly that he could probably manage it without mishap. Lady Jane and the Misses Swinburne—Alice, Charlotte, and Isabel (or Ally, Wibbie, and Abba, in their affectionate family nicknames)—now divided their time between London, where Algernon and Mr. Watts often came to luncheon at the house they took in Ennismore Gardens, Knightsbridge, and a succession of furnished country houses, which they rented, sometimes for the summer months, sometimes for a year or two, in various parts of England. Swinburne's devotion to his family seemed to deepen every year. The peaceful High Church atmosphere of his home, quickly oppressive to him in the old days, when he had been forced to crawl back and recuperate from the bouts of drinking and from the flagellations he had so gratefully endured at the hands of chastising amazons in an establishment in St. John's Wood, folded him on these country visits into "a delightful groove of quiet family life," as he wrote to Watts. He worked and walked and amused himself digging about in the libraries of his mother's temporary homes. In the evenings, Lady Jane, with Ally, Wibbie, and Abba grouped around her, made an admiring audience while Algernon read his latest poem. The carriage wheels of the local gentry never disturbed the peace, for it was well known that his deafness made him shy of new acquaintances; no one was invited except relatives or close friends. The summer or autumn weeks that he passed in the various large, comfortable rented houses were a great change from the cramped villa on Putney Hill, where perpetual smells of cooking, rising from the dark domains below, hung about in the dark little hall. A larger, more cultured, patrician air seems to blow through these pleasant rooms and pleasure grounds and trim avenues. From Swinburne's descriptions, the scenes in his calm, domestic circle have the charm of a Victorian watercolor or a Morris wallpaper. The slow rural hours of these visits seem to be marked by the grave voice of a church clock chiming across delicious-smelling hayfields. Everything was so blessedly familiar that his thoughts returned increasingly to the obsessive theme of East Dene and his youth—the lost Arcadia. The furnished houses were probably made personal by various objects he would have known from his earliest days—the cherished portfolio of Turner sketches that always travelled with Lady Jane, for instance, and family silver and china. The butler, Woods, had been with them for many years. And best of all to Swinburne were the intimate little family jokes, the dear old nicknames, the memories and allusions that he could share instantly with his mother and sisters. It was a delightful groove indeed.

And yet, in the middle of his hap-



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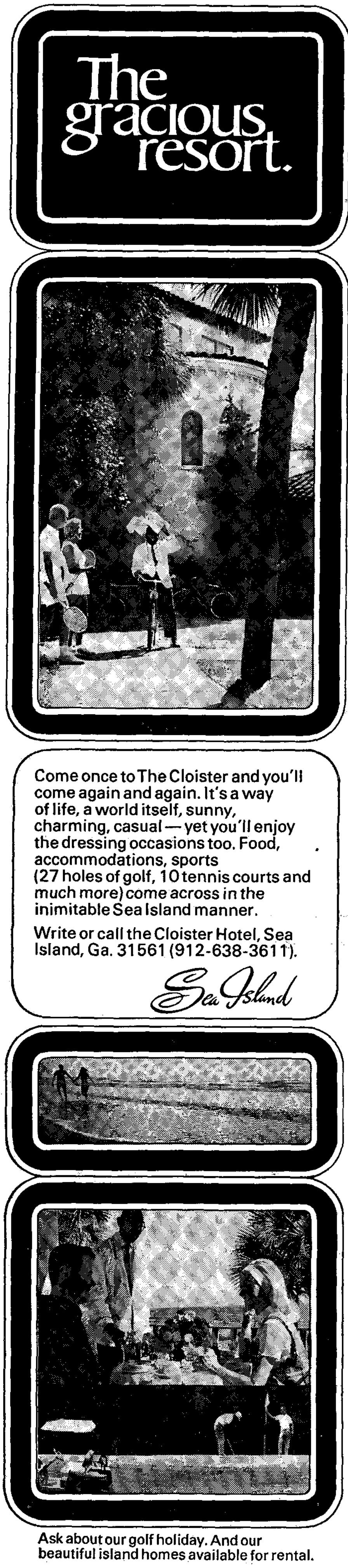

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piness at being with them all, he missed Putney. Rambling in the rural solitudes, he looked forward to setting his foot on the suburban grass of "*the* Common" again. The Pines was also home. He missed Watts. It was true that when they were apart Watts' solicitous care continued to watch rather touchingly over every detail of Swinburne's welfare. He forwarded batches of proofs, and warm underwear if the weather turned chill, and suddenly needed books. He reported on business interviews with Andrew Chatto; he sent along newspaper cuttings and bulletins of Pines news and London literary gossip, for which he knew Algernon hungered even in contented rustication. If Algernon mentioned in a letter that he felt sluggish and could not keep awake in the strong air of the Swinburne ladies' latest domicile, back by return of post came a box of liver pills.

There is some pathos in the earnestness of Watts' ceaseless supervision. He was Swinburne's senior; his health was good, but his eyesight was giving trouble, and he was getting tiresomely deaf himself. Eyes and ears were like advance scouts warning him of the marching years. As he packed up pills and instructions, did it occur to him to wonder who would look after the poor dear fellow like this if he were suddenly not there? It must have done so many times, and not only to him. There was a nasty moment in September, 1895, when Swinburne was luckily staying with his family in Solihull, a then still rural spot near Birmingham, and Watts suddenly came down with a serious and painful illness. Swinburne seemed a little hazy as to its nature, for he wrote plaintively to Walter, in bed in Putney and being nursed by his sister Mrs. Mason, that "whereabouts 'the bladder' is" was totally mysterious to him. Such were the delicacies of Victorian behavior that he did not like to ask any member of this godly feminine household to enlighten him. He does not sound acutely anxious about Watts, but in a letter Lady Jane writes to the now convalescent invalid a few weeks later we are conscious of the faint rustle of a bosom exhaling a profound sigh of relief. She is "quite thankful" to hear better news of him. He must certainly be "very prudent" for a long time to come, and what a dreadful worry Mrs. Mason must have had, and how merciful it is that he has a clever doctor. For what could be done about Algernon, she is surely asking herself, if anything happened to Mr. Watts, and The Pines ceased to exist? It was a fearful thought. She was eighty-six and in frail health. Her portrait shows a beautiful, aristocratic old lady, swaddled in lace, who has laid down her book and is staring sadly, thoughtfully into space. She was not likely to rival her sister-in-law Julia Swinburne—Aunt Ju, that breath of racy life from another century, who had died not long before, only two years short of a hundred; who had remained chirpy to the end; who had stumped off for a long ramble across wet moorland on the arm of her admiring nephew Algernon when she was a mere ninety-two; and who had talked, and doubtless eaten, more on that same visit than anyone else in the exhausted family party. No, Lady Jane was not an Aunt Ju. Soon there would only be Ally, Wibbie, and Abba left. They were practical, bright-tempered women. They adored Algernon, they were tremendously proud of him; it was doubtful if they wanted to live with him. Probably he felt the same. The distance between Ennismore Gardens and Putney Hill was just the right distance to have between them. So Lady Jane must have heard with inexpressible thankfulness that Mr. Watts had such an excellent doctor.

As it turned out, The Pines remained solid as a rock, and what split up and disappeared was the whole of Swinburne's deeply loved family background. In a little over a decade, all but one of its members were gone. The youngest sister, Abba—Isabel Swinburne—was the only survivor, and she would outlive both Swinburne and Watts and see the beginning of the First World War. Edward, the young brother, had already broken up the circle. Indeed, he seems always to have stood outside it. There is something mysterious about Edward. He cared only for music. After his marriage to a Berlin cousin, Olga Helen Thumann, they seem to have lived abroad. Now and then, he turns up to stay with his mother for a while, but a cloud descends—there is illness and domestic trouble, and suddenly, in July, 1891, Edward is dying alone among strangers in a house in St. John's Wood, the part of London that had once had such bizarre associations for Swinburne. There is a hint of seediness, of dark experiences never referred to, for the family had known nothing of his return to England. The people of the house had looked after him kindly, but

they did not write to the Swinburnes until it was too late.

The news came when Swinburne was on one of his visits—this time to Brockhampton Park, in Herefordshire. It was already an anxious time for them all. Lady Jane had been dangerously ill and was only just beginning to recover. In the letters that went from Brockhampton Park to The Pines we see it all—his sisters bustling in and out of the sickroom to take their turns watching their mother with the "cheery stoicism" (he borrows the phrase from Carlyle) shown by women of their upbringing in moments of crisis, whereas the dear old housekeeper, who used to be the Swinburne children's nurse, feels it only decent to go around looking as though she were on her way to the gallows. And, to make everything doubly, trebly worse, there are guests in the house—French guests, who were there when Lady Jane was taken ill, who do not immediately make excuses and go home, who stay on, vivaciously expectant of entertainment, while Swinburne gallantly tries to "do the civil." It must have been a strain, but the duration of a Victorian visit appears to have been sacred. At last they go, thank heavens, and Swinburne expresses his relief by walking twenty miles or so at top speed in pouring rain. We can imagine Watts frowning as he got to that bit. Had he remembered to change his socks as soon as he got back to Brockhampton Park? Very probably not.

Then, just as the household was relaxing with the assurance that Lady Jane was over the worst, the awful news about Edward arrived. Woods, the trusted butler, was sent off to St. John's Wood to look after him, and Alice, declining Algernon's offer to escort her, followed with her maid. She was not in time. Edward's heart had failed. He was only forty-three. Woods began immediately, as though the lonely deathbed had been a dishevelled drawing room distressing to his sense of what was seemly for the family, tidying everything neatly away and restoring the occasion to its proper dignity. He supervised the removal of the body to Lady Jane's house in Ennismore Gardens and arranged for the funeral at Bonchurch, on the Isle of Wight, where Admiral Swinburne and his daughter Edith, who had died young, were buried. Mr. Longbourne, the family solicitor, arrived to support him. Edward's wife was absent, and "we do not even know where the woman is now," Swinburne wrote contemptuously to Watts, adding a fierce "Thank heaven!" His letters

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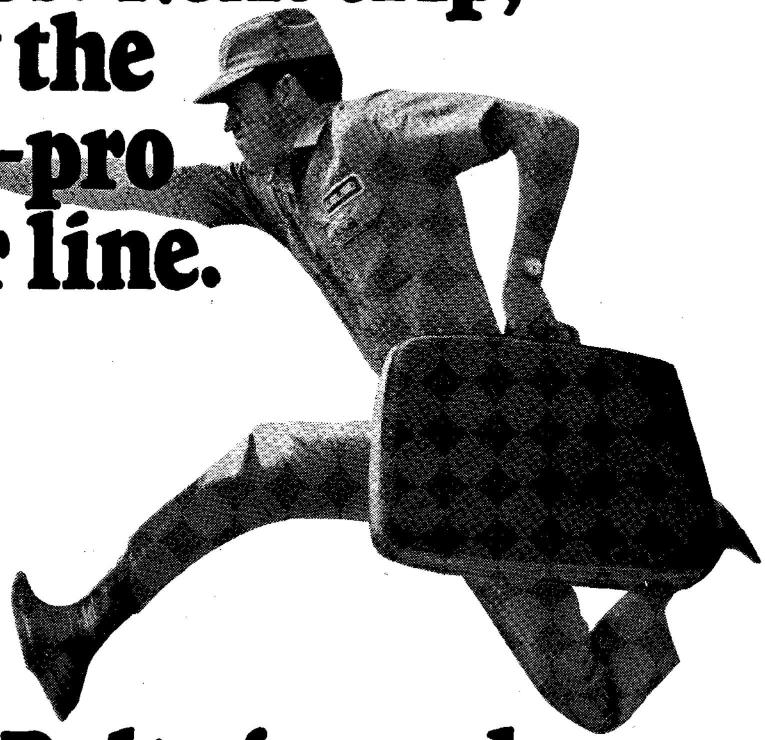

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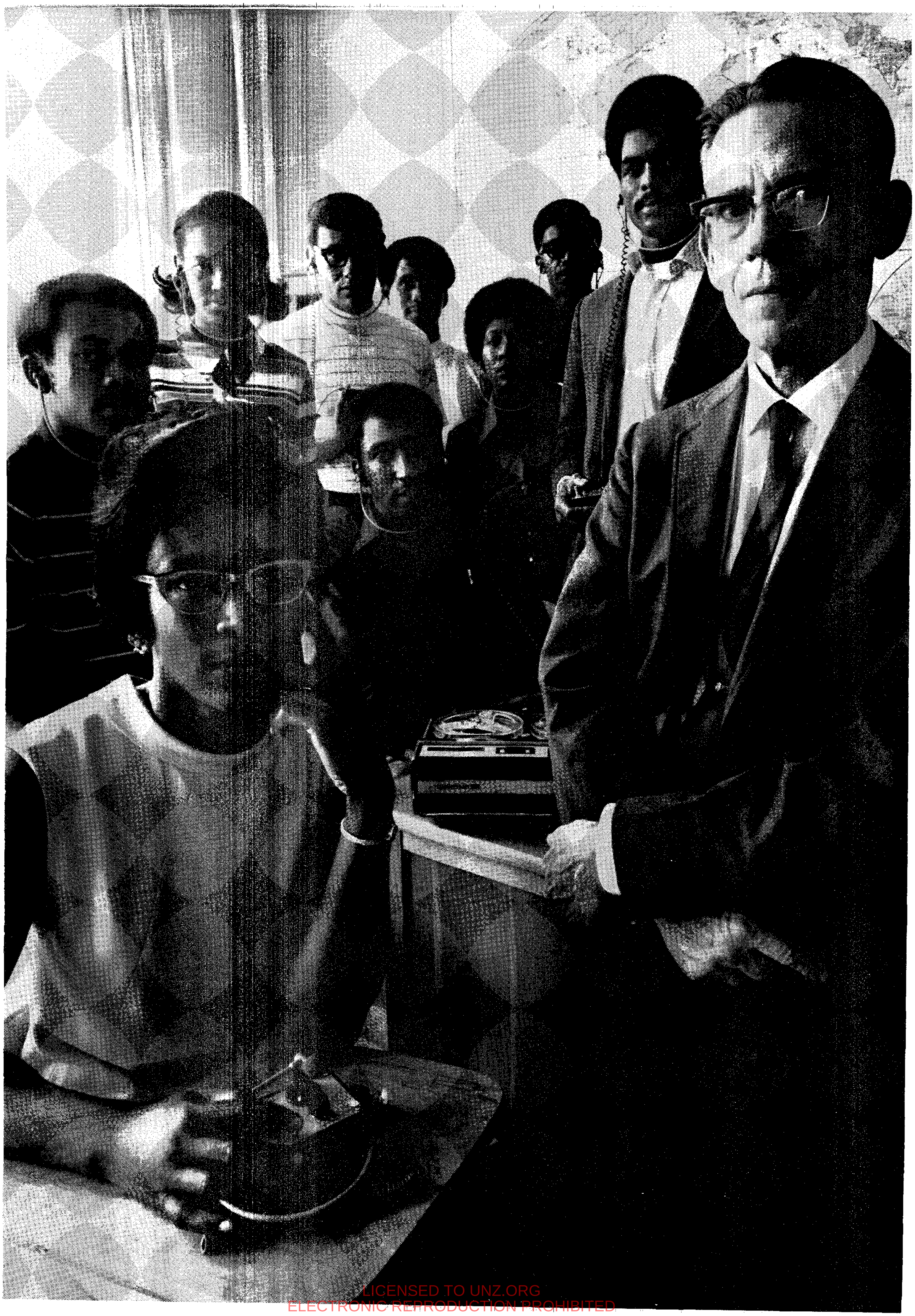

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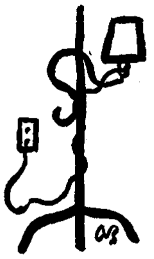
breathe a desolate longing to have Watts there, in the solid, comforting flesh: “Please send me a line as soon as you get this.” The sight of a written word, he says, would be almost as good as the sight of Walter’s face or the clasp of his hand. “I hardly know why I write this to-night, unless . . . because my heart and mind instinctively turn to you first of all in any time of trouble.” Watts, so much weaker than he intellectually (though Swinburne loyally never admits this: Walter is “the greatest and most scholarly critic of English literature now living;” Walter’s sonnets are read to the receptive home circle along with his own, and the ladies’ admiration gushes back to The Pines) but so much stronger as a man, is the rock without which he would founder. “I cannot but keep thinking,” Swinburne muses, “how long since—how many years ago—I should have died as my poor dear brother has just died, if instead of the worst of wives I had not found the best of friends; and how strong and healthy and happy the poor fellow whom I remember in my school holidays as the brightest of baby boys might have been at this hour if instead of the best of friends he had not found the worst of wives.” Meanwhile, there is no time to send “my mourning” to Bonchurch, as Walter suggests, so will he bring it with him when he joins the family party there? Watts was to be the only mourner who was not a Swinburne. “Please also bring my *tall hat* (it is in a hat-box under my bed).” It was the age of funeral emporiums, of grief measured in depth of crape, of black borders to writing paper and black sealing wax dropping jetty tears on envelopes, and even black ribbons threaded in little girls’ petticoats. When Queen Victoria died, ten years later, a sort of freak black blizzard engulfed the nation overnight. It is comic to find Swinburne, who detested and avoided funereal occasions, fussing over his mourning, but there was always that ingrained streak of sticking to the formalities of behavior. His mother could not go to the funeral. She would be at Brockhampton Park, with his sister Wibbie—Charlotte—left behind to keep her company. Algernon must represent her, fittingly equipped to stand in the churchyard at Bonchurch and listen quietly to the words of a Christian rite that he utterly and passionately disbelieved. So we find him anxiously cautioning Watts not to buy him a new tall hat—the one under the bed was perhaps past its first gloss of youth—in case there should be any mistake over size. His head was so immense that once in his boyhood, when his hat was blown into the Channel as he was crossing from France, it was very difficult to find a sufficiently roomy replacement.

Swinburne’s world was about to shrink permanently to the scale of The Pines. Soon he would not leave it on any more visits to the ample, well-run country houses that reminded him of his youth. Lady Jane was the gentle but surprisingly strong center of the family circle, and when she died, in 1896, the pattern changed completely. The Misses Swinburne did not keep up the custom of renting large places for the summer months. The charming, old-fashioned household of women, into which the elder son had settled back every year with a nod of affectionate recognition to a dazzling boy called Algernon Swinburne, came to an end. The tall hat left its box under the bed for more sad journeys to Bonchurch. Wibbie followed their mother three years later, and Ally died in 1903. Of the five children who had shouted and climbed the ilex trees and ridden their ponies along the cliff tracks at East Dene, only Algernon and Isabel were left.

“BEING mortals, we have suffered.” So Swinburne had written philosophically when his dear friend George Powell disappeared, taking with him a whole corner of the old life. It was no good wailing. But after the dissolution of the tightly attached family everything seemed to fall apart a little bit at the center of things, to become diffuse and floating and a trifle indistinct. Walter was the solid, rocklike comfort to which Swinburne clung more than ever now, and the world of books was increasingly the only real one. He was busy preparing his last book of poems, “A Channel Passage,” which includes the beautiful, melancholy vision called “The Lake of Gaube,” and he was wading irritably through the proofs of the first four fat volumes of the “Collected Works”—they eventually totalled eleven, poems and plays—which Mr. Chatto published in 1904. He had taken great pains over the long “Dedicatory Epistle” that prefaced the edition, addressed to “my best and dearest friend” Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton—for, somewhere or other in the nebulous and rather unimportant world outside The Pines, Watts had decided to cease being Watts and had



adopted his mother's maiden name, hyphenated to his own. Swinburne had dedicated "Tristram of Lyonesse" and a number of other poems to his friend in the years since they set up house together, but this tribute was to emphasize his gratitude and affection even more strongly. In it posterity could see the final statement of his creative life—his last will and testament (for that is what he clearly intends the essay to be), setting forth what he believed and had tried to do in poetry. Walter—who else?—was named as sole legatee. Without him, the edition would have been several volumes shorter, which some people, to be sure, persist in thinking ungratefully would have been better for Swinburne's eventual place among the immortal sons of Apollo. "Infinitely better," observes Sir Edmund Gosse, his spectacles flashing formidably. At one time, Gosse told his curiously gifted colleague Thomas J. Wise, he had known Swinburne through and through, better than anyone else. And then that insufferable provincial solicitor Watts had carried him off to Putney. There Swinburne had changed, had blown cool, had started to talk, like a brilliant ventriloquist, in someone else's voice. Even in retrospect, Gosse plainly could not bear the thought. For what happened when he and Wise edited the big Bonchurch edition of Swinburne—twenty volumes this time—in 1926? He cut out the "Dedicatory Epistle" entirely. Watts-Dunton had been dead for twelve years, but it is never too late to pay off old scores. The "best and dearest friend" was struck unforgivingly, unforgivably, off the record.

About this time, three young men were invited to journey to Putney and meet the great legend, and they have all described their visits for us. One caller, of course, was Max Beerbohm. Another was a young Eton master, Arthur Christopher Benson, a son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who went to have luncheon at The Pines in 1902. He had made himself agreeable to Watts-Dunton because he was planning to write a monograph on Gabriel Rossetti, and after luncheon they were going to talk about the other celebrated friendship. As he ate (soup, chicken, plovers' eggs—The Pines kept a better table, it seems, than Beerbohm's memories of the perennial roast mutton and apple tart), Benson turned upon old Watts-Dunton a cool, shrewd eye. Considering that he was a friend of Edmund Gosse, what he afterward wrote in his journal was, on the whole, not unfair, and much of it was funny and pathetic. He noted

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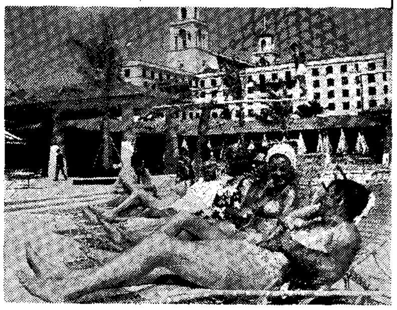

the solid bourgeois furnishings of the shabby but comfortable house, the smell of food in the hall and of fragrant leather bindings in Swinburne's room, the odd, shabby attire of the two little hosts, and their obvious devotion to each other. It was “pleasant to see,” he says, “how they paid each other such fine compliments, and showed such distinguished consideration.” He left to go back to Eton feeling “much touched” by their kindness to him. Swinburne had obviously taken to him greatly. “You must come again!” he had said, shaking hands warmly. “I suppose you were at Eton about my time?” “My dear fellow,” said Watts-Dunton, “Mr. Benson's a *young* man!” “Of course, of course!” said the Bard—but we can imagine how vaguely, for everybody was beginning to look roughly the same age, time had turned the wrong end of the telescope, and he, who could easily see back to people and places still wonderfully bright and large after forty or fifty years, sometimes had difficulty in keeping track of the tiresome pygmy days and weeks. Benson carried away with him the memory of one who looked unexpectedly like “a little, rather faded don.” Most of the visitors to The Pines at that period were similarly surprised, and relieved, not to encounter the excitable little red-haired apparition of so many stories, leaping about the room and screaming like a cockatoo. What Benson principally remembered, with respect, was “a sense of the real genius of Swinburne's mind, the air of intellectual fervour in which he seemed to live habitually and without effort, and his complete abstraction from all ordinary considerations. He was like a man living in a dream of art, and without any ripple or murmur of the world penetrating his solitary paradise.”

The third youthful caller was Alfred Noyes, the poet, who talked about it on a B.B.C. program in 1957, when he was an old man himself. The household had aged a few years since Mr. Benson had observed it. Swinburne was seventy, young Noyes had written a poem in his honor that was published in the *Fortnightly Review*, and an invitation to dinner at The Pines was the result. The guest was so excited that he was not at all sure what he ate, though he had a notion that some sort of spectral roast lamb and a whisper of mint sauce floated past. The name of Swinburne was still a marvellously thrilling one to the young. Only a few years earlier, when he was at Oxford, Noyes had had an undergraduate friend who always took off his hat when he passed the gate of the famous house on Putney Hill and solemnly chanted, “I believe in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, and Swinburne.” It was no wonder that now, seated at the dinner table listening to the two deaf old men (Watts-Dunton was almost stone-deaf, too, by this time) exchanging “extremely interesting shouts,” he felt that he was in a sort of dream. He felt so safe, indeed, in the crossfire of shouts that he risked a mundane remark about the weather—which, of course, he knew would not get over any better than some earlier, more intelligent observations he had made. But horrors! Swinburne noticed the guest's moving lips, and shouted to Watts-Dunton to know what he had said. The poor young man was struck so dumb by this that his hosts concluded he must be deaf, too, and redoubled their efforts. After a good deal of frantic bellowing all around, Noyes roared a hastily improvised question about the influence of Keats on Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne happily agreed. He had been “a little sulphurous” at the start of the evening, Noyes recalled, until the young man had reached over and opened the bottle of beer with which his little hands had been futilely fumbling. Then he became exquisitely gracious. And how he talked, pouring out in a torrent of marvellous images a description of a walk along the rocky shore of the North Sea! The walk had taken place very many years ago, but it was as clear to him in every detail as his exercise on Putney Heath that morning, and perhaps clearer.

To Swinburne, we feel, these visitors—and many more who have given us accounts, delightful or malicious, of pilgrimages to Putney—were only shadows passing and leaving scarcely a trace on the still air of his “solitary paradise.” It was very different when one of the few surviving old friends came to see him, or when Isabel's short, stout figure descended at The Pines. Those were gala days. And then his cousin Mary, the now widowed Mrs. Disney Leith, had suddenly bustled out of her long silence in Scotland and seemed as warm and lively as though they had not been parted for a day. He was delighted to have her back. Up she sprang, the old Mary, spirited as ever, asking him if he remembered this and that from their

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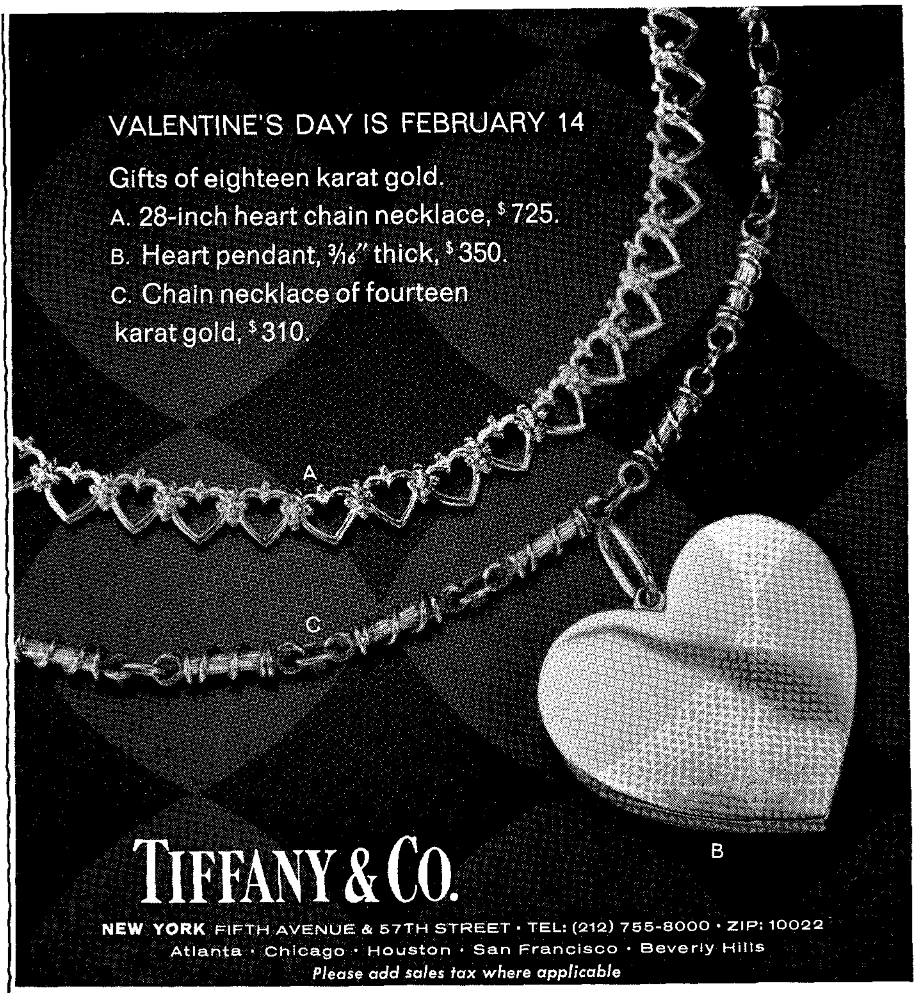
youth, sending him primroses, rattling away for his amusement in a not very secret code they had invented for letters when he was at Eton. They gossiped about her grandchildren and her annual trips to Iceland, with which country she was conducting a late but passionate love affair, and exchanged news of how their work of the moment was going—Mrs. Leith wrote novels and poems. Swinburne plowed loyally, though hazily, through the manuscript she sent him—in "your beautiful handwriting," so much easier on the eye than the soulless production of a typewriter, a piece of machinery he mistrusted thoroughly—of her translation of a modern Icelandic play. It was rather difficult to remember who was who in it, he criticized mildly. In return, he sent her proofs of his play "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards," and dedicated it to her. She was second only to Isabel on the tiny list of names to whom Mr. Chatto was instructed to dispatch all his volumes as soon as they were published.

The list had shrunk as the years went by. William Rossetti was on it, of course; the "Collected Works" would be sent to him volume by volume, Swinburne wrote affectionately in 1904, but to hardly anyone else. "Who is there to send to, for that matter?" he asked William rather pathetically. At the time, he was housebound in The Pines, convalescing from a dangerous attack of double pneumonia. "They" had moved him downstairs to his library to sleep as well as to write—there was a coal fire there, and only a little gas fire in his bedroom—though he went down to the dining room for lunch and dinner. The most depressing part of it all was that "they" would not allow him to go out. It was over three months before he set foot on his adored commons again. And when he was released at last, one February morning, he bolted off at once for a fast six-mile walk to Wimbledon and back, and felt much restored. "The Swinburnes have a tendency to live," Aunt Ju would have commented approvingly.

When he wrote to William Rossetti, however, he was still feeling weak and melancholy as he looked back at all the gaps and losses, not only in his family but among the old friends who had vanished, or quarrelled with him, or somehow drifted away from the long, exclusive tête-à-tête at The Pines. Edward Burne-Jones, a particularly cherished friend for more than forty years, had died in 1898, two years after "dear old Topsy," William Morris. Swinburne found it difficult to take in the



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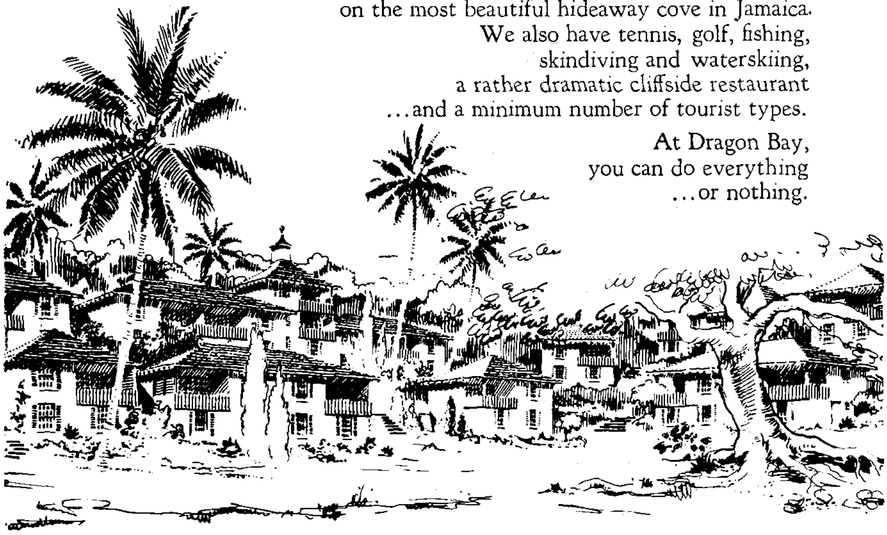

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idea that Ned would never come to see him again, brimming with good talk and fun. George Meredith, another part of the days with Rossetti in Cheyne Walk, was still vigorously alive—a splendid-looking old man, deaf as a post, too, who sat booming magnificently away to the dazzled visitors who journeyed out to his villa at Box Hill. But though he always sent warm messages to Swinburne through Watts-Dunton, they had never been close. It was an inexpressible comfort, therefore, to have William Rossetti, so staunchly, dependably the same. "My dear and always kind and true friend," Swinburne called him gratefully. He had remained calmly attached to both Swinburne and Watts-Dunton; sneering remarks about Walter did not go unchallenged if he was in hearing range of them. How astonishing to think that he was Gabriel's brother! His fine features, his beard, his sombre dark eyes and lofty brow remind us of a portrait of some befurred donor kneeling with his wife in the bottom corner of an Italian altarpiece, all angels and transfigured saints. But the kneeling position is not right for him. Like Swinburne, he was a freethinker in a family of devout High Anglican women. Yet, while Swinburne was still an irritable invalid mewed up in the winter gloom of The Pines, he felt impelled to write to this faithful friend one of his most savage outbursts, which, freethinker though William was, could hardly fail to hurt him. It was a strange, jeering, brutal attack on the religion of his dead sister, Christina Rossetti. William had become her memorialist. Swinburne was writing to thank him for her collected poetical works, which William had edited. He had always thought, Swinburne wrote, that "nothing more glorious in poetry has ever been written" than the verses "Passing away, saith the world, passing away." He had admired Miss Rossetti extravagantly as a poet whose genius, when at her best, was in the direct line of the great English mystics George Herbert and Henry Vaughan. Her songs of babyhood, he said to Walter, made her "the spiritual sister of Blake." And he had felt affection for her, too, as a woman of quiet strength and goodness. William had sent him Christina's table cover as a memento when she died, and he had thanked William with emotion for a "really and naturally sacred relic," which he would always treasure. It turned out to be too large for his own table, so he draped it over the sofa, where nobody ever reclined, since it was a convenient dumping ground for stacks of books.

The relic was in sight, then, as Swinburne sat writing to William. Christina's poetry, he wrote, was indeed "rich in beauty," but (here the reverent, admiring note changes, the vituperation pours out in an uncontrollable flood)—but "Good Satan! what a fearful warning against the criminal lunacy of theolatry! It is horrible to think of such a woman—and of so many otherwise noble and beautiful natures" (he is thinking, of course, of his mother and those uncomplaining, cheerily dedicated women his sisters)—"spiritually infected and envenomed by the infernal and putrefying virus of the Galilean serpent." He goes on to make a heavy-handed joke about the necessity of sending a mission to "the JAH-JAH (pronounced Yah-Yah, 'Praise him in his name JAH') Islands to reclaim the degraded inhabitants," who worship a three-headed idol emblematic of "a father and son of the same age and a tertium quid represented as a very old pigeon." And so on and so on. The curious document, finished the following day, calms down, as though another man had taken over. It ends with a little mild bookish gossip, civil remembrances to a married Rossetti daughter in Italy, and "kind regards from Watts-Dunton." William Rossetti seems to have replied with his customary composure, sending along some of Christina's early notebooks, which he thought Swinburne would be interested to see.

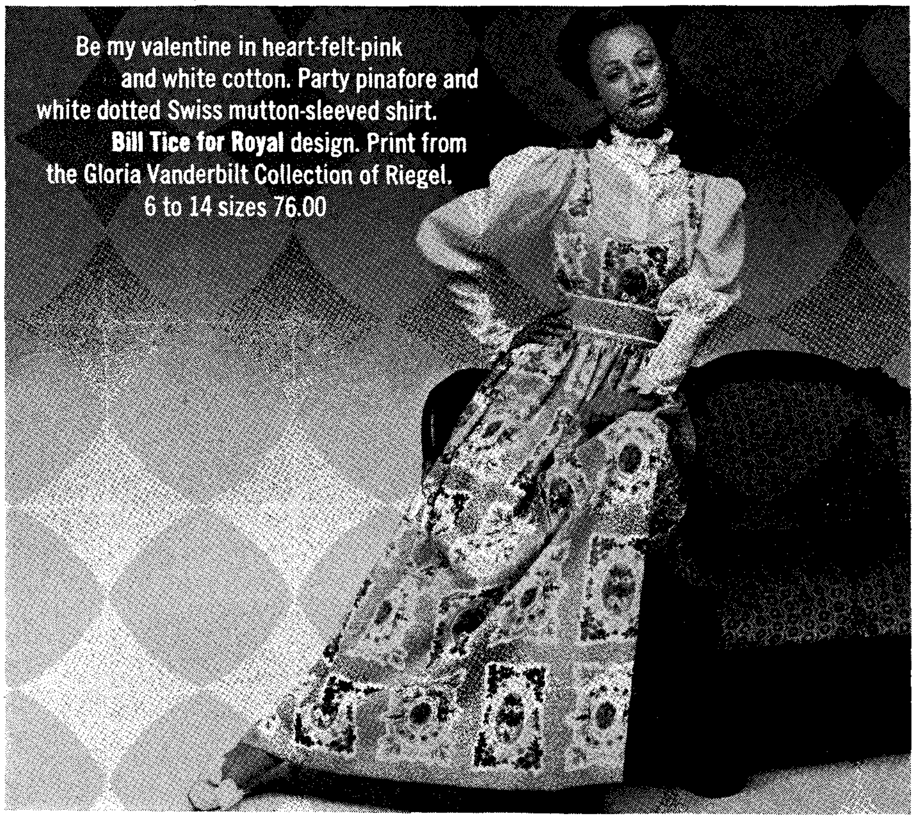
Watts-Dunton has left it on record that Swinburne's antagonism toward Christianity increased as he grew older and, at the end, was bitterer than ever. The occasional softer observations about the spiritual beliefs of others, such as Mazzini and Victor Hugo, which he used to drop in letters to Lady Jane, do not appear again; they must have been written to please the loving, anxious special audience. He still hints that he does not rule out the possibility of something, somewhere, after death, but the somewhere does not lead to God.

> I seek not heaven with submission
> of lips and knees,
> With worship and prayer for a
> sign till it leap to light...

He stated this vigorously in the remarkable poem "A Nympholept," written in The Pines years, which he thought was one of his best. The only gods he calls on, he says, are the ones "hard by, the divine dim powers" who are sensed in the burning midday beyond the shade of the forest, the smell of the ferns and moss, and the sound of secret waters running under them. Terror and doubt fade, and he receives the triumphant answer that "heaven is about me here." The sky is empty but unfailingly glorious. In the stout volumes of the "Collected Works," with their covering address to his best and dearest friend, he has finally packed his baggage for the journey.

SWINBURNE was nearing the end of his sixties, and he and Watts-Dunton had been housemates for over a quarter of a century. The legend had become famous. When people spoke of Swinburne, they saw immediately the villa at the foot of Putney Hill and the two old friends seated within, carrying on their unending pedantic duologue, which would be interrupted only when one of them fell abruptly silent.

As it turned out, there was a highly unexpected interruption to the placid flow of life at The Pines. In the spring of 1905, when it occurred, Swinburne was happily busy with the proofs of a long-buried novel, "A Year's Letters," which he had written forty years before. He had agreed to resurrect it. Rereading it was like going back into the past and meeting himself. The hero of the story, Reginald Harewood, was practically a color photograph of Algernon Swinburne as a young man, he admitted to William Rossetti, though he hastened to add that "Redgie's" detestable, harsh, sour father could not have been less like his own. He lingered affectionately over Redgie. Like the verse drama "The Sisters," the little novel, told in letters, had so much of his youth in it. The complicated families of cousins were there again, and perhaps the complicated passions as well; the aristocratic country houses, with their huge brick-walled gardens and well-timbered parks and pheasant coverts; the traumatic beatings at school that had led to the groves of St. John's Wood. The history of "A Year's Letters" was rather odd. It seems to have appeared inconspicuously in 1877 in a light satirical London magazine just launched under an old name, the *Tatler*. Swinburne had invented a feminine nom de plume for himself—perhaps the color photograph would have offended his family—but Watts had urged him not to publish the novel at all. He was scandalized by the idea of Algernon's appearing, even disguised in the domino of "Mrs. Horace Manners," in such a frivolous publication. It was one of the times when the



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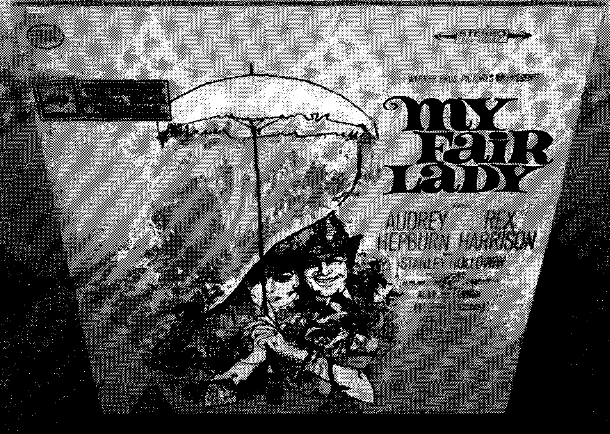

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watchdog's disapproving barks were disregarded, however. The magazine was to be edited by an old friend, Thomas Purnell, who had earned Swinburne's undying gratitude for having introduced him to Karl Blind, and thus to Mazzini. All Watts' prudent arguments, as he knew ruefully by then, were useless against a chance to repay a debt of the heart. So now the old story had been dug up out of the dusty files, at Walter's own suggestion. Probably the supply of new subjects at which Swinburne could aim his arrows was running very low. Mrs. Horace Manners, that refined, ghostly relict of a diplomat (Swinburne had amused himself at the time by supplying a few biographical details for the lady), vanished into limbo. Chatto published the novel in July of 1905. Significantly, perhaps, in the light of coming events, Walter had also suggested a new, more romantic title for it: "Love's Cross-Currents." To Swinburne's astonishment and pleasure, the brilliant little tragicomedy was enthusiastically praised by the critics, and sold out the first impression on publication day.

In this pleasantly successful year, something extraordinary happened at The Pines. Various friends of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton ignored the event when later writing their accounts of the bachelor household. Max Beerbohm makes no mention of it. Sir Edmund Gosse looks stonily the other way. In March, 1905, Watts-Dunton became engaged to a young lady forty-four years his junior. In November of that year, they were married. He was seventy-three; Miss Clara Reich was twenty-nine. The comfortably frowzy academic establishment so tactfully presided over by Mrs. Mason with assistance from the still more shadowy sister, Miss Theresa Watts, shudders and falls apart. Squawks of indignant disbelief float up the kitchen stairs. The Pines has a new young mistress—or chatelaine, as she later described herself more grandly. The long, virtually tête-à-tête meal is over. The news must have rocked London's literary circles with shock and laughter. Who was she? Few people knew. The *Daily Mirror*, having tried in vain to dig up a photograph of the future Mrs. Watts-Dunton, was obliged to print the nuptial tidings with Mr. Swinburne's well-known features occupying her place beside her betrothed.

Who was Clara Reich, who had the temerity to break into one of the most celebrated, jealously guarded relationships in English letters? We know very little about her, though some years later she wrote an account of her marriage, "Watts-Dunton and I," and also set down her memories of the everyday routine of "the Bard" in a work entitled "The Home Life of Swinburne." Watts-Dunton's inflexible taboo against any personal chitchat about his friend would be ignored, ironically enough, by his widow. Among the masses of trivia through which we stumble after her, trying to imagine how greatly the elderly Pines must have changed now that youth and beauty have come in at the door, there are mysteries. "My marriage was not one of those unions between May and December which satirists contemplate with malicious enjoyment," she says briskly. Quoting her words in a footnote to the last volume of the great Yale University Press edition of Swinburne's letters, its editor, Mr. Cecil Y. Lang, adds the dry observation " 'Satirists' to this day purvey the story that Swinburne and Watts-Dunton decided by the toss of a coin which one would marry her." Mystery piled on mysteries! For, luckier than the *Daily Mirror*, we can study a photograph of Mrs. Watts-Dunton at the time of her marriage, and the picture of a young woman waiting, like a housemaid come for an interview, in the hall of The Pines while two deaf old gentlemen toss up for her seems to wobble rather badly. She has large, dark eyes under strong brows, a mass of black hair, a round, firm chin, and an inquiring expression. If you added gold hoops and a brilliant scarf, she might have walked out of Watts-Dunton's romantic dreams of the wandering horse-coping gypsies, and, indeed, she sat, it seems, for the portrait of Rhona Boswell, the Romany heroine of his "The Coming of Love." It is easier to imagine this determined-looking beauty tossing up to see which *she* would choose, Mr. Swinburne or Mr. Watts-Dunton. Perhaps she really wished to marry The Pines. But the whole thing is something of a shock. We feel as though Esther Summerson had after all united herself to Mr. Jarndyce, or had gone along the shelf into a different volume and wedded both the Cheeryble brothers at once. Whoever married Walter would also be taking on Algernon—that was plain.

And Swinburne, we may feel, must

have been much in his friend's thoughts before Walter decided to marry—or to allow himself, at the end of a resolutely bachelor life, to be married. The latter version seems to have been the one that was more credible to "satirists" in the world outside The Pines. Yet it made a good deal of sense. A few years before, Watts-Dunton had been rather seriously ill again. His sisters were getting old, too. Would he not feel easier in his mind about Algernon if there could be someone younger and stronger and gayer about the place—someone, what is more, who already knew the sacred day-to-day timetable of The Pines? For Clara had been a frequent visitor—this is one of the mysteries over which she skates dreamily in her account of how she came to marry Mr. Jarndyce—during the twelve years after she first set foot in it. Did she go to work for Watts-Dunton as one of the secretaries who helped him excavate that mountain of unfruitful labor that was always puzzlingly "on hand"? She does not say, beyond relating her excitement when he asked her, early in their acquaintance, to make a fair copy for the printer of Swinburne's manuscript of "The Tale of Balen." She was a schoolgirl of sixteen when she was first taken along to call at The Pines by her mother, who was a friend of Watts-Dunton. Swinburne was not there, but Watts-Dunton received them very cordially. And presently a pleasant friendship, which might have been supposed to be avuncular on his part and a juvenile crush on hers, seems to have sprung up between them. He invited her to a matinée of "Hedda Gabler." She called again at The Pines with the offering of a basket of French beans grown in her own garden. An even more generous plan of presenting him with her pet tortoise was frustrated when the tortoise churlishly buried himself in the Reichs' flowerbeds before he could be translated to the Parnassus heights of Putney. Watts-Dunton went to see Clara act in her school's French play and was enchanted. She seems to have been talented, and would have made the stage her profession if she had not, so oddly, decided to play the part of a chatelaine in Putney instead.

But this jolly version of their relationship is wrong from the start. Mrs. Watts-Dunton, in her candid memoir, corrects it firmly. It was neither avuncular nor girlishly hero-worshipping. It was love. Let us take a look at the lover as another observer saw him about that time. When William Rothenstein went to The Pines to draw Swinburne in 1895—two years after

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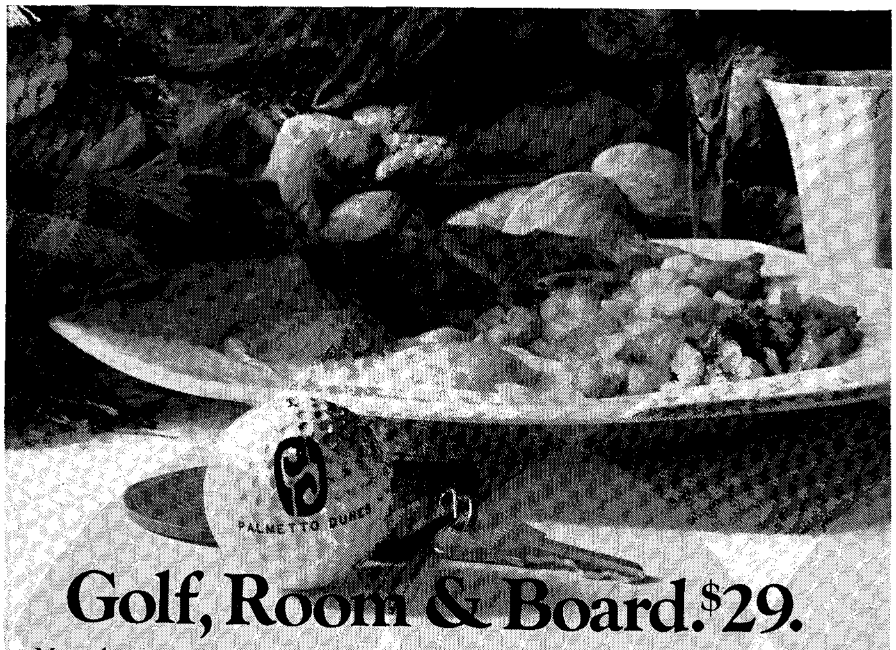

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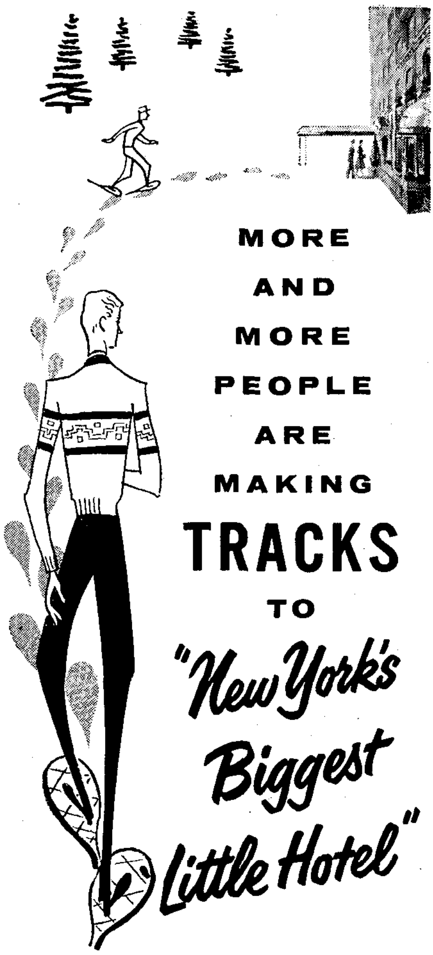
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Mrs. Reich, her daughter beside her, rang the doorbell—he regarded Watts with his painter's eye and squeezed out a few tubes of color in his mind for a quick impression to be dashed down in his journal. "Old Watts" was "a little, round, rosy wrinkled man, with a moustache like a walrus, and a polished dewlap." He had evidently been taking an afternoon forty winks; the threadbare house jacket he had hastily taken off lay on the sofa behind him, and he had donned "a sort of grey flannel frock-coat" in which to receive the visitor. It is a young man's view, of course. The whiskered ancient was a vigorous sixty-three at the time, with (his biographers assure us) a singularly unlined brow that gave him a certain youthfulness to the end of his life. And what a different man Miss Reich's expectant dark eyes saw when "the great critic" greeted her and her mother in the stuffy dining room of The Pines with so much kindness, showed them the Rossetti drawings, and talked interestingly about the beautiful Mrs. William Morris! Remarkable things had happened instantly when they met. The moment she heard his extraordinarily deep voice pronounce the unremarkable words "How do you do?" "a magnetic arrow invisibly thrilled us both . . . and I was profoundly conscious of the fact that I would never be quite the same again." Polished dewlap, indeed! She saw a mature man of immensely sympathetic charm and warmth, who had made himself indispensable to the greatest lyric poet of the age. He saw—what? An attractive young creature offering, ever so flatteringly and abundantly, the admiration that he had always known was the magic philtre to be administered to genius. He needed it, too, in that shrinking and sensitive side of his temperament which was abnormally cast down by any criticism. He was grateful for it. Some such rough conjectures we may make. At any rate, the magnetic arrow was set in action.

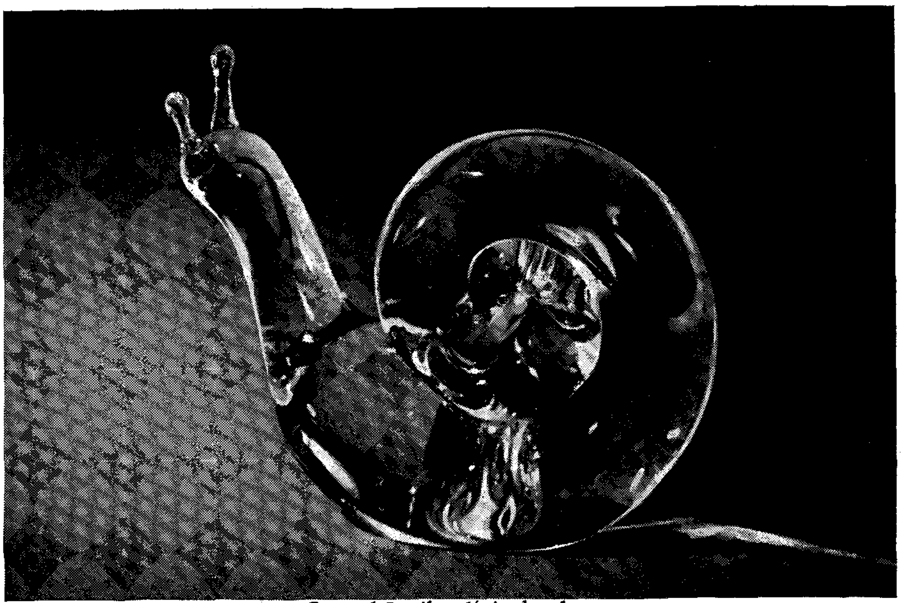
Judith Shahn

It is the last and the greatest surprise that this unexpected and complex man springs on us. The sensuous mouth noted long ago, before it withdrew behind the immense protective ambush of hair, has declared itself after all. The susceptible heart appears to have given in at the age of seventy-three. It had encountered a formidably determined spirit who would not let it do anything else. The strange girl had clearly made up her mind to marry him. Perhaps she is a spiritual sister to Shaw's Ellie in "Heartbreak House," who nestled so confidingly and happily on the shoulder of old Captain Shotover. More than forty years later, William Rossetti's daughter, Mrs. Helen Rossetti Angeli, would recall that "this very singular and warm-hearted lady," whom she had got to know as an elderly woman, was "passionately attached to the memory of her husband, and never wearied of speaking of his wonderful care and kindness." She had no doubts. The owner of the chosen shoulder seems to have had some. Fascinated, helpless, but still prudent, he urged her to wait, he pointed carefully to the difference in their ages, he insisted that he could not accept "the sacrifice you are willing to make for me" without preparing an honest brief for the case against it. Procrastinating as ever, he appears to have taken some time doing so. The waiting went on—we get the impression of some blank pages lightly turned over here—for twelve years. The mysteries of the human heart were never better conveyed. During those years, which included the sudden, gratifying success of his novel "Aylwin" and Swinburne's increasing dependence upon him, Watts-Dunton's solid form moved between The Pines and his busy social life seemingly, one may be sure, quite unchanged. Yet in reality he was leading a tormenting and delightful double existence. He met Clara for brief moments on drafty railway platforms. He called her "Minaw," the Romany word for "my own," and had it engraved on a watch for her. If she could not accompany him to a play, she tells us, he telegraphed her between the acts. They saw each other frequently. And at last, in November, 1905, they got married.

Swinburne took the news with the odd, slightly swimming complacency of a man in a dream observing weird events that would startle him very much in waking life. Clara Reich, if she had impinged on him at all up to then, was as vaporous as the good Watts ladies had always been. When she first began to come frequently to the house and Swinburne met her in the hall or on the stairs, he would either look through her or, crowding to one side as though he desired to disappear backward into the wallpaper, give her a doubtful but beautifully courteous bow. The idea that this young person could be anything very special to Walter or was heading toward the role of chatelaine of The Pines would not have occurred to him. But they were introduced by Walter at last, and she tells us he was charming. His fine old-fashioned manners were what everybody who met him at The Pines recalled about Swinburne—on days when he was not "a little sulphurous," that is.

Swinburne's letter to his sister Isabel in which he talks of Walter's engagement is a curious one. The fact that his dearest and best friend in the world, with whom he has formed a jealously exclusive two-man club for twenty-six years, is now suddenly proposing and seconding a third member, of the wrong sex and inappropriate age group, seems to bob past him quite naturally, if hazily. Walter had explained it all to him, he tells Abba. " 'You will remember' (he said to me) 'how much of her charming company Miss Reich gave us last summer at Cromer when her family were staying quite near us'—which charming it was and will be. . . . 'The time of the great event,' he says, 'is not arranged, but it will not be yet—not till I can get off a book I am now upon.' " As might have been expected, the "great deal of work on hand just now" is brought out to delay even such a "great event." "If you can suggest anything in the way of wedding presents," Swinburne goes on, "I should be very grateful indeed. My addled head can think of nothing." He has just had a cold, but an addled head seems justified without one. Five months later, the procrastinating bridegroom had somehow been induced to come out from behind those vast barricades of real or imaginary paperwork, and before long Swinburne was cheerfully winding up a letter of bookish gossip to William Rossetti: "Walter and Clara—who are also called Mr. and Mrs. Watts-Dunton—send you back their love and regard." He had given Clara a set of the Sherlock Holmes books—he and Walter were nearly as enthusiastic about Holmes as they were about Charles Lamb—and now he ordered another present of books for her, this time a handsomely bound edition of "Lorna Doone," in which, in his clear, round Putney hand, he inscribed her name "from her affectionate brother-in-law, Algernon Charles Swinburne." The "nearer than a brother" had enlarged the family circle.

The changeover to the new order seems to have been managed quite smoothly. We do not know what happened to Mrs. Mason and her sister, except that they continued to come on special occasions, such as Christmas dinners. Mrs. Mason hands over the housekeeping keys and withdraws without a single recorded comment. Yet it must have been a sad abdication. The



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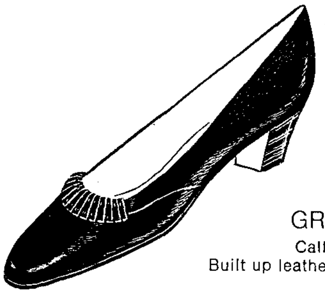

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new young mistress brought changes. We can picture her running up and down stairs, from the tower room to the kitchen, energetically flinging open sash windows, directing a great banging of brooms and thwacking of rugs, and retiring the ugliest bits of Victorian furnishings. This was, after all, the modern Edwardian age. Watts-Dunton's friend and biographer James Douglas reminisced years later that she finally managed to transform the house considerably. "Before the marriage, it was crammed with books," he wrote, recalling that there was barely room for two chairs among the mountains of tomes on the floor of Watts-Dunton's study. Clara, he wrote, had "let in the light and air, and got rid of the accumulated dust and debris of the years." Swinburne, safe in his own abstracted world, can have noticed little that was going on. He was so deeply insulated that he would sometimes meet Walter face to face on Putney Hill and pass him without a glimmer of recognition. The bangings and thwackings would be happily muted to his deaf ears. One only hopes that the friends were allowed to continue wearing their carpet slippers around the house.

Swinburne's life was the same in all essentials, however. His hours and his habits were the pivot of The Pines, as ever. Walter, the unexpected Benedick, saw to that with his customary care and affection. And Swinburne seemed to enjoy Clara's company. It was, indeed, as charming in Putney as it had been in Cromer. He took her walking on the commons to show her the May hawthorns, and she was properly appreciative. He had been accompanied on his walk today, he told Walter gallantly when they got home to lunch, by a hamadryad—a positive hamadryad! He admired her efficiency in dealing with intractable household objects, which his agitated little hands could never tackle. She even taught Walter to type, but well out of Swinburne's sight. It was pleasant, too, to have a new listener for the sacred readings of Dickens that went on—evening after evening, from six o'clock to seven-forty-five, week after week, year after year—during his thirty years at The Pines. Swinburne, like Dickens himself, had always loved reading aloud. It never struck him for a moment that everyone else might not share his own ecstatic appreciation of his Dickens readings. Walter, patiently listening, had certainly never hinted that his ardor for Boz was less avid.

But Clara—poor Clara! She was young and perhaps not always patient. The tilt of the hamadryad's pretty head, as we regard her photograph, seems to suggest that she would sometimes rebel against living in an old tree, even such a famous old tree. She found the evening recitations inexpressibly trying. She found them a terrible bore. Swinburne chanting his own poetry was one thing. The high, fluting voice rushing along on the great flood of musical sounds had a weird, almost hypnotic effect. It fascinated, even though it exhausted. But when he read Dickens, he felt impelled to act the characters, and he was always breaking off to go into shrieks of laughter after every favorite funny passage. Clara, the gifted amateur actress, listened coldly. Sarah Gamp and Betsey Prig, in particular, threw Swinburne into transports of merriment. He knew them by heart. Gamp-ese had always been the special comic language with which he sprinkled his letters to friends. And Christmas was the worst time of all. Even though there was now no child at The Pines, the Dingley Dell atmosphere was kept up, and it included a perfectly gluttonous intake of Dickens. At the end of the evening, when the Watts family guests who had come for dinner had gone, Swinburne would embark happily on the usual ritual of a reading, to a surreptitiously yawning audience of two, from "A Christmas Carol."

Sometimes Clara tried to skip the readings. But Swinburne's pleasure in having her as well as Walter to listen was too disarming to resist. Good-naturedly, she made herself endure the boredom. And boring it must often have been for a lively young woman in that strange little household at The Pines. She tried to wake it up a bit by starting to entertain. Now that the stuffy old establishment had a proper mistress, its door could be opened to more than the carefully chosen visitors who were invited by Watts-Dunton to meet Swinburne at luncheon or dinner. There should be a regular, select little salon. So we hear of Mrs. Watts-Dunton's Sunday "at homes," which drew regular attenders to journey to Putney. The minor literary figures who came to drink tea and talk and eye each other were mostly, it seems, Walter's friends and acquaintances. Few of them could have interested Swinburne. If he showed up at all, he sat silent. All the young hostess's vivacity and her husband's kindly welcome may not have made up for the disappointment of guests who had hoped to see and hear the great legend.

The odd *ménage à trois* continued for four years. When Swinburne was alone with Walter and Clara, his spirits were always cheerful, according to her account. Mrs. Watts-Dunton remembered only the happy moments later, when, widowed and alone herself, she picked up her pen and wrote about the days with the Bard. Swinburne was the most lovable, childlike of men. Even if he treated them to a flood of blistering invective against something or somebody he disliked, its very extravagance was entertaining. Before the end, she and Walter—and finally Swinburne, too—would be in fits of laughter. She recollected all kinds of humdrum small things—that Swinburne's feet, so often described as tiny and fairylike, were actually a size larger than Walter's, so that Walter often walked away in the Bard's boots by mistake but the Bard could not squeeze into Walter's. That they were all very fond of roast duckling and ate it frequently. That Swinburne refused to go for fittings to his disapproving tailor, who had to copy a worn-out suit when he needed a new one, and the result was very good. But when she comes to speak of her marriage to old Watts-Dunton, this "very singular and warm-hearted lady" says simply, "It was a heavenly relationship."

THE quiet remaining years had their moments of excitement. Swinburne's seventieth birthday, in 1907, brought glowing tributes in the papers. Letters and telegrams poured in at The Pines. Though he insisted all his life that he was equally indifferent to excessive praise or abuse, the old man was plainly moved and pleased. Lord Curzon, then the Chancellor of Oxford University, wrote soon afterward to offer him an honorary degree. Swinburne thanked him for the compliment but refused it. He had hated Oxford as much as he had loved Eton, and time had not mellowed his dislike any more than it had softened his loathing of the Romanoffs. A year later, he assured William Rossetti that a rumor of another, and greater, impending honor was without foundation. Rossetti had read a report in the *Times* that, according to the *Svenska Dagblad*, of Stockholm, the 1908 Nobel Prize for Literature would be given to Mr. Swinburne. The reply had a brisk snap to it. "Let me . . . assure you," wrote Swinburne, "that I have not been offered the honour of taking a back seat behind Mr. Rudyard Kip-

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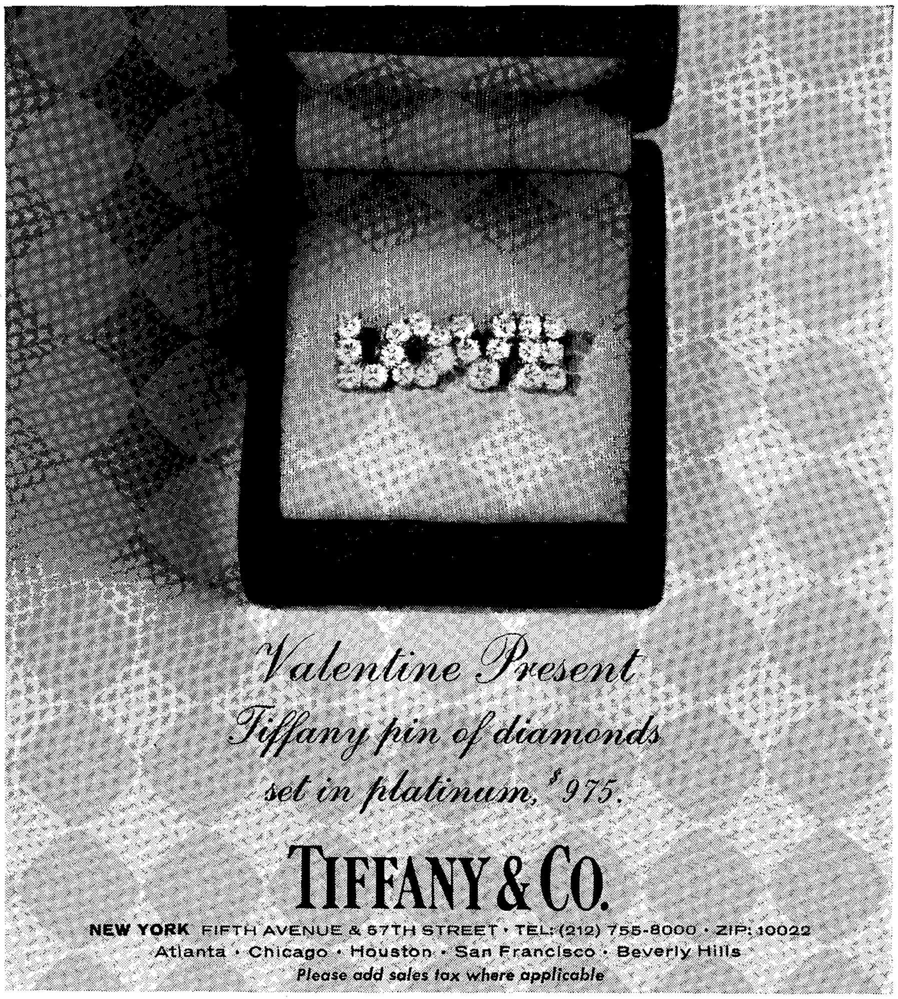
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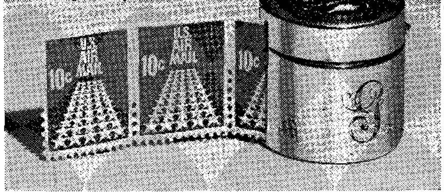
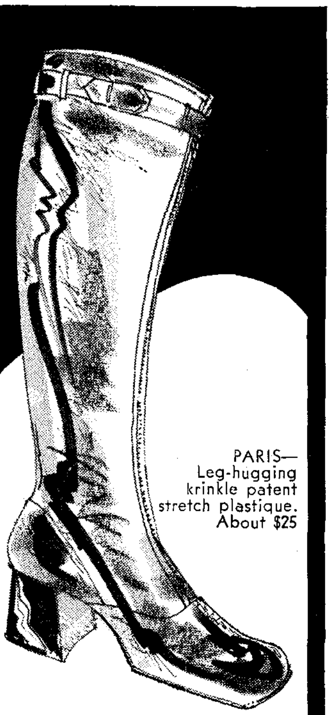


ling." The 1907 Nobel award for literature had gone to Kipling, a poet from whose work Swinburne studiously averted his eyes, even though the younger man hymned the imperialist sentiments which he shared. When talk turned to Georgiana Burne-Jones' nephew Ruddy at one luncheon party at The Pines, and Watts-Dunton bellowed his name to the Bard, it is recorded that the Bard made a brief and notably grudging comment. All the same, the *Times* report must have fluttered The Pines considerably. Watts-Dunton brightens up and booms some sensible remarks to Swinburne, who passes them on to William Rossetti in the same letter: "Watts-Dunton says that he thinks it would be a great triumph for free thought, and an infinite service to our common cause: and therefore if ever it were offered me I ought to accept it." But how could he accept or reject something that was simply air? In that case, Swinburne said, with a gleam of the old fun, he would be acting like the monstrously implacable lady who had somehow stayed in his memory from nursery days at East Dene: "Cruel Miss Baxter, Who refused all the men before ever they axed her." The offer was not made, and Walter's last hope of seeing Algernon receive his rightful recognition in the eyes of the world faded with it.

The spring of 1909 was cold and treacherous. Shortly before Easter, Watts-Dunton took to his bed with a severe attack of influenza. Clara's mother had died of it a few weeks earlier. The sacred timetable of The Pines was disturbed in this anxious moment. The evening readings had to be interrupted, and Swinburne's cheerful suggestion that he could easily bring the book along to Walter's room was firmly vetoed. Without Walter, he wandered disconsolate, at a loose end. Fearfully ill as the invalid felt, however, he did not forget to worry about what Algernon was doing. One morning, the weather looked surely far too bleak and blustery for any walking. He sent a message to say that Swinburne must not think of going out. But Swinburne had already left the house—without a coat, as always. And somewhere on his walk the last of the implacable goddesses, the ruthless deities of the grove, caught up with him and touched him on the shoulder. He submitted to her without a struggle, perhaps with eagerness. The cold caught on his walk turned rapidly to influenza, and then to double pneumonia, for the second time in six years. Once more, he was



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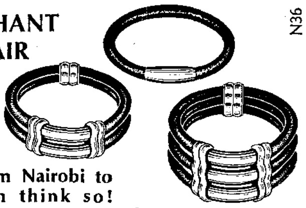

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carried down from his bedroom to be nursed in his larger, warmer library. A specialist was called in; nurses arrived, and oxygen cylinders. Strange women to whom he had never been introduced, infernal machines, daring to come into his room! In his lucid moments, he would have fought against them with feeble cries of rage. Most of the time, he lay tossing and muttering deliriously. Clara remembered later how the night nurse had reported that he was talking a foreign language. She listened, and thought he was chanting Greek. Was he back in the days of his youth when he loved to recite Aeschylus and to dance around the room as he intoned the choruses like a tiny ecstatic Corybant? Or was he at Bonchurch, walking along the shore and shouting poetry to the gulls? Wherever he was wandering, the long union, the thirty years' journey that he and Watts-Dunton had sat out together, was plainly about to end, and they were not together. By a curious accident, Swinburne was dying as his brother Edward had died, among strangers. Clara's face, we may guess, would emerge only blurred and vague from the feverish dreams—the face of a young person, something to do with Walter, whom he met from time to time on the staircase. The faces that counted were missing if he opened his eyes. Walter was never beside him, nor was Isabel. It was a cruel blow of fate again. Poor Miss Swinburne, distracted with anxiety, was ill with heart trouble, forbidden to leave her bed in her house in Onslow Square. So for the essentially solitary expedition of dying Swinburne was not to have the illusion of a faithful companion accompanying him part of the way.

Watts-Dunton must have suffered more from the exile at this moment than the traveller did. He had been with Rossetti when his hero of heroes, the best loved of all, had died in a bungalow at Birchington-on-Sea. If he ever looked steadily at the possibility of things happening this way, he would have taken it for granted that he would never leave Swinburne's side while he lived. But the influenza virus had mocked at all that. It had made nonsense of the devotion of thirty years. He had not been able to put a foot to the suddenly perilous floor of The Pines for ten days. He lay upstairs, weakly obedient to the rise and fall of the thermometer, while Algernon lay dying on the floor below. And at last, when the doctor's report was very grave, Watts-Dunton could bear it no longer. He asked Clara to help him get up and put on his dressing gown. Cling-

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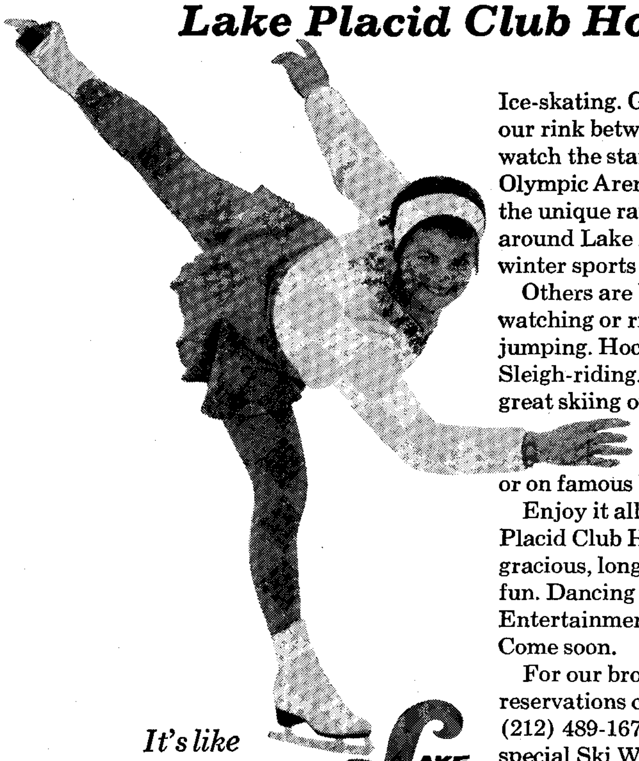

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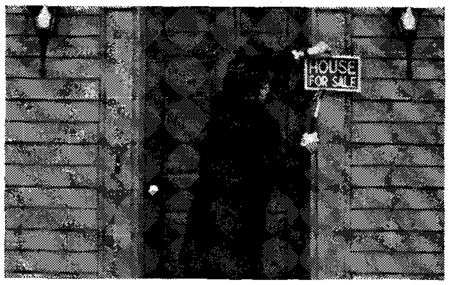

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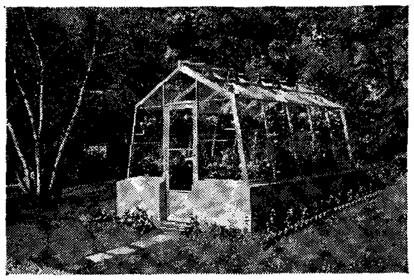

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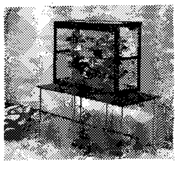

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ing to her arm, he tottered feebly downstairs and disappeared into the library. From the letter he wrote to Isabel Swinburne next day, it seems that Swinburne was conscious and joyfully recognized him. But what passed between the two old men we do not know. Soon Watts-Dunton came out and returned to bed. He said very little. It was the night of Good Friday, and at ten o'clock on Saturday morning, April 10th, Swinburne died.

An unexpected watcher had stood outside The Pines on Friday evening. The news on the evening posters had drawn Arnold Bennett there, and the jaunty, chunky figure, with the famous cowlick of hair and the protruding front teeth so beloved later by cartoonists, is the last one we should expect to see palely loitering in the gaslight. He was forty-one, and well on the way to creating that fabulously successful public caricature of a fabulously successful novelist who had come out of Burnley and had London licked. Yet somewhere along the road from the Potteries he had caught the spark from Swinburne. He turns the marvellously acute recording camera under the cowlick upon Putney High Street and photographs it for us, mysterious and unfamiliar in its bank-holiday transformation—its shops shuttered, only the tobacconist's and the pubs at the crossroads below The Pines invitingly glowing, buses and cars rattling by, lovers walking entwined and blind and deaf to all but themselves along the pavements. It seems to Bennett, ruminating in the street, strange and negligent—yet somehow "magnificently human," too—that "a few yards from where the autobuses turned was a certain house with lighted upper windows, and in that house the greatest lyric versifier that England has ever had, and one of the great poets of the whole world and of all ages, was dying: a name immortal. But nobody looked; nobody seemed to care; I doubt if anyone thought of it."

Next day was bright and sunny, with life flowing back into the streets and flags flying and Easter flowers, white and yellow, banked in the hawkers' baskets. But "he was dead then. The waving posters said it." Bennett notes tolerantly that the great human heart of the *Daily Mail*, alive to the needs of the multitude, had seen to it that the posters announcing Swinburne's death were accompanied by others devoted to some story about a lady and her dog and to news of a lunatic who was going around armed with a revolver. The crowds preparing for the Easter holiday probably glanced at these items with more interest. And that was right, too, for, of course, the multitude did not remember Swinburne and had never, in fact, known him. He had been withdrawn into the solitude of The Pines too long. Yet for very many men, as for Bennett, there was a feeling of sharp personal sadness. Something dazzling and never before seen on land or sea had flashed across their lives and English poetry, and now it had gone forever.

For Watts-Dunton, it surely seemed the loss of a child. He would never quite recover from the blow. But, still very ill, he had to pull himself together and try to cope with the tragicomedy of the funeral arrangements. The Abbey had not offered hospitality to the last of England's great poets, as newspapers all over the world were calling him. Perhaps the vengeful shade of the Czar continued to stalk and shake his fist somewhere in the baffling corridors of state where such things are decided. In any case, it is hard to imagine Swinburne, if he could have been consulted, agreeing to such an unlikely lodging among the monarchs and the proconsuls. He was to be buried with his parents and his sisters and his brother in Bonchurch. The Swinburne family took charge immediately. The women in the family, particularly—Miss Isabel Swinburne and his cousin Mary Disney Leith—suddenly appear to us in the fiercely possessive attitudes of mourning women on an ancient urn, standing waiting to bear away a slain kinsman to honorable burial in his own country. And later, when Edmund Gosse began to gather together his material for the biography of Swinburne that Watts-Dunton had been too frail or too hopelessly dilatory to attempt, he would find both these ladies in still more threatening attitudes posted at the door, so to speak, of the sacred tomb, positively forbidding him to enter unless he left certain wicked "falsehoods" outside. The real Algernon, they would insist, was the great gentleman stretched lifeless within, who had never been drunk in his life, or ceased to be a communicating member of the Church of England, or ever consorted with low-bred women. If the biographer hinted at anything so ridiculous, they promised, they would not hesitate to expose his fabrications. So Gosse has told us plaintively in the private memorandum that he later wrote and deposited at the British Museum, in partial explanation of the discreet reticence of his "Life of Swinburne." How could he be seen in public, an eminent man of letters, tangling in ridiculous combat with a couple of fierce elderly ladies?

And now Miss Swinburne, still ordered not to leave her bed in Onslow Square, conducted a brief, impassioned opening skirmish with Watts-Dunton, also prostrate in Putney. Neither of them was well enough to attend Algernon's funeral. Clara would go in her husband's place. From behind the barricades of medicine bottles and barley water in their sickroom camps, the invalids dispatched letters to each other by messengers, who traipsed back and forth across the Thames like heralds negotiating between rival armies. The plump, deeply devout lady in Onslow Square, with her bright-blue eyes and her firm mouth and chin, must have expressed herself very clearly. Since Algernon would be buried with his family in the churchyard at Bonchurch, the Church of England would speak the last words over him. Suddenly, though with odd slowness—it must have been the influenza numbing and dazing his still formidable brain—Watts-Dunton recalled his solemn promise to Swinburne that if he were the survivor it should not be. After a wretched sleepless night, he wrote, or dictated, the first of two agitated appeals to his "dearest Isabel." It may have been the last time that he felt free to address her with such easy brotherly affection. There was soon to be a coolness between them. The plans for the ceremony at Bonchurch were out of the question, he wrote. Algernon's friends would gather, stand silently at his grave, and then go away. "God knows I would not on my own impulse have told you what I am telling. But I could not rest if I broke this sacred promise. If I should break it I should be miserable all my life. If he had made a slight matter of his antagonism against Christianity, as so many free thinkers do, it would have been different, but with him it increased with his years. . . . Pray send me word by your Messenger boy what you have done in this matter." The word that the Messenger boy carried back to the silent and darkened Pines cannot have been helpful. A telegram, signed "WATTS-DUNTON, SOLE EXECUTOR UNDER THE WILL," was sent off late on the night before the funeral to the rector of St. Boniface, Bonchurch.

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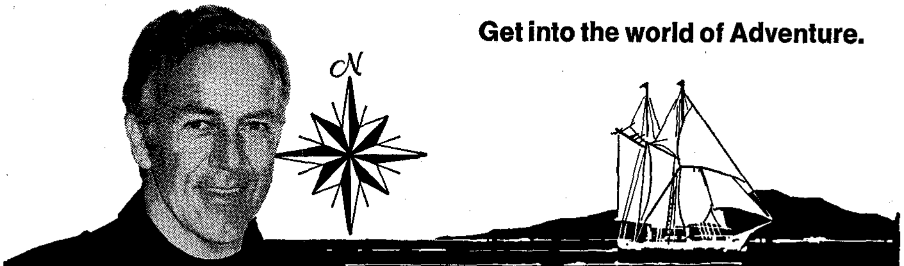

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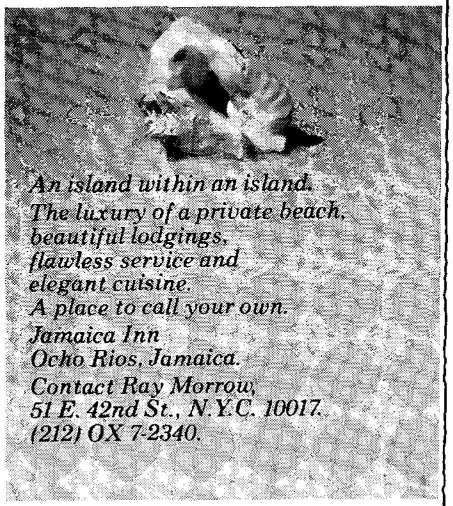
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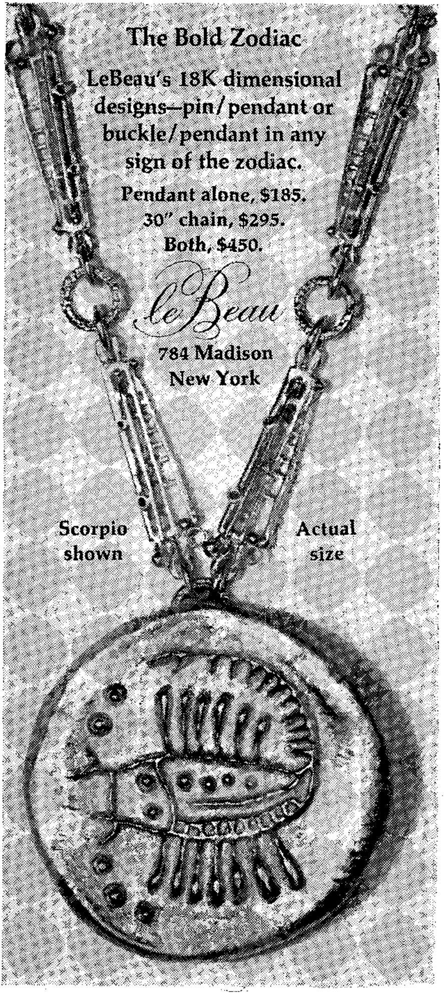
tive veto at the last moment, quite sensibly settled for one of those British compromises that rarely please anybody but work reasonably well. Mr. Watts-Dunton might be speaking for Swinburne, but the clergyman seems to have felt it incumbent on him to speak as the sole executor of a far higher authority. So when Swinburne's little coffin reached St. Boniface—it had crossed the Solent, sparkling on a glorious April morning, lying on the deck of one of the ordinary Isle of Wight ferryboats, the Duchess of Connaught, and had been saluted with respectful signals from two battleships, the Glory and the Goliath, as the steamer swung out of Portsmouth Harbour—the rector was waiting to receive it. There was no church service, but he spoke the opening words of the Order for the Burial of the Dead as he walked ahead of the procession to the graveside. He gave a short address. He mentioned Watts-Dunton's telegram, but said that he had "felt it his bounden duty to pay the utmost respect" to England's great poet who had chosen to lie here in holy ground with the rest of his family, still so gratefully remembered in Bonchurch. Earth rattled on the coffin, the appointed words were spoken, and a Requiescat in Pace.

To Swinburne's friends, it seemed a shocking breach of faith. The newspapers were full of violent controversy. Poor Watts-Dunton was attacked by angry freethinkers, who accused him of allowing his friend's wishes to be set aside. For the last time—it would have delighted him—Swinburne himself was attacked in a pulpit. A less charitable Christian than the Reverend Dr. Floyd Andrewes—Canon Mason, the Vice-Dean of Canterbury Cathedral—preached there against the notion, put about by a regrettable leader in the *Times*, that Swinburne's poetry had not necessarily led to an increase in sexual immorality. How could the *Times* tell, demanded the Canon, adding, "There was no more deadly poison than the portrayal of corrupt passion in glowing and artistic language." In his opinion, he warned the faithful of Canterbury, "much lustral water and the most precious of all precious blood were needed to do away with the pollution which Swinburne's poetry introduced into English literature."

Presently, the family had the last, or nearly the last, word. The new grave in the high, craggy churchyard at Bonchurch, from which one can see the tops of East Dene's great elms and, on stormy days, hear the crash of the sea, was duly covered, like the other Swinburne graves, with a narrow stone cas-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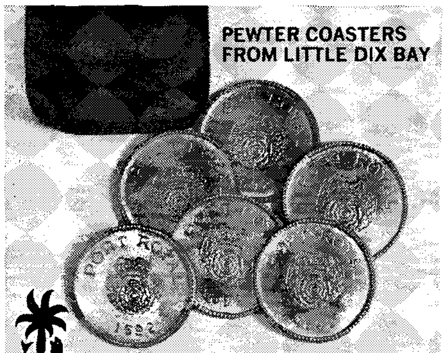
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ing on which is carved, as though laid on the breast of a man who has fallen asleep on the turf, a slender Celtic cross.

WATTS-DUNTON lived five years more. He was the sole heir of all that Swinburne possessed—just over twenty-four thousand pounds, his library, his manuscripts, and his copyrights. He had been a faithful steward for thirty years, and at last his friend could express his gratitude with something more tangible than a dedication. Some people jeered at the promptitude with which he turned many of the manuscripts and letters into cash. After all, he wished to provide for his young wife as well as he could, and there was not much time left. So Gosse's trusted friend Thomas J. Wise, the well-known bibliophile and dealer whose extraordinary forgeries would not be suspected for many years, scooped up most of the treasures. He and his checkbook were frequently at The Pines, from which he took away cabloads of booty, including all Swinburne's unpublished work. Out of these rich hauls he secretly printed a flood of pirated pamphlets for which he omitted to pay Watts-Dunton the copyright fees, and he resold, at handsome profits, much of the Swinburniana, which eventually found its way into the university libraries of England and the United States.

The brief will leaving everything to Walter caused umbrage and division among the living, however, as wills frequently do. There was not a mention of Swinburne's family in it. They were hurt and indignant. From among his belongings at The Pines he had not named even one small personal legacy for Abba or his cousin Mary. It was inexplicable that Algernon, so warm-hearted and devoted, should have acted in this way unless he had been influenced to do so. So the family thought, and Miss Swinburne was said to refer coldly to Watts-Dunton as "the heir." The relationship between The Pines and Onslow Square would never return to the comfortable old days of "dearest Isabel," though Walter remembered to leave her a Burne-Jones portrait of herself in his own will.

Watts-Dunton became rapidly older and more infirm after Swinburne's death. His mind remained extraordinarily agile. We see Clara pushing him in a wheelchair along the front at Eastbourne and reading Scott to him in a shelter. The Dickens evenings were dropped, no doubt with a good deal of thankfulness on both sides, but his interest in books and in people, too, was

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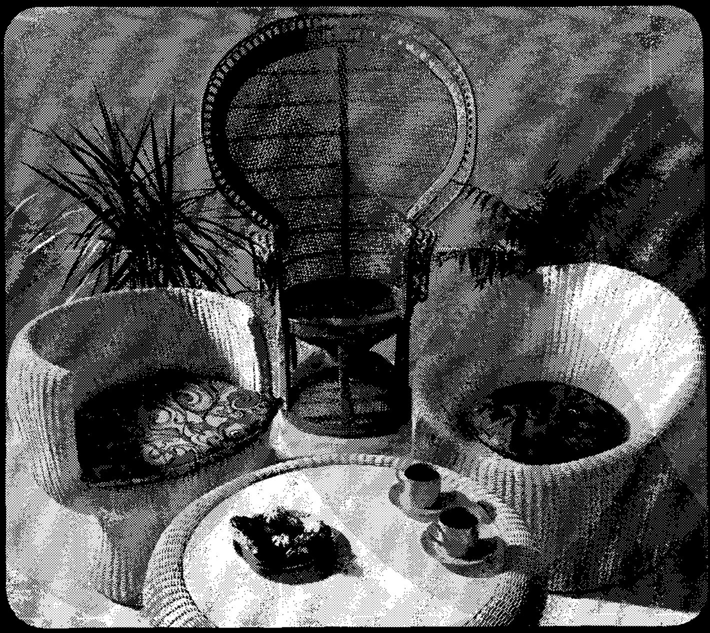

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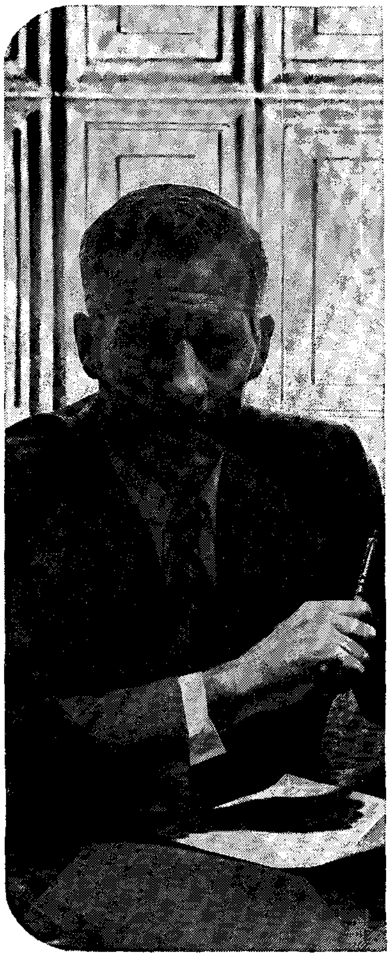

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as avid as ever. Mrs. Watts-Dunton continued to hold her Sunday "at homes" at The Pines, and the old critic enjoyed talking to the guests who were led up to him. He surveyed a new-fangled dance, the tango, and boomed a not very startling verdict: It would not last! He foresaw with dark forebodings the coming world war—how right he and Algernon had been to mistrust the Germans! He missed Algernon more and more. None of the guests wandering around and looking at the Pre-Raphaelite furnishings of The Pines would be likely to see Rossetti as its presiding deity now. In the place of honor over the sitting-room mantelpiece was a huge enlargement of the last photograph of Swinburne, taken when he was about sixty-five by Mr. Poole, of Putney. The Bard looks serene and benign, his hair and little beard well brushed, his braided frock coat immaculate. It was said to be a speaking likeness. Resting on the sofa beneath the portrait one evening in the spring of 1914, Watts-Dunton died quietly in his sleep.

Over a quarter of a century later, Bernard Shaw would pause to look back at the old man dozing on the sofa and speak of him with unusual gentleness. A curious whispering chorus of calumny, most of it proceeding from Edmund Gosse's well-known view of him, had grown in volume after his death. The picture of the dull, vain, and insufferably jealous solicitor who had held Swinburne captive in Putney and taken away his genius had become fixed in legend, and it persists even today. Shaw laughs at Watts-Dunton, but his laughter is affectionate. "Watts believed that his sonnets were the final perfection of poetry and his gypsy novels immortal," he says. "There was a ridiculous side to Theodore"—Shaw had never known him by the Christian name Swinburne always used—"but he was a real good man." The words echo through the silent sitting room of The Pines with the ring of truth.

Clara sat alone in the room for many years to come. Watts-Dunton had left her the house and the income from his estate, after the payment of annuities to his sisters, for life. She was still in her thirties and would live on until the eve of another world war. Soon new bustlings and bangings shook The Pines. Swinburne's books and his remaining manuscripts were taken off to be sold, as Watts-Dunton's will directed, at Sotheby's, and his library became Mrs. Watts-Dunton's bedroom. After all, why not, this practical lady would demand if any visitor to The Pines looked a little scandalized by the change. The books and the poet had gone, and she was the owner now. So she sat at the window where Swinburne had sat, looking down at Rossetti's little Venus, writing her memoirs and sometimes indignantly addressing the correspondence columns of the newspapers if a particularly unkind attack on Walter's memory caught her eye. Mr. Clement Shorter's remark about "Swinburne's premature senility in that terrible *ménage* at The Pines" was answered in a spirited letter to the *Morning Post*. It ends with dignity. "I have been content in this letter to protect those who are no longer able to protect themselves, leaving on one side the gross imputation which the paragraph casts also on me as a member of this 'terrible *ménage*.' " She never remarried, and died in 1938—a dignified end, too.

Watts-Dunton's estate went to his remaining brothers, and a new tenant was found for The Pines. The best of the furniture and the pictures followed Swinburne's books to Sotheby's, which sold "The Artistic and Literary Property Removed from The Pines" in March, 1939. In that month, Hitler went into Prague. The welter of painted and padded and gilded and carved objects seems to have risen up in the air like thistledown blown by the approaching hurricane, and to have scattered in all directions. The rest of the furnishings were sold by a Putney firm of auctioneers. But by then Swinburne's fame had long begun to wane. The new generation of youth knew him not, or dismissed him as music without heart or thought. He was out of fashion as a poet, forgotten as a man, and the prices fetched at the sales reflected the extraordinary fall. Perhaps his countrymen were too preoccupied at the moment to take an interest in the artistic and literary remains of anyone, however illustrious. Their minds were on air-raid precautions and the plans for evacuating their children from the cities when war broke out. So the wonderful, funny Chinese daybed coming out of the crocodile jaws of a lacquer cupboard was sold for two pounds five shillings, and the oak cabinet on which Treffry Dunn had painted Swinburne as St. George went for two pounds. Who wanted such things nowadays? Furniture had suddenly become horribly breakable, vulnerable stuff. Rossetti's drawing of beautiful Janey Morris, lying on her sofa arching her swan neck, changed owners for forty-six pounds. And at the Putney sale the scramble to get Swinburne relics was almost total paralysis. Not a single bid was made for the old-fashioned little brass bedstead in which he had died.

Will the young ever discover him again, I wonder? It could well be so. Swinburne may, after all, have the last word. He went so deep into the lives of the earlier generations who read him that many of them never forgot. Max Beerbohm, whom we began by accompanying as he walked irresolutely up Putney Hill toward luncheon at The Pines, was one of those to the end. We have Mr. S. N. Behrman's word for it in his tender "Portrait of Max." As he and Beerbohm sat talking in the garden of the villa at Rapallo, the old man called his attention to a great tree on the other side of the road below the terrace. "Do you notice," said Max, "that on the side facing us it spreads its branches way back, leans backwards—like Swinburne?" Swinburne still walked the earth as a leaning tree. When Max was dying, Behrman says, he took to reading "Poems and Ballads" again. He read to his Italian doctor, who knew no English:

> We thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever gods may be
> That no life lives for ever;
> That dead men rise up never;
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea....

And even now, when to love Swinburne is to own to being nearly as period a piece as The Pines itself, there must be an occasional passerby on Putney Hill who likes to stop at its gate, as I do, and look up at its blue memorial plaque, and think of the time when its modest roof sheltered a son of Apollo.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

(This is the last of a series of three articles.)

•

New York (UPI)—A number of New Yorkers, including boxer Cassius Clay, reported seeing unidentified flying objects between 5 A.M. and dawn Tuesday....

Clay and a United Press International writer covering the boxer as he did his early morning roadwork in Central Park sighted a bright, larger-than-star-size light due east of Manhattan.

Clay said he often uses UFOs when he does early morning roadwork.—*Omaha World Herald.*

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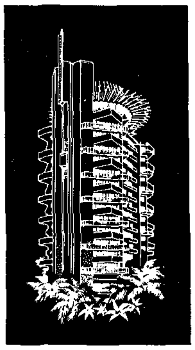

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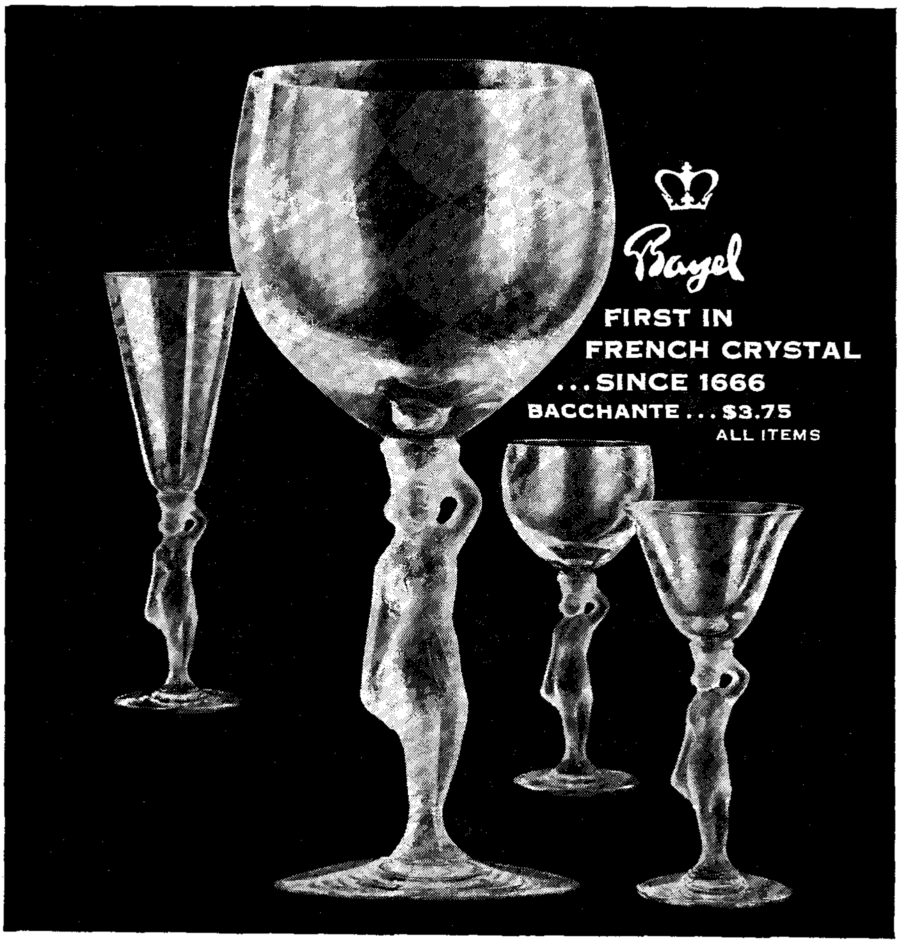

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THE THEATRE

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FOR still further proof—as if any more were needed—that Broadway, far from dying of some obscure, undiagnosable disease, is, on the contrary, deliberately and with what amounts to morbid relish committing suicide, we may note the arrival at the Broadhurst of "Four on a Garden," starring Carol Channing and Sid Caesar. This grisly event consists of a series of four "surprise"-ending blackout skits that in every particular of form and content lost their ability to surprise long before the First World War. The skits take place in the living room of a supposedly fashionable remodelled brownstone in New York, and concern four sets of tenant-owners who happen, at different times, to occupy the premises. Because the set is characteristic of the whole misbegotten enterprise, I call attention to the astonishing fact that Oliver Smith has designed one that, for no discernible reason, is as ramshackle, repellent, and implausible as the action it embraces. One wall of the living room is panelled, and its purported date might be roughly the turn of the century. The rear wall of the room is made of contemporary buff-colored exposed brick, into which are set a hideous mock-eighteenth-century stone fireplace and mantel. Over the French doors that give onto the garden is an inexplicable nineteen-fifties skylight, and in a corner of the third wall is an eighteen-nineties cast-iron steam radiator. Now, what is that ugly old radiator doing in a room that we are supposed to believe cost tens of thousands of dollars to remodel? It took considerable effort on the part of Mr. Smith, the property men, and the stagehands to get the radiator onto the stage of the Broadhurst; why did they do it? Sabotage aside (and that is unthinkable), was it in order to provide the audience with a visible objective correlative of the trash that poor Miss Channing and Mr. Caesar continuously seek to disguise by a hamming so desperate that it often has the look not of professionally assumed high spirits but of personal anguish?

Abe Burrows is listed in the program as the author and director of "Four on a Garden." Farther back in the program, among the potted biographies, it is mentioned that the play marks Mr. Burrows' "third association with the material of Barillet and Gredy," which, freely translated, is to say that Mr. Burrows has for the third time turned a comic work by those slick French dramatists into the American vernacular. (The earlier associations were "Cactus Flower" and "Forty Carats.") The "material," as it is so strangely called (one might as well refer to "bundle of wet wash"), has certainly suffered a profound sea change on its way here from Paris; the gags, and the language of the gags, aspire to standards no higher than those of a standup comic in Miami or Vegas. Mr. Burrows long ago earned a reputation as one of the best of our play doctors. It is to a profession that is a long, sad step beyond medicine that he has now momentarily allied himself. With all respect, and for Broadway's sake as well as his own, I suggest to Mr. Burrows that it is better to be a *médecin malgré lui* than an *entrepreneur malgré lui.*

—BRENDAN GILL

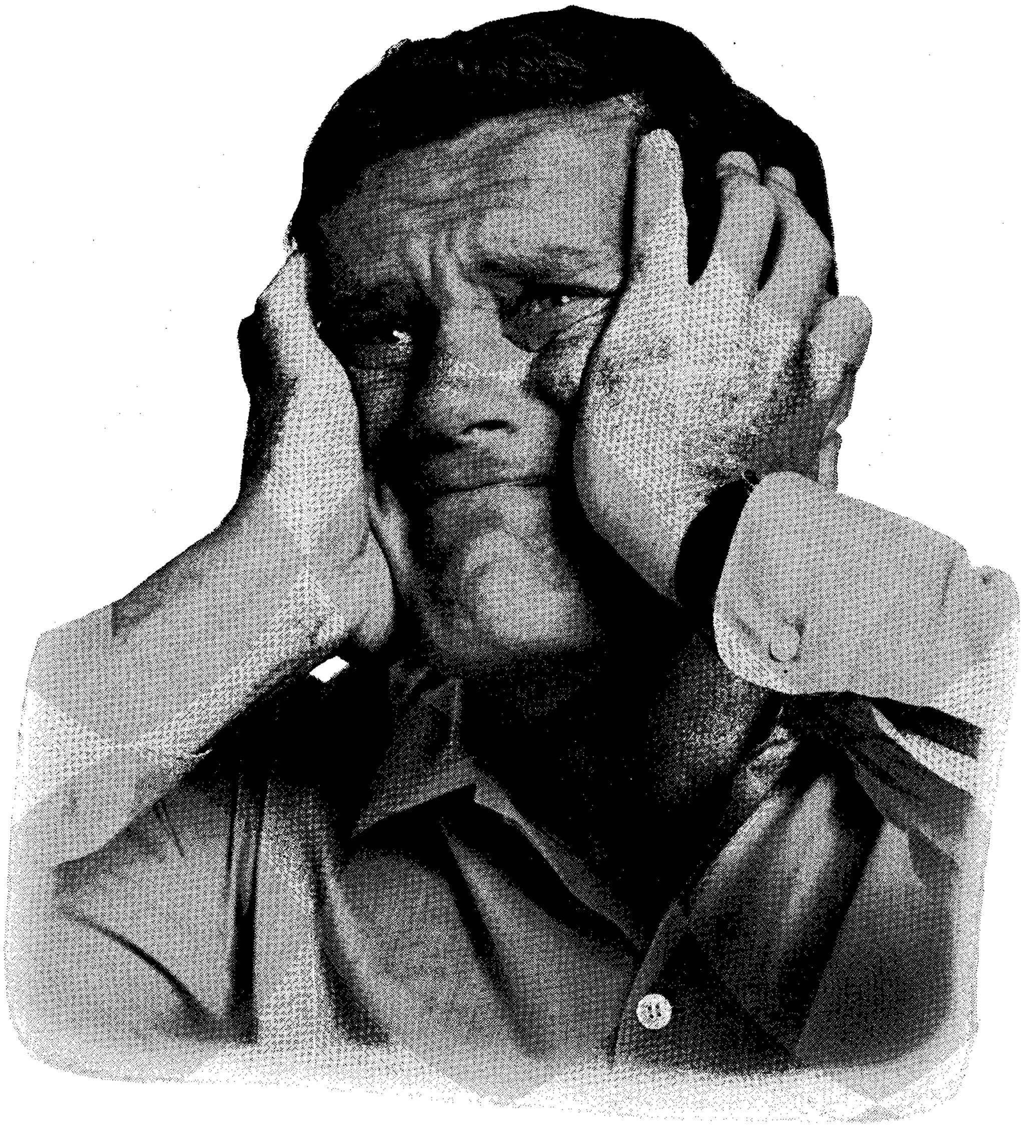
OFF BROADWAY

Heart of Blackness

ED BULLINS' "In New England Winter," at the Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, is compounded of sudden spurts of anger, violence, and passion, and spurts, just as sudden, of wit and humor, tenderness, and, finally, mystery. Like Mr. Bullins' "The Pig Pen," of a year ago, the play opens up, to a certain extent, once it is over—when we realize, for example, that what seemed to be a prologue is actually an epilogue, and that everything that follows leads up to it. (Before we leave the subject of mystery, it must be noted that much of what was said and done onstage appeared to be puzzling to the white members of the audience but was immediately recognized and responded to by the black members.) The action shifts back and forth between two uncomfortable households—the first in a city apartment in 1960 (stage right) and the second in a house in a snowbound New England town in 1955 (stage left). The character common to the two households is a smoldering, volatile fellow named Steve Benson. In the city, he and his half brother Cliff and a couple of young cronies of theirs are planning and rehearsing a robbery. In the New England town, he is living with a beautiful, half-mad girl named Liz and her sister and brother-in-law. There is considerable friction of one kind or another in both households, and in each instance it bursts into flame, forcing Steve to run away. His anguish at leaving Liz and his horror at seeing her slip into total madness make the strongest scene in the play. The strongest emotion, though, is the love that Steve receives—the love, unrequited, from Cliff, whose wife he has slept with while Cliff was in prison and whom he envies because their mother preferred Cliff, and the love, partly requited, from adoring, doting Liz.

The plot is the least of it. Mr. Bullins' details of character and speech and behavior make up a whole style of living, especially when they are specific and precise. They are so strong that we take everything else on trust, and his language often makes poetry out of the casually obscene vernacular of his characters. The people and their feelings about one another are what give the play its depth. The lucky and capable actors are Norman Bush, as Steve; Mel Winkler, as Cliff; Gloria Edwards, as Liz; Tony Major; J. Herbert Kerr, Jr.; Donna O. Black; Darryl W. Lee; and Garrett Morris. Dick Williams, last seen Off Broadway as Big Time Buck White, was the director, and Pedro Lujan was responsible for the clear, effective double setting on the small stage. "In New England Winter" is one of a cycle of twenty plays on which Mr. Bullins is now at work, and in which many of the same characters will reappear. Cliff has already appeared in "In the Wine Time," and Steve in "The Duplex." I've read both of these but have seen neither.

—EDITH OLIVER



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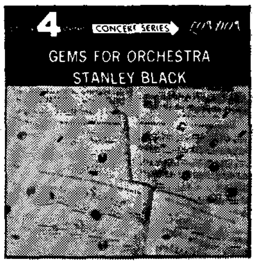
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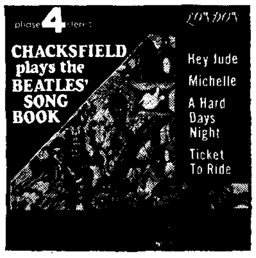
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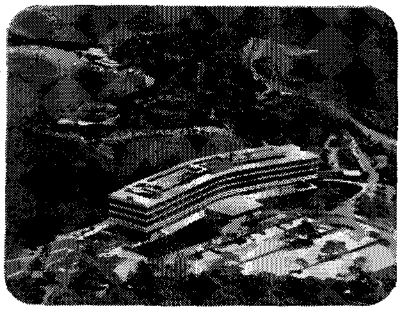

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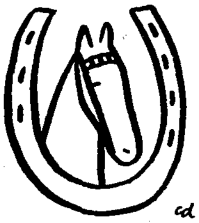

IT'S thirty-eight years, my hearties, since Joe Widener, always with a thought for innovations at his tracks, put on a race on the grass at Hialeah as an added attraction. If memory serves—and memory does, because I looked the thing up—it was the first, except at hunt meetings, since Sheepshead Bay closed in 1908. Everybody liked it, even the horsemen. Everybody still does. Last Saturday, the Palm Beach Handicap, the first of six stakes over Hialeah's turf course, had twenty runners, so the field was split. Drumtop, the best of her sex on the grass, won the first division; Mongo's Pride, whose papa, Mongo, was tops, too, took the second. Both had spectacular finishes. Drumtop popped around the leaders in the last furlong to win by less than a length from Kling Kling and Eaglesham. Mongo's Pride came from farther back to beat Roman Scout, a 21–1 shot, by a nose.

Earlier in the week, the Jasmine Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, at six furlongs, was also run in two sections, both of which were won by long shots who led all the way. Pas de Nom, who paid $83 in the two-dollar mutuels, took the first, and Dave's Sister, $64.60, the second. Later in the week, Personality, voted best of the three-year-olds last season, made his first appearance of 1971 under colors and finished second to Gleaming Light in a gallop at seven furlongs. Horse watchers thought he looked fit and ready for anything.

At the fourteenth annual Hialeah Sales, it took four evenings to sell the two hundred and fifty-one Florida-bred two-year-olds in training and, I suppose, ready to run at the meeting. The lot brought $3,640,800. At the first session, Mack Miller, who trains Charles Engelhard's Cragwood Stable, paid $82,000 for Heather Wine, a dark-bay colt by Assagai out of Scotch Verdict. Assagai, who, you may remember, raced for Mr. Engelhard, was voted best on the grass in the 1966 polls.

LOUD, a nice colt but an unlucky one, had none the best of it in the San Fernando Stakes at Santa Anita last Saturday. Boxed in on the rails for most of the nine furlongs, he got clear too late to catch Willowick, Hanalei Bay,

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and War Heim, who passed the post in that order. . . . When I reported last week that Johnny Longden thought he had a Derby colt in Triple Bend, I neglected to say that his wife might also have one in Diplomatic Agent, whom she owns and trains. Well, last week Diplomatic Agent won the San Vicente Stakes, running the seven furlongs in 1:21⅗, the fastest time ever for this race, which is one of the prelims for the Santa Anita Derby in April. Incidentally, he's the first horse trained by a woman to win a stakes race at Santa Anita.

Since the start of the season in California, the state's Horse Racing Board has lifted restrictions on the use of Butazolidin, an analgesic medication that gives sore-going, bad-legged horses a little help. In the first few weeks of racing at Santa Anita, thirty-six per cent of the favorites won (the average is thirty-four), and an investigator for the board said that a third of them were on Bute, as it's called around the race track. Though it is not a stimulant but an anodyne, giving it to a horse less than a couple of days before he runs is forbidden at most tracks. One reason for that, I'd say, is to check any inconsistent use of the drug. A horse might not always have it when he ran, but he certainly would have it when the stable bet. . . . So far, I haven't heard of a directive on arthritic horses wearing copper bracelets. A number do. For one, Karabas had them on all four ankles when he won the 1969 Washington, D.C., International at Laurel. Jungle King, who beat Ack Ack and others in the Palos Verdes at Santa Anita, wears one on each foreleg when he's in his stall. Longden, who trains him, takes them off when the colt runs. Johnny himself wears one on each wrist. You'd be surprised how many horsemen wear them—and race-trackers, too, including your correspondent.

—AUDAX MINOR

• •

IDYLL, WITH SIREN

Between the cat's hopeful appearances, creeping through snow,
this tree-sparrow flock, these slate-colored juncoes
pick at the seed,
fly off, perch, flit back, feed, while
snow continues to fall at an angle.

•

As the cat, reappearing, cocks its head,
there's a rush for the branches,
a smart rapping of beaks against branches,
as if only normal after a meal.
Attentively ignored,
will the cat fade? It chooses to.
A siren goes off in the town below.

•

As a result, perhaps, two cardinals arrive—this flame and its shadow.
Crested, splendid, the male pitches his torch
among brown crisp clubs the oak holds onto,
tenacious as the rich.
His fire doesn't rub off. The pair descends,
picks at the seed,
flies off, perches, flits back, feeds, while
snow continues to fall at an angle.

•

As the cat, reappearing, cocks its head,
there's a rush for the branches,
a smart rapping of beaks against branches,
as if only normal after a meal.
Attentively ignored,
will the cat fade? It chooses not to.
The siren is silent in the town below.

•

As a result, perhaps, the cat is black.
She creeps, like smoke,
over deeper snow.

—JON SWAN

WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

FEBRUARY

Although this column is headed "FEBRUARY", we trust that you will understand if we lead off with a March item—specifically the long-awaited Battle of the Century between undefeated heavyweight champ Joe Frazier and undefeated retired champ Cassius Clay a.k.a. Muhammud Ali. The dynamite explodes at the Garden on Monday, March 8th and tickets are going fast. Better hurry on down because this is the one that fight fans will be telling their children about for years to come. What will your answer be when Junior asks, "Daddy, where were you during the Battle of Champions?"

But February itself is a big Garden month for spectator sports of any and all kinds, including not only the normal Knick and Ranger excitement but also such diverse doings as the Roller Derby (28), six nights of Golden Gloves prelims at the Felt Forum (8), (9), (16), (17), (23) and (24), seven collegiate basketball doubleheaders with some of the nation's top future pros (4), (11), (18) and (25) at 7 P.M. and the afternoons of (13), (20) and (27). And for net fans, the $210,000 Tennis Champions Classic continues to pit the world's top pros against each other for pride and pelf on (6) and (17).

February track and field events warrant a paragraph of their own. Record-holders and record-breakers begin the month's activities with the tradition-hallowed Knights of Columbus meet on (5). Then on (19) comes the U.S. Olympic Invitational Meet under the sponsorship of the U.S. Olympic Committee. And the grand climax occurs on (26) with the National AAU Championships—trials at 12 noon, finals beginning at 7 P.M.

In the meantime, the Knicks and Rangers will be continuing their respective battles towards the playoffs. For ready reference, the month's remaining encounters are as follows:

Knicks	Rangers
(6) Chicago	(3) Chicago
(9) Atlanta	(10) Minnesota
(13) Phoenix	(14) St. Louis
(20) Detroit	(21) Detroit
(23) San Diego	(24) Philadelphia
(27) Portland	(28) Vancouver

What—no curling, Tom Thumb golf or llama races? Well, not this month anyway.

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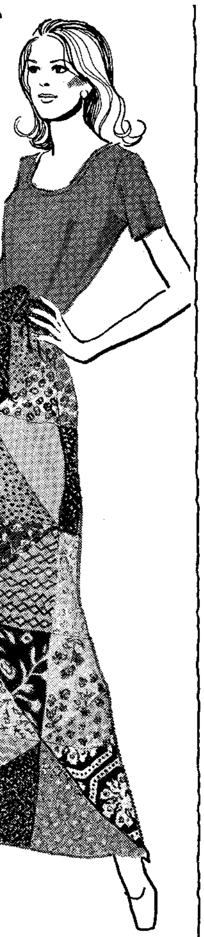
BE JUST AND FEAR NOT

SHORTLY before midnight on Thursday, August 20th, Thomas Goins, a light-skinned black man who works as a chauffeur and valet for an investment banker and lives with his employer at 1001 Park Avenue, was feeling glum. He had been stood up. Goins, a thirty-eight-year-old bachelor, had been given the night off by his boss, Derek D. Grewcock, a general partner in Loeb, Rhoades & Co., at 42 Wall Street. At nine-thirty, after changing from his chauffeur's uniform into a sports shirt and slacks, Goins had parked Grewcock's car, a 1970 Lincoln Continental, in a garage on East Eighty-fourth Street and had driven his own car, a 1968 Buick, to the upper Bronx, where he had a date with a Telephone Company employee who worked nights. They had agreed to meet at a street corner when she got off, at ten-thirty. Goins arrived promptly, waited an hour, cursed womankind, and started home. He planned to get on the Major Deegan Expressway, southbound, at its Yankee Stadium approach. Now, close to twelve o'clock, he was hungry. On his way back home to eat, he thought he might like to have some ginger ale with his supper. Then he remembered that he had drunk the last of the ginger ale at 1001 Park the day before. So Goins drove slowly down Ogden Avenue, parallel to the Major Deegan, hoping to find a store open. Ogden Avenue runs through a middle-class, predominantly Irish neighborhood, with the homes of blue-collar workers scattered among small stores. At the northwest corner of Ogden and 165th Street, Goins spotted a bar that was open—McCann & Whelan's Tavern. Goins pulled to the curb, in a metered parking space. Leaving his headlights on, he entered the tavern, where the bartender on duty, Robert Brewer, was chatting with half a dozen customers, most of them regulars. Goins asked for a quart bottle of ginger ale. Brewer didn't have any quarts, but he obligingly sold Goins three splits. Carrying them outside in a paper bag, Goins was about to get back into his car when, in the beam of its headlights, he noticed a manila envelope propped against the curb.

Goins picked up the envelope. It had no identifying marks on it. It was secured by a string wound around a tab. Standing in front of his car, Goins opened it. Inside were three packages wrapped in silver foil. "At first, I thought to myself, Someone must have thrown this away," he said later. "But then I thought, No, that's not possible; it's too neat. So I opened the tinfoil around one of the packages." Inside that, separated into a dozen or more stacks with rubber bands around them, were a number of tiny glassine envelopes—six hundred in all, by subsequent count—each measuring about an inch and a half by a half inch, and each containing a white powder. It didn't take much perspicacity to surmise that the contents were drugs—six hundred and sixty-three grains of heroin, it developed, or slightly more than one ounce. Goins could have put the manila envelope back where he found it and driven home; most people probably would have. But while growing up, in Southern Pines, North Carolina, he was imbued with public-spiritedness. His father, who was in the construction business until he was laid low by a stroke, in 1965, had five children, and he brought them all up to be good citizens. His oldest child, a daughter, is a supervisory nurse in an Army hospital at Fort Bragg. Of his four sons, all but Thomas, the fourth child, finished college. One is now a deputy United States marshal in Raleigh, North Carolina, one runs a night club in Southern Pines, and one is an Army major piloting helicopters in Vietnam. Thomas himself spent ten years in the Army, as an enlisted man, rising to the rank of sergeant first class. It is a family with a deep-rooted interest in and respect for authority, and Thomas Goins' reaction, as he stood in front of his car in the Bronx, was that he should hand over to the police whatever it was he had found.

Goins turned toward the tavern, which has a picture window fronting on the avenue. Waving the envelope, he attracted the attention of one of the

"It's all right about the corn, really. You're under no obligation to tell us all about how the Lord smote the Egyptians, and everything else that came to pass in those days."



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patrons, whose name, he later learned, was John McGuire. McGuire, in fact, had already followed Goins outside with his eyes; a black man buying ginger ale in an Irish bar at midnight was, after all, an unusual neighborhood occurrence. McGuire came outside. Goins showed him his find and said he thought the police should be notified. McGuire agreed. They went back inside, where McGuire borrowed a dime from Brewer, the bartender, and called the police on a pay phone. He said a fellow there had just found a suspicious-looking envelope, and asked if the police would send somebody around. After ten or fifteen minutes had gone by with no response, Goins recalled that as he drove toward the bar he had seen a firehouse on the opposite side of Ogden, half a block north of McCann & Whelan's. (Engine Company 68 and Ladder Company 49 are berthed there.) On the premise that it is easier to get action from one arm of the law by invoking another, Goins decided to walk, ginger ale in one hand and heroin in the other, to the firehouse. Arriving there, he explained what had happened to a dispatcher at a switchboard just inside the entrance. The dispatcher wouldn't phone the police, though, without the blessing of a superior, and he summoned Lieutenant Patrick G. Dwyer. The Lieutenant heard Goins out and called the police.

In a few minutes, a patrol car drew up. It was a car that had responded, belatedly, to the call from the tavern. As the Police Department has pieced it together, the 44th Precinct, at 1278 Sedgwick Avenue, had had a call from a "male Negro" that someone was trying to sell narcotics at the bar—which was not at all what McGuire had said—and the cruiser had gone to McCann & Whelan's. Brewer had told the two patrolmen in the car to go on up to the firehouse. Arriving there, the patrolmen entered, and the officer who took charge of the proceedings, Patrolman Julius Dengler, asked Goins, "Are you the man with the drugs?" When Goins said "Yes," Dengler told him to bring along his envelope and come with them to their station house. Goins tried to tell the officers his story, but they didn't seem to want to hear it. So, clutching both his packages, he got into the back seat of the patrol car and the other policeman got in beside him; Dengler drove to the station house. Goins wasn't especially perturbed. The police weren't rough; surely they couldn't be meaning to arrest him, because they hadn't even searched him. He assumed that the trip

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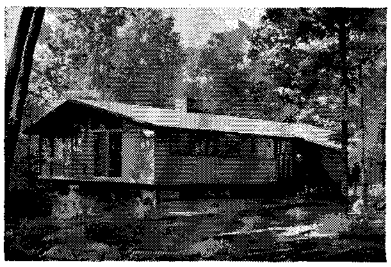

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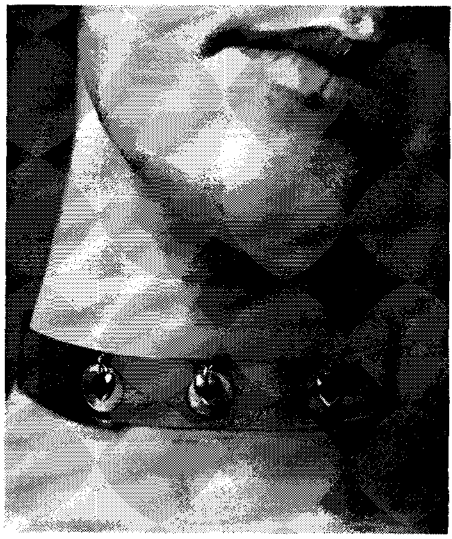

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to the station house was part of some bureaucratic red tape required when people turned in drugs. As the patrol car started north on Ogden Avenue, though, Goins remembered that his car was unlocked and the headlights were still on. When he told the police that, Dengler made a U-turn and stopped at the tavern. Dengler got out, switched off the lights, and locked the car. It all happened so quickly that no one in the tavern noticed anything. Then Goins was driven to the station house, in silence.

At the 44th Precinct, Goins was booked and fingerprinted and taken into an upstairs room for questioning. He was delighted to have a chance finally to tell his story to the proper authorities, and he says he did so, while various policemen filled out various forms. (The police have since contended that he remained silent, and that if he had complained loudly he might have been spared a lot of inconvenience. But few people consider it smart tactics to shout in police stations.) The only thing that bothered Goins was that he was fast running out of cigarettes. While he was being interrogated, one of the officers dumped the contents of the manila envelope onto a desk, and as policemen came in and out of the room (there was a change of shifts at midnight and the fourth platoon came in at 2 A.M., and traffic was heavy) they kept picking up the glassine envelopes and examining them—a sloppy way, in any circumstances, of handling possible evidence. Nobody seemed interested in the paper bag with the ginger ale in it. The cops asked Goins if he used drugs himself, and he said no, never. They did not seem to care much about his story. All that the police interrogating him had to go on was a complaint that Patrolman Dengler had sworn to when he reached the station house; in it there was no *mention of a tavern or a firehouse.* What Dengler had vouchsafed, on a complaint headed "Criminal Possession—Dangerous Drug," was that he had arrested Goins at 1:05 A.M. at 165th Street and Ogden Avenue (he was wrong by half a block), and had *followed this site identification with the* word "street" in parentheses—conceivably to give himself an out if anybody ever accused him of entering premises without a warrant. "The deponent states," Dengler went on, meaning himself, "that at the above-mentioned time, date, and place of occurrence the defendant [here he meant "deponent," but it was late, and he may have been tired] did observe the defendant in pos-

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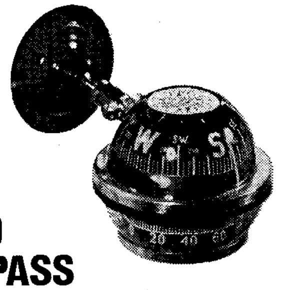

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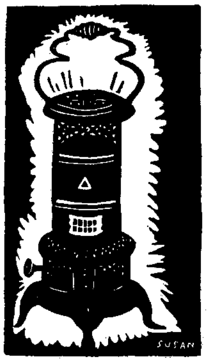
session of a quantity of heroin in excess of one (1) ounce." The emphasis on "street" was to become important, because if the description had any validity Goins was a liar, and if it didn't Dengler was less than completely accurate. (The police themselves challenge this technicality; they say the use of "street" as the "place of occurrence" was justified because the original phone call referred to that location; but, in any event, Dengler never *observed* Goins at that intersection until he put out the lights of his car.) The quantity of narcotics involved was equally important, or could have been, for to knowingly have in one's possession an ounce or more of heroin is to become chargeable with a first-degree Class C felony, and a person convicted of such a crime can be sentenced to as much as fifteen years in jail.

Most policemen are not experts on drugs, nor do they need to be. Confronted with a narcotics case, they customarily call in narcotics specialists, and in this instance they could readily have summoned one. But the drugs Goins had found didn't amount to much, by present-day standards. The six hundred packets of heroin would have retailed at three to five dollars each, but how could the police have been expected to make a fuss over this small cache of the stuff when not long before, also in the Bronx, a man had been picked up with twenty-two *pounds* on him? So the cops acted on their own in handling Goins. For his part, although he had become increasingly apprehensive about their seeming lack of appreciation of his good citizenship, it didn't occur to him that he was being booked on a narcotics charge until, at about two-thirty in the morning, he was told that he would be allowed one telephone call. Every American knows what *that* means. The police said they would make the call for him, and Goins gave them Grewcock's name and number. A few minutes later, Goins was handcuffed and taken in another police car to the Bronx House of Detention, at 653 River Avenue. He never saw the ginger ale again.



Grewcock was asleep when his phone rang. An urbane Englishman who was a vice-president of the American Express Company until he joined Loeb, Rhoades, in 1954, he had been Goins' employer since the fall of 1967. The two men had met at Fire Island that summer: Grewcock was spending a holiday there with the son of a recently terminated marriage; Goins was head bartender at The Club at Point o' Woods. The Club's manager also ran a hotel in North Carolina and regularly moved part of his staff north for the Fire Island summer season. It was Goins' fifth summer there. Grewcock had been looking for a valet and chauffeur, and to find one who was also a full-fledged drinkmaker was a dividend indeed. Moreover, Grewcock was engaged to a young woman who comes from North Carolina, and he therefore had a particularly high regard for Goins.

Grewcock, consequently, was distressed when the police called him, and as soon as he was awake enough to think, he was certain that whoever it was on the phone muttering about "possession of narcotics" must be kidding. "It was inconceivable to me that Tom could do what the police alleged he had done," he said afterward. Grewcock asked what would happen next, and was told that Goins would be arraigned at ten that morning in Bronx Criminal Court. Grewcock said he would have a lawyer there.

As head of his firm's international department, Grewcock tries to make his schedule dovetail somewhat with Bourse hours in Europe. Accordingly, he rises early and—ordinarily with Goins at the wheel—reaches his Wall Street office at about eight. On the morning of Friday, August 21st, Grewcock drove the Continental downtown himself. He has been living in the United States for twenty-one years, and knows his way around. "If all else fails, I could be a chauffeur," he told an acquaintance during the recent market slump. Short of sleep and worried, he reached his office at eight-fifteen. Within a few minutes, ignoring London, Paris, and Amsterdam, he was on the phone to Leonard Wacksman, an early-bird downtown attorney. Wacksman's firm, Loeb, Block & Wacksman, does not engage much in criminal law, but Grewcock had thrown a lot of legal business its way, and Wacksman was anxious to help in an emergency. By nine o'clock, he had retained Arnold J. Kaplan, a midtown attorney who does specialize in criminal law. Kaplan phoned Grewcock and said that although he himself had to take part in a trial that day, he would have an associate present when Goins was arraigned, at ten. The only trouble was that Goins did not appear in Bronx Criminal Court at that hour, or at any

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hour that day, and throughout the day the chauffeur's swiftly appointed lawyers were unable to find a trace of him.

Goins had been kept moving since his arrest. When he was first put in a cell, at around three o'clock in the morning, his main concern had been that he was down to two cigarettes; he had asked a prison attendant if he could buy some, and had been told that it was too late. The attendant's main concern had appeared to be that Goins should remove his shoes and belt. These were placed on the floor outside his cell, which contained a toilet and a wooden bench but no bed. Not that that mattered; he was in no mood to sleep. At 7:30 A.M., he was offered an egg sandwich and some coffee. He drank the coffee. It was too early to buy cigarettes, he was told. He was taken by cruiser to Police Headquarters, on Centre Street, in Manhattan, where he was photographed and put in a detention room with fifteen other men, from one of whom he bummed a couple of cigarettes. At 1 P.M., he was offered a cheese sandwich and coffee. He again skipped the sandwich. At 4:30 P.M., with no explanation, he was handcuffed, linked by a long chain to several other manacled prisoners, put in a police van, and taken back to the Bronx, where he was again locked up in a cell. After a couple of hours there, he was removed from that cell, remanacled, and returned to Manhattan. This time, he ended up in the antechamber of a courtroom in the Criminal Court Building, also on Centre Street. Having arrived through a vehicular delivery entrance, Goins missed some of the lofty slogans that are chiselled in marble outside that structure for the edification of pedestrians: "EVERY PLACE IS SAFE TO HIM WHO LIVES IN JUSTICE," and "ONLY THE JUST MAN ENJOYS PEACE OF MIND," and "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." By now, Goins had begun to be depressed, but mainly he was incredulous. "I simply didn't believe that anything that had happened to me could have happened," he said later.

Goins remained in the antechamber until about 2 A.M. Then, twenty-four hours after his arrest, he was brought before a Criminal Court judge. The district attorney on duty that night routinely presented the charge against him; the D.A. had no first-hand knowledge of the incident—merely Patrolman Dengler's complaint. The judge asked Goins what he did for a living, and after replying Goins began

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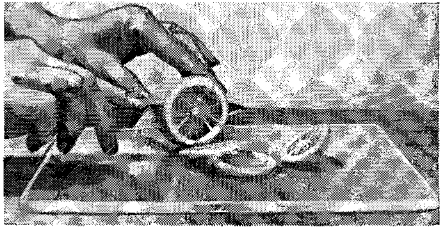

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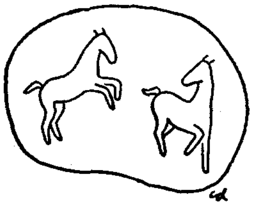
to try to tell his story. But the D.A. cut in to say that there was nothing on the charge sheet about any tavern or firehouse; according to the record, the accused had been picked up in the street, and, in view of the seriousness of the alleged crime, bail should be fixed at thirty thousand dollars. The judge asked Goins if his employer would go bond for him, and Goins said he hoped so. The judge thereupon instructed a Legal Aid attorney to phone Grewcock. Awakened for the second night running, Grewcock said yes, of course he would post bond; he had been trying to find Goins all day so he *could* bail him out. Before Grewcock went to bed, he had been on the phone for several hours, calling houses of detention all over the place to see if any of them might own up to custody of his man, and had got nowhere. Now, having been roused early on the morning of Saturday, the twenty-second, Grewcock woke up Kaplan at *his* home and asked him to make arrangements for bail as quickly as possible.



The judge, on learning that Grewcock would stand behind Goins, said that he wished he could believe the chauffeur's story and set him free then and there, but that in the absence of the arresting officer (Patrolman Dengler was presumably getting some sleep himself, after the previous night's law enforcement), and in view of the arresting officer's oath that he had picked Goins up on the street, he had no choice but to hold the suspect for trial. The judge would, however, set bail at twenty-five hundred dollars, which is fairly low for a heroin offense in the one-ounce category. Goins was removed from the courtroom, handcuffed again, and, at about 5 A.M., trundled off to the Riker's Island penitentiary, where he drank some coffee but declined a jelly sandwich. He still had no cigarettes of his own, and he had been through two nights and a day without food or sleep. He stayed there only about four hours, and then resumed his travels, ending up back at the Bronx House of Detention.

At 9 A.M., Grewcock, who didn't have to go to work on Saturday and had gratefully gone back to sleep, was awakened by a phone call from Kaplan. The lawyer had got hold of Mrs. Ida Schenkman, a bail bondsman, and she would arrange bail, but only if Grewcock came in person to her office, on White Street, near the Manhattan Criminal Court Building. Grewcock sighed, rose, dressed, and drove downtown. Satisfied that he was a responsible citizen, Mrs. Schenkman accepted his personal check for twelve hundred and fifty dollars as a surety of bond. By the time she arranged to have the necessary documents drawn up to get Goins out of prison, it was midday. Grewcock drove back uptown, picked up his fiancée, and went on with her to the Bronx House of Detention, where the emergence of an attractive young woman from a Lincoln Continental, whose driver had inadvertently tried to park in the chief warden's reserved space, drew cackles and whistles from the inmates surveying the parking lot from behind their bars. Goins, whose cell view was not panoramic, had no way of knowing that any of the bail business was going on, and it came as a surprise to him when, at about one-thirty, a guard told him to get ready to leave. A few minutes later, after signing some papers, Goins walked through a door and saw his boss. Goins burst into tears. After he had stopped crying, Grewcock, sensing that he was still too unstrung to drive, put him in the back seat, gave him a package of cigarettes he had thoughtfully brought along, and drove him to 1001 Park Avenue. Inside the apartment was a "WELCOME HOME, TOM" sign that Grewcock had hastily fashioned. Goins had something to eat and went to bed.

GOINS did not get a chance to sleep long. Almost as soon as they reached the apartment, Grewcock phoned Kaplan, who was standing by. The lawyer knew only what Goins had been charged with, and wanted to hear his client's version of the incident. So after Goins had had an hour's nap Grewcock woke him, and Goins phoned Kaplan. After hearing a somewhat abridged version of the tale, Kaplan urged Goins to go back to the scene of the crime, or non-crime; if there was going to be a trial, the lawyer wanted the names of possible witnesses for Goins—the bartender, the bar patrons, the fire Lieutenant, anyone else who could be of help. Goins was glad to go; for one thing, he wanted to retrieve his car. He took the subway to the Bronx and, on approaching Ogden Avenue and 165th Street, saw, to his relief, that the Buick was where he had left it. He walked into McCann & Whelan's Tavern. Robert Brewer, the bartender, wasn't on duty, but he was sitting in a booth, and when Goins ap-

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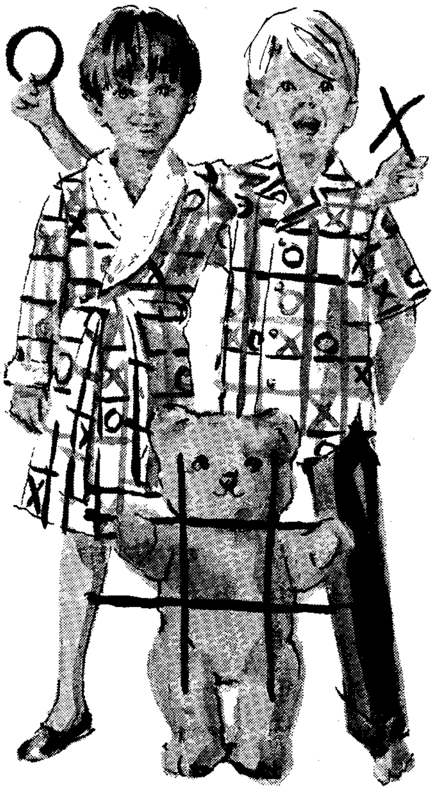

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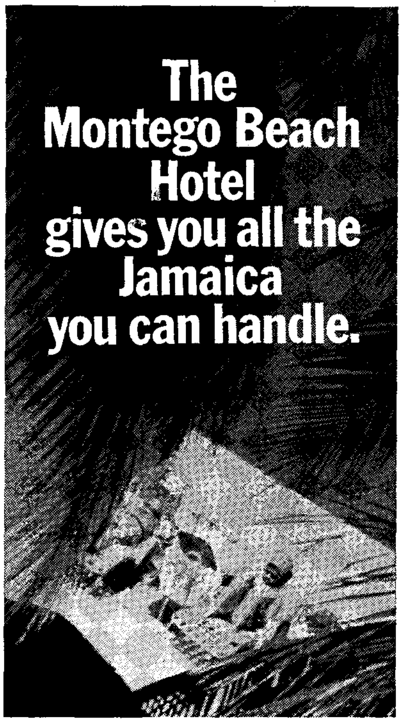
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peared he jumped up and asked where he had been. In jail, Goins said.

"I knew something had happened," Brewer said. "I noticed your car was still here, and I kept an eye on it whenever the meter maid came around." The car never was ticketed; the police are more aggressive in some respects than others. Brewer said he would certainly be a witness for Goins if he stood trial, and he gave the chauffeur the name and address of John McGuire, the man who had borrowed the dime and called the cops. Next, Goins went to the firehouse. The Lieutenant who had called the police at Goins' request—Patrick Dwyer—was off duty; a lieutenant on duty suggested that Goins come back in half an hour. Goins returned to McCann & Whelan's. By now, McGuire had wandered in, and he volunteered whatever testimonial services he might be able to render. (So, a little later, did another of the Thursday-night bar patrons, Joseph Kavanaugh.) Goins asked Brewer and McGuire if they would mind having a word with his lawyer. It was noisy in the tavern, so the three men repaired to a luncheonette a few doors down Ogden. Goins got Kaplan on the phone and put Brewer and then McGuire on; each verified Goins' story. Then Goins revisited the fire station. The lieutenant he had talked with half an hour earlier said that he had consulted his captain, who had said something about hearing something about a guy with a package, but that there was no pertinent entry in the firehouse log, and since there wasn't, the firemen would prefer not to get involved. "Lieutenant, they got me charged up to the eyes," Goins said. "How can you say you don't want to have anything to do with it? At least give me the name of the Lieutenant who was on duty that night." The lieutenant he was talking with refused. Goins backtracked to the luncheonette and passed this sobering new intelligence along to Kaplan. If he couldn't prove he had been in the firehouse, he asked, how could he prove he hadn't been on the street? The lawyer said not to worry—he himself could always get the name of the fire Lieutenant, and if the Lieutenant wouldn't talk voluntarily he could be subpoenaed. Relieved, and, in any event, too near exhaustion to give that matter more thought, Goins climbed into his car, drove home, went back to bed, and slept through most of Sunday.

ON being arraigned in Night Court, Goins had been ordered to appear in Bronx Criminal Court on Monday,

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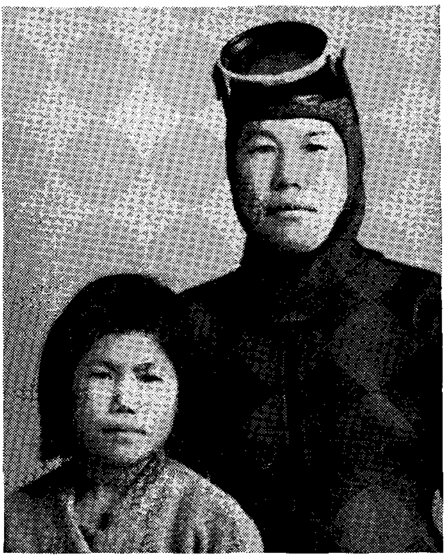
HORSES

WATER SKIING
Chris Craft

August 24th, to have a date set for his trial. When Goins duly turned up there, it was comforting to have Kaplan beside him. The lawyer tried to explain to the presiding judge what had happened, but the judge wouldn't listen to him. He said he didn't have time to; his calendar was too crowded. Kaplan persisted; this was a highly unusual case, he said—one unlike anything he had come across in eighteen years of criminal-law practice. The judge cut him off and set October 5th as the trial date. Kaplan and Goins then went together to the Ogden Avenue firehouse, where, after a brief wait, they were able to talk to Lieutenant Dwyer. He wasn't particularly communicative, but when Kaplan pressed him on whether the firehouse episode Goins described had actually occurred, the Lieutenant finally said it had. That was all the lawyer needed: he had a clinching witness. Later, Kaplan also caught up with Patrolman Dengler. The policeman stuck to his story—he more or less had to, since he had sworn to it—of having picked up Goins on the street. Kaplan asked how the police had learned to begin with that Goins was on the street, or anywhere else, carrying narcotics. Through a telephone call, Dengler replied. "Of *course* that was how," Kaplan said. "*He* called *you*."

The next day, August 25th, Kaplan got to brooding. Here he had a client who was manifestly innocent—a client who, moreover, had been falsely arrested while trying to do a good deed—and he began to wonder what might happen if, say, Goins got involved in an automobile accident while he had a serious criminal charge pending. What might the police do *then*? So Kaplan phoned Burton B. Roberts, the Bronx County District Attorney. Roberts' office would be in charge of the prosecution if Goins came to trial, but Kaplan felt confident that if the D.A. would take time to listen there would be no trial. Roberts invited Kaplan to stop by on the twenty-eighth, and when Kaplan did he urged the D.A. to conduct his own investigation and either confirm or disprove Goins' story. Roberts immediately assigned an assistant district attorney named Thomas O'Malley to the case. It didn't take O'Malley long to seek out all the witnesses and to discover that Goins' account of what had happened checked out in every detail, with the single exception of the text of the police complaint. On September 2nd, Goins had to go to the D.A.'s office to make a statement. Grewcock, who was leaving for Asia that day to open a Loeb,

Thanks, from my mother.



When Kim Young Sook thanked her Foster Parents for her mother's wet suit, she thanked all Foster Parents for their understanding, their love and their help.

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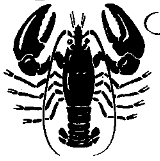

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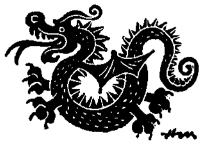
Rhoades branch office in Hong Kong, hired a limousine to take him to the airport. While the banker was still in Asia, O'Malley and Roberts agreed that Goins had been the victim of a terrible miscarriage of justice, and in one of the cablegrams Grewcock received from his New York office on September 15th he was pleased to find the assurance "RE TOM EVERYTHING OKAY."

That was jumping the gun slightly. Goins' trial was still scheduled. But when he next appeared in court—on September 15th, before Judge Neal P. Bottiglieri—he had nothing to fret about. Instead of a district attorney prosecuting him, here was Assistant D.A. O'Malley asking the Judge to have the case moved forward from the original trial date of October 5th, and, after the Judge assented, explaining in the next breath why the D.A.'s office thought the case should be dismissed. The Judge listened for a few minutes and then dismissed it.



"We must never become so busy that we can't afford to listen to a citizen," District Attorney Roberts said afterward. "We must never find ourselves too busy to rectify a wrong. We have to watch ourselves continually so we can give each and every person the treatment he deserves. But no human system is perfect. The truth usually emerges somewhere along the line, but sometimes things take too long. We have to figure out ways of accelerating our system of justice." A few days later, Kaplan found himself not too busy to write, on Goins' behalf, to the Messrs. Brewer, McGuire, and Kavanaugh, and Lieutenant Dwyer, thanking them for their "most exemplary help" and calling it "a rare but wonderful experience in this day and age."

Goins is paying his legal costs by having Grewcock take weekly deductions from his wages—a kind of extra Social Security tax. The chauffeur may someday get his money back, and more; Kaplan has filed a ten-thousand-dollar damage suit for him against the City of New York. That may take a couple of years to settle. Meanwhile, the lawyer has been trying to have Goins' arrest expunged from the municipal records—for a starter, to have his mug shots and fingerprints returned by the police. (But who can say for sure who may keep a copy? And, in any event, information about city arrests is routinely transmitted to the State Police and to the F.B.I., who don't necessarily return things.) Meanwhile, too, the Police Department conducted its own investigation of the incident. Assistant Chief Inspector Sydney C. Cooper, who commands all uniformed policemen in the Bronx, took charge. Little new evidence was turned up; in nearly every detail, Goins' story was confirmed. What, if anything, will happen to Patrolman Dengler will depend on the outcome of a Departmental hearing. Chief Cooper thinks the whole business may have been just one error compounded on another—a bad arrest, sloppy staff work in the precinct house, nobody's taking the time to listen to anybody else. "Do we have to pass laws and make rules before one person takes an interest in another?" Cooper asks. "Depersonalization is the crime of our time. Maybe it's not really a question of whether a patrolman violated Department regulations. Maybe it's a question, rather, of just not being humane."

Grewcock returned from Asia on September 20th, and was glad to find order restored to his life: his chauffeur was waiting for him at the airport. As for Goins, he has singularly little rancor. "I can't help wondering when they pick up somebody who isn't employed by somebody like Mr. Grewcock what will happen to him," he says. "Maybe if I were that person I'd still be in jail. But, basically, my attitude toward the police hasn't changed. I believe in the government and in the system, and I don't think I'm weak enough for something like this to tear me down. A number of people have asked me whether I'd let myself get involved if I found another envelope like that. Well, my answer is that my parents raised me to do the right thing, and if anything like this ever did come up again I think I would do the same as I did before." Goins hasn't yet seen the girl who stood him up on August 20th, but he says he has forgiven her, too.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

* * *

"Song of Norway," the operetta based on the life of Norwegian seat engagement policy. The color film stars Florence Henderson and Toralv Maurstad as the Griegs and Christina Schollin as the composer Edvard Grieg, is now playing at the Saxon on a reserved other woman.—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

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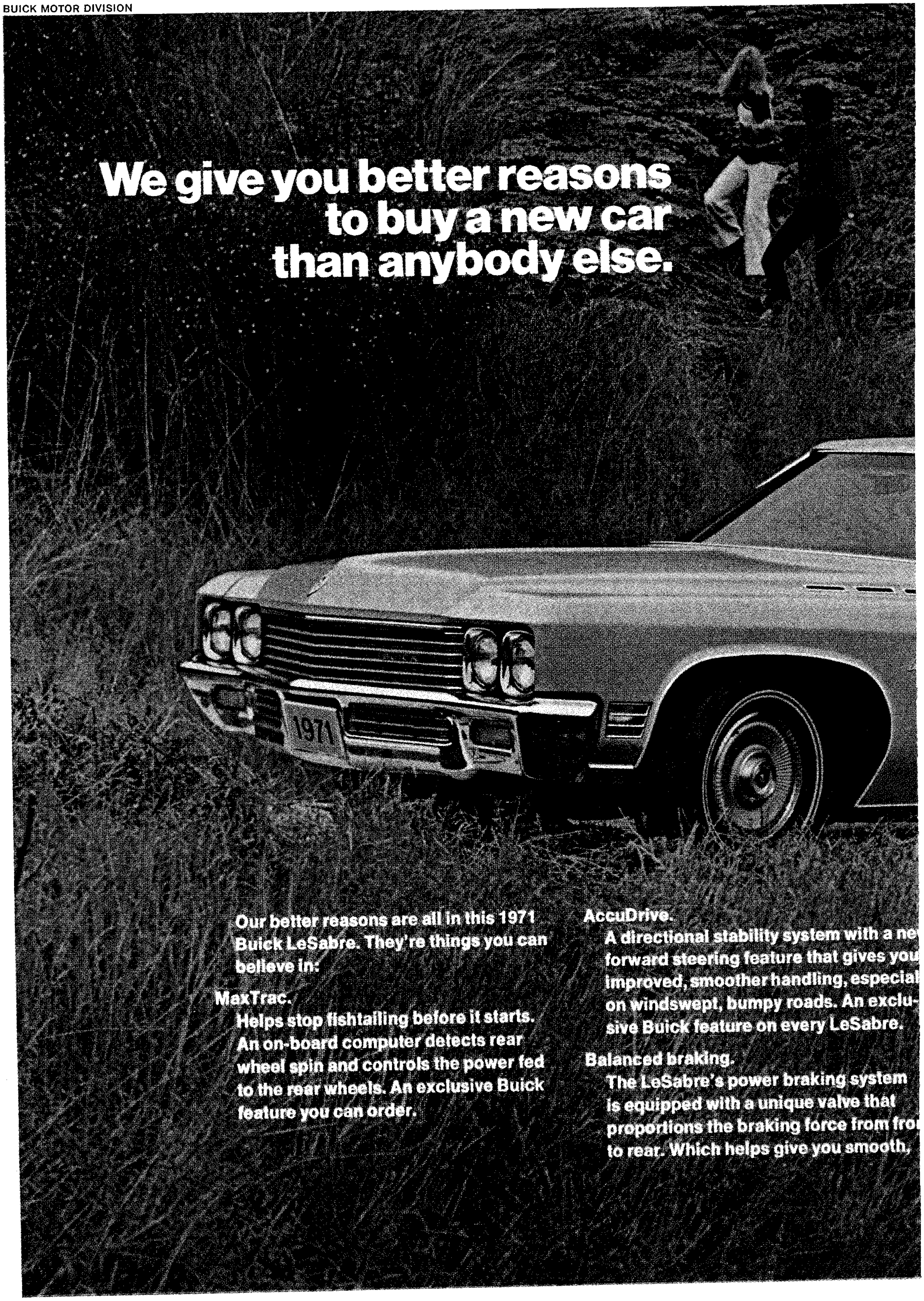

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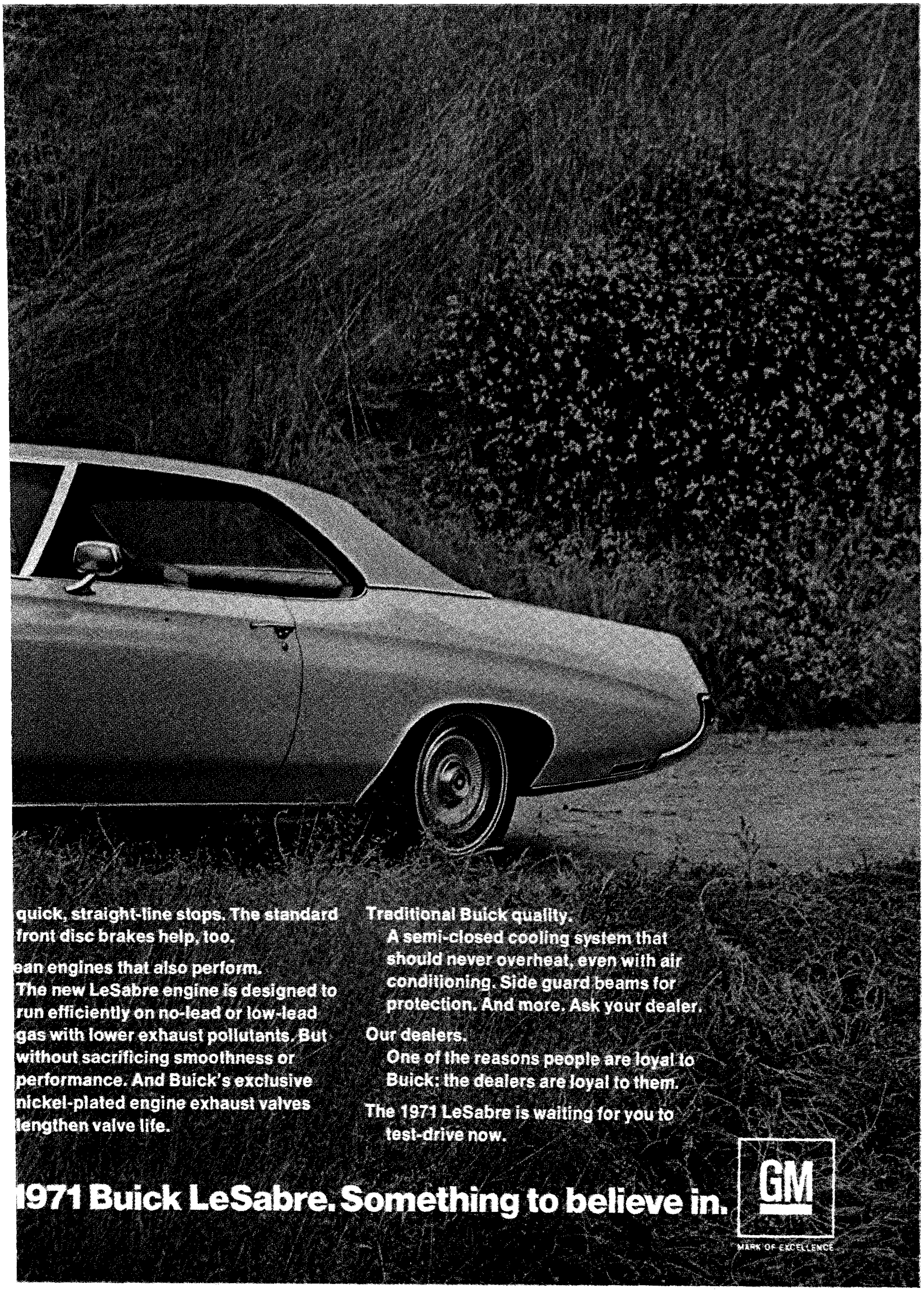

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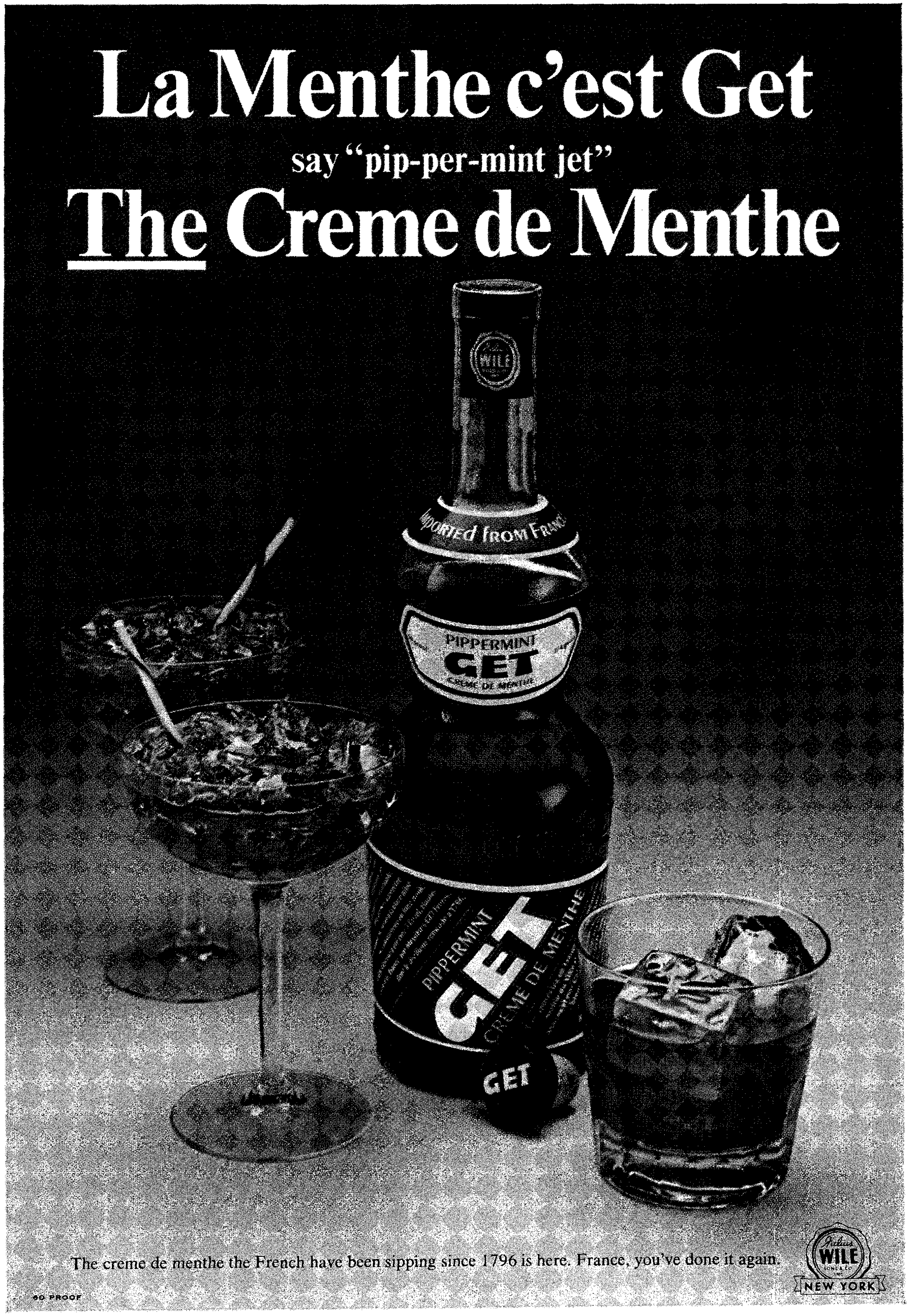
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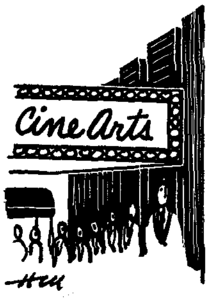
How Boys Grow Up

FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT can seem to be inside one's head in some movies and a total stranger, who barely interests one, in others. It would, however, be arrogant to assume that the Truffaut films one really loved (in my own case, "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child") were works he had done for himself, while films one cared for not at all (in my case, say, "The Bride Wore Black") and films that seemed pleasantly, charmingly negligible (in my case, "Stolen Kisses" and the new "Bed and Board") were simply potboilers. I don't think that's true; I think that Truffaut must be more complicated than one at first assumes, and that even the featherweight films are not intended to be merely commercial. He's a very special case: Godard's films grow out of each other, Chabrol's films have become like silvery sardines in a row, but Truffaut follows the rigorous simplicity of "The Wild Child" with "Bed and Board," a flimsy, conventionally "beguiling" picture.



Probably there isn't an American director who could do this sort of blithe marital comedy and keep his head above water. Truffaut's *touch*—which is what this film depends on—is intuitively gentle, restrained, and unsentimental. There's nothing cheap or mean in the *manner* of the picture, and nothing is overdone. And yet "Bed and Board" left me unmoved and in the strange situation of feeling cut off from a cheerful, responsive audience. As this series of Antoine Doinel films has gone on, Truffaut has had less and less to say about his once semi-autobiographical hero, and Jean-Pierre Léaud, who has played Antoine since "The 400 Blows," has grown away from the role. Léaud has lost not only the exuberance of "The 400 Blows" but the child's mutinous intelligence. He keeps his feelings to himself and is without an actor's concentration, so he has no intensity. Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting; he almost seems to be protecting himself against our invasion of his privacy. His manner is deadpan, with occasional quick changes of mood; it's like a nonactor's imitation of Buster Keaton—an imitation that doesn't comprehend how Keaton's body did everything for him, so the blank face was contrapuntal. And in Keaton's kind of comedy the gags *built*. Truffaut's visual humor is like Antoine's deadpan humor—the jokes are eccentric, and they dry up fast.

In great comedies, the mechanics are themselves funny, and a routine doesn't end with one joke. In "Bed and Board," when you get the snapper, you understand why the seemingly random elements that went into the gag were introduced. In bad American comedies, one often sees the gag planted and waits for it to go off, but it isn't really so good to see the unfunny mechanics retrospectively, either, especially when the joke is a highly reminiscent one. The snappers are often not good enough to make one forgive the limp preparation. When an enigmatic neighbor whom everyone calls "the strangler" turns out to be a TV comedian doing a "Marienbad" impersonation, it isn't much of a payoff. The running joke about Antoine's sponging friend is dispirited, and jokes like Antoine's meeting his father-in-law at a bordello and engaging in a polite, "humane" exchange are exactly what one used to groan at in the pre-New Wave "Gallic" comedies. Scene by scene, the picture is *underdone*, but Truffaut's weakness in comic timing may be what saves the material from looking crude and familiar. For example, Antoine's ineptness at disposing of a bouquet of flowers his mistress has given him is inseparable from Truffaut's ineptness—he doesn't make it seem comically inevitable that Antoine can't get rid of the telltale flowers—and the relaxation of the sequence may prevent the audience from recognizing it as an old routine. Truffaut's gentleness turns his attempted thrillers into something else, and his gentleness here makes old jokes seem like casual, nice, unforced sophisticated humor. "Stolen Kisses" had incidental amusements—throwaway bits like the sequence of the *pneumatique*—and some wry characters. This time, the incidents are uninspired and the characters are imitation René Clair. The casting is dull, except for Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride. Now blond and thus looking even more like a younger sister of Catherine Deneuve, she has a less ethereal, more practical, but lovely quality. She suggests the solid middle-class feeling that would be attractive to an impractical young man. But you wonder what she sees in Antoine—perhaps some trace of the boy he used to be?

The problem in the Doinel series started, I think, when Truffaut stopped seeing Antoine as a surrogate. What had begun in "The 400 Blows" as a portrait of the artist as an impetuous, driven young boy turned into wayward vignettes of a tame, odd, somewhat withdrawn young man seeking conventional happiness—Antoine getting comic jobs and losing them in fluky ways, Antoine's marriage and baby, Antoine's infidelity, and so on. When Antoine arrives at the limited view of life and the gag humor of "Bed and Board," the viewer may ask, "But is this where that marvellous child was heading? Is this dry insularity all that's left of his strength? Why isn't he outgoing anymore?" Despite the comic surface, it's a sad progression—a contraction of Antoine's possibilities.

When, in this film, Truffaut introduces the idea that Antoine wants to be a writer, it doesn't ring true. Antoine no longer has that kind of consciousness. We can't believe he's capable of sustained feeling, because he has become dispassionate and inexpressive. Antoine is out of it; he's a marginal, fringe character, like Hulot in "Mon Oncle." It isn't just that Truffaut doesn't have much to say about Antoine anymore but that one doesn't believe what he says. Léaud is not convincing as an aspiring bourgeois, but Antoine is no longer convincing as a potential artist, either. I wish Truffaut hadn't shown Antoine writing a novel with loose sheets scattered all over the room; treating him as a foolish, fumbling budding writer seems like having it both ways. The texture of the movie is false. I never for a minute believed in Antoine's jobs; I didn't believe in the bluff, loud American construction executive who hired him or in the Japanese mistress who bored him. And, what's worse, I didn't respect Truffaut's reasons for setting up these flabby situations. The sureness of the director's style in "The Wild Child" is in such contrast to the infelicities of "Bed and Board" that the contrast suggests that Truffaut may be a greater artist than he wants to allow himself to be—that he values conventional success (on past models) so inordinately that instead of making his own distinctive works he tries to master the popular thriller and comedy genres of the past.

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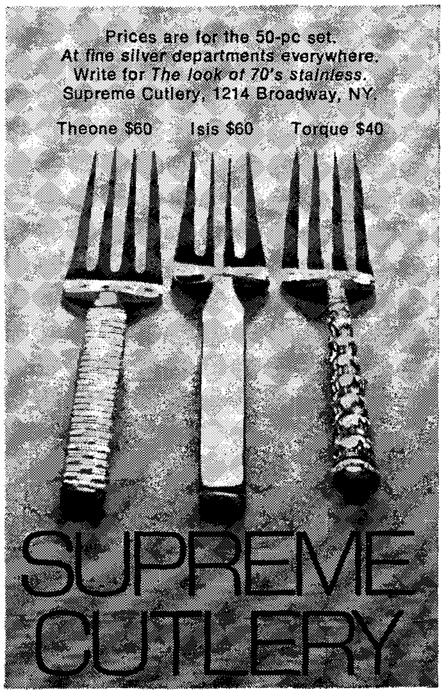

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oir for an anti-Freudian movie—a hero celebrating the memory of his wild, wonderful Jewish mother. The story is of how a Russian-Jewish actress (Melina Mercouri) who has had an affair with the famous stage and screen star Ivan Mosjoukine and borne him a son, Romain, makes a life for herself and the boy by grit and con as they go from Russia to Poland to France. However, for a director who used to know how to be forthright, if crude, Jules Dassin tells the story remarkably badly. The film is narrated back and forth in time; but Dassin's feeling for the different periods isn't strong enough to clue us in on where we are and when, so the different parts of the past run together in a blur, as if his time machine had got too oily. The production is elegant and prettily photographed, but this is the sort of attempt at shameless nostalgia that requires emotional warmth and a delicate feeling for detail—qualities that the director is notably lacking in. Instead, he relies on the latest fashions in mechanized lyricism—slow-motion sequences and freeze frames. The techniques keep saying, This moment should be treasured. But, like children told to remember too much and not allowed to discover anything for themselves, we feel nothing and remember nothing.

And there's a big problem: Melina Mercouri. It's not that you can't believe her as a Jewish mother but that you can't believe her as a human being. She's not a person, she's a star. It's one thing for a little boy to see his mother as bigger than life; it's another for her to *be* bigger than life. With Mercouri in the role, the movie has almost nothing to do with the common experience of looking back and perceiving the differences between our childish projections of our parents as giants and what our parents must actually have been like. Mercouri more than lives up to the projection, so there's no contrast; it's as if this boy's fantasies of his mother were true. It's perhaps a classic case of how miscasting alters meaning; the story of a devoted mother turns into the story of a great broad. In her dramatic scenes and in her closeups, Mercouri is more subdued than in her other recent appearances, but that's like saying Anthony Quinn is more subdued. She's amazing and likable but she's got so much presence she can't play a role—she overpowers it. Whatever she does becomes a *tour de force* and, soon, a self-caricature. Mercouri has always seemed too virile to be sexy. Like Quinn, she's terrifyingly energetic;

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just looking at her, you feel as if you're being whomped on the back.

Mercouri was splendid seen for the first time, in "Stella" (perhaps not coincidentally, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, who directed Quinn in "Zorba the Greek"), but the fortified presence that makes stars like this so exciting in their first big roles is what wrecks them when they attempt a quiet performance. Mercouri has only to appear for us to receive the impact of that contagious, tempestuous personality, and, whatever she does, she always seems to be trying to play a normal hearty, hot nymphomaniac. The place for stars like this is, of course, on the musical-comedy stage. But what if, like Melina Mercouri, they can't sing and can't dance? I don't know the answer to how she can be used, and neither, obviously, does her director-husband, Dassin. She's like one of those faces that Fellini flashes on—one look is enough. The second time around, she eats up the camera. Quinn, who is probably more talented than she is but who has been in many more star roles, has become an abomination; he needs a personality transplant.

One feels that there is a genuine love for and admiration of Mercouri behind the production, but Dassin hasn't expressed it in terms of the boy's love for his mother. And Mercouri isn't convincing as a mother. This isn't a matter of whether an actress in private life has or has not had children; Lauren Bacall, who has children, probably couldn't play a convincing loving mother, either. It's a matter of a particular kind of personality-star's emotional range. Mercouri doesn't have the patience a mother develops. Mercouri (even that name!) is always agitated and restless; she's never at peace, so we can't see what a child means to her. The boy's nurse assumes the maternal role. Roaring around with the boy, whacking people with her handbag, scowling and wheezing and making deep throaty noises, Mercouri is more Auntie Mame than adoring mother. And Auntie Mame is essentially a transvestite, not a woman. Mercouri is too strident; she projects more than one needs to project to one's own child. Even a tigress fears for her young, but there is no fear in Mercouri's maternity. The same restless indomitability that makes her unconvincing as a loving mother prevents her from being a great screen actress; the absence of the quality of repose is fatal. She does too much and it means too little, because it's obvious that she's acting out her own temperament.

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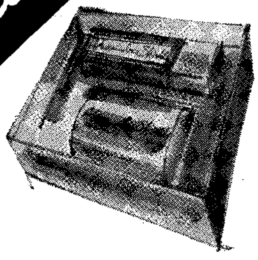

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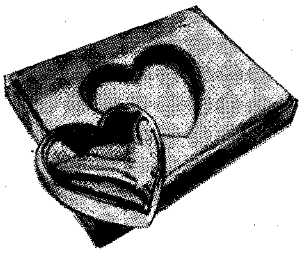

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remember the many times we didn't love them, but the movie is all on one adoring level, so there's no sense of truth in it. And there's no irony in the film's point of view. If this tornado of a woman is a boy's only parent and he survives unscathed, that is, of course, remarkable. But if the boy Romain (François Raffoul) doesn't turn into something more definite and more unusual than the decent young fellow (Assaf Dayan) we see, then the movie undercuts its own anti-Freudian premise. In comparison with Mercouri, normality isn't much of anything; it suggests that he *has* been crushed. (I kept thinking, This is the life story of Romain Gary, the man who made "Birds in Peru.")

The film is rather inert; the wartime sequences are singularly amateurish; and in the welter of accents it hasn't been made clear who's meant to be Jewish and who isn't. Yet there are moments of energy and humor—though they're all related not to the mother-love theme but to love of theatre and films. In one sequence, Mercouri, at home in Cracow, plays Marguerite Gautier to her little son's Armand, and when Armand leaves, after contemptuously slinging banknotes at her, she moans peerlessly; Mercouri does have a fine free-style sense of farce. Most of the best scenes are, surprisingly, from Dassin as an actor. He has appeared in his own films before, adequately as the Italian safecracker in "Rififi," inadequately as the earnest, stuffed American in "Never on Sunday," but as Mosjoukine he does several satires on "subtle" acting that are like good revue skits. Probably the movie works best in these stylized sequences because, without an actress who could reveal to us the feelings that the child doesn't perceive, the material is basically musical-comedy material.

—PAULINE KAEL

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[*From the Washington Post*]

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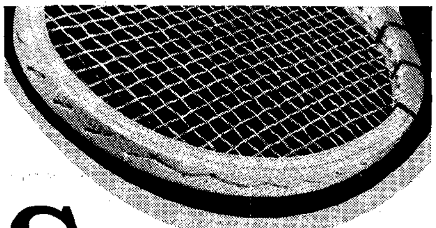

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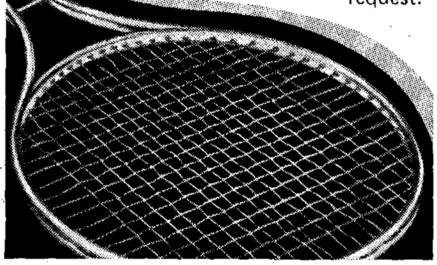

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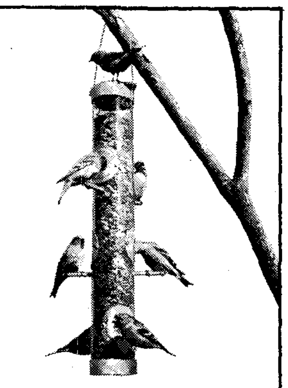

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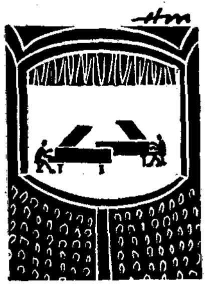
MUSICAL EVENTS

Béjart—and Déjà-Vu



LAST week, it seemed as though half the ballet dancers in the world were in New York, and that a majority of those who were here belonged to Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century, which opened at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Monday. The number of excellently trained dancers on the stage that night was striking indeed—perhaps fifty or sixty. Among them were a superb principal male named Paolo Bortoluzzi, only slightly lesser figures named Daniel Lommel and Jorge Donn, and a tremendous array of fine females, led by Maina Gielgud (niece of the actor), our own Suzanne Farrell (who has evidently found a place after her departure from the Balanchine group), Orié Ohara, and Tania Bari. As I entered the auditorium, I found them all, or nearly all, onstage, with the curtain up, going through their warming-up exercises—a pleasant sight, full of color and grace. Then they started "Choreographic Offering," a ballet that was having its world première, and obviously intended to introduce the company to its audience. "Choreographic Offering" is based on Johann Sebastian Bach's "Musical Offering," or on bits of it interspersed with episodes of percussion—a man named Fernand Schirren racing around the orchestra pit banging on various instruments, including a couple of Iguanaphones, brass instruments that look like suffering alligators.

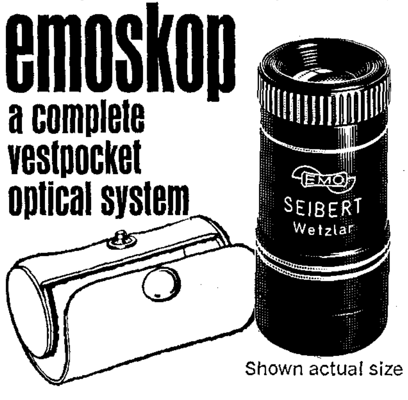
The ballet began with the thirty-two fouettés from "Swan Lake," performed by Miss Gielgud—or perhaps "tossed off" is a better description, since this series of steps, usually regarded as difficult, was done in an offhand manner, as if to say, "We can do all that if necessary, but let's get on with something more up to date." Once that was over, a personage in plain clothes, Micha Van Hoecke, performed a grotesque dance, and he remained onstage during most of this ballet as a sort of ringmaster, giving directions or pounding a tambourine while the others went through their paces. There were pas de deux, pas de trois, pas de quatre, and two big episodes involving the whole company. Much of what I saw was brilliant, and nearly all of it was fun of a disarming kind. The ballet seemed to be concerned purely with acrobatics—no deeper meaning implied—and if Bach got somewhat dismembered in the process, that was a small matter. Bach, after all, will survive. On the whole, I found "Choreographic Offering" pleasant, light, perhaps superficial, and completely episodic in form.

Then came "Erotica," a pas de deux danced by Suzanne Farrell and Daniel Lommel. "Erotica" was not choreographed with any great distinction, and it did not make the most of Miss Farrell's and Mr. Lommel's talents. But the thing that really killed it was an atonal score by the Polish composer Tadeusz Baird, whose dead-serious and relentless cacophony was as far from eroticism as a corpse. One naturally thought of comparisons—particularly of "Astarte," a thrilling ballet on the same subject by the Joffrey company. But "Astarte" has the advantage of a rock score that is quite expressive, tonal, original, and really much more "modern" than the fifty-year-old academic style affected by Mr. Baird.

The closing number was "Bhakti," which is Sanskrit for "devotion." It turned out to be a pseudo-Hindu ballet, with genuine Hindu music (on tape), portraying the love affairs of three Hindu gods and their paramours—Rama and Sita, Krishna and Radha, and Shiva and Shakti. Some serious thought had clearly gone into this ballet. Its religious atmosphere was devout and there was some effort at characterization (Shakti had a properly forbidding appearance, and so on). The solo dancing was often notable. But I, who have a long memory, could not help recalling that Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn were doing this kind of thing here in the late nineteen-twenties, and that there has always been a certain amount of fakery about this sort of popularized Orientalism. Altogether, my impression is that the Béjart company is a group of fifty splendid dancers in search of a choreographer.

ON Tuesday of last week, the Australian Ballet opened a season at the City Center with a production of that ancient classic "Don Quixote," newly choreographed by Rudolf Nureyev, who danced the major role of the barber, Basilio. "Don Quixote" is museum stuff, an old crock of a ballet full of goodies in the way of spectacular leaps and pirouettes. The production did not differ greatly from the one given here by the Bolshoi company several years ago. Mr. Nureyev, though he seemed a bit nervous, danced with great gusto and, along with another guest artist from the Royal Ballet, Lucette Aldous, carried through several pas de deux with considerable éclat. Apart from these guest performers, I saw a number of other well-qualified dancers, among them the particularly striking Marilyn Rowe, as well as Gailene Stock, Carolyn Rappel, Kelvin Coe, and Alan Alder. The veteran Robert Helpmann did the almost unnoticeable role of Don Quixote with particular taste, and Ray Powell was quite adequate as Sancho Panza. To judge from this single performance, the Australian Ballet is a modest and promising troupe, unafraid of ballet in the grand manner, and able to produce it acceptably if not brilliantly.

THE following night, still concerned with ballet, I visited the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, which is presenting a season at the ANTA Theatre. This company is always interesting for the genuineness of its intent, the enthusiasm of its dancing, and the magnificent technical powers of most of its dancers—technical powers that are not those of conventional ballet dancers but represent, rather, a happy fusion of ballet with black entertainment dancing. Lynn Seymour, a British dancer from the Royal Ballet, is currently a guest artist with the Ailey company, but it has plenty of captivating dancers of its own—among them Judith Jamison, Linda Kent, Michele Murray, Dudley Williams, Kelvin Rotardier, and Clive Thompson. There was on the program a new number, "Flowers," that had been choreographed by Mr. Ailey for Miss Seymour. It recounted, rather obviously, the history of the late Janis Joplin, and it was dedicated to her, and to Mick Jagger, Jimi Hendrix, Bob Dylan, Joe Cocker, and Jim Morrison. There was—plainly on purpose—a sordid atmosphere about this production. A celebrated lady of the pop scene, subject to endless shots from press cameras, meets a pusher with dark glasses, falls into a drug-induced hallucination in which naked men ornamented with silver bangles dance before her, and dies with the press cameras still clicking. It was all a little like a night-club act, and I couldn't see why a dancer of Miss Seymour's accomplishments was needed for it. Almost any good-



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looking chick might have done the role. "Flowers" was preceded by "Congo Tango Palace" and "The Beloved," a rather Agnes de Mille type of duet, in which a black man strangles a white woman who is clearly his girl friend. The items on the program that I really enjoyed were familiar ones—"The Road of the Phoebe Snow" and "Revelations," both of which have unforgettable episodes of spectacular dancing, and the last of which is, as followers of this company know, a masterpiece of its kind.

I HAVE been neglecting the Metropolitan Opera lately. Last Friday night, I finally caught up with "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," which I have already reviewed several times, and which is being done with special vocal and musical excellence this season, owing to a superb cast and the conducting of Karl Böhm. The production, by Nathaniel Merrill and Robert O'Hearn, remains a knockout (possibly the most beautiful stage spectacle of Mr. Bing's regime), and the singing was out of the ordinary—Leonie Rysanek in good voice as the Empress; Robert Nagy sounding almost like a heldentenor as the Emperor; Irene Dalis, a magnificent mezzo, as the Nurse; Walter Berry, singing more beautifully than ever as Barak, the Dyer; and a very fine group of supporting artists. The Dyer's wife was sung, for the first time at the Met, by Inge Borkh. I remember Miss Borkh's last appearances here several years ago, as Salome and Elektra, with great pleasure. She was then a singer of power and style, and a good actress. She still is.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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> No matter how little enthusiasm Canadians generally might have for weapons of mass destruction, Canada nevertheless does lie between the U.S. at one side and the ǝɥʇ uo ɐuıɥƆ puɐ ˙Ɐ˙S˙∩ other.—*Vancouver (B.C.) Sun.*

No vivid writing, please.

•

A Columbus holding company has entered into a partnership with a California-based firm to pursue one of the most pretentious land development projects seen on the nation's West Coast.—*Al Bricher in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

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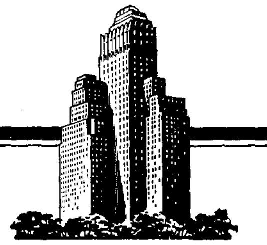

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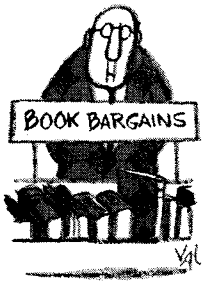
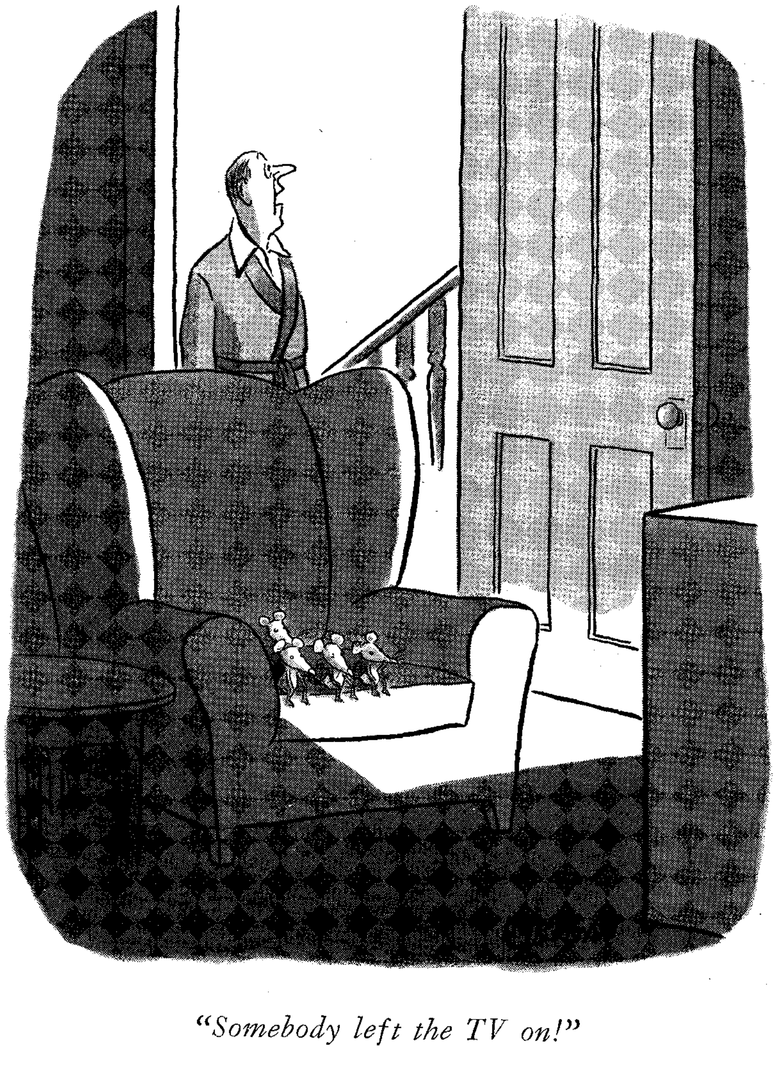


IT requires an almost impossible combination of skills to write profoundly about the history of science, and especially about the history of modern science. A historian must have an understanding of science sufficiently deep for him to function as a critic of scientific ideas—an understanding that requires extensive scientific training. For this reason, there are few good histories of, say, present-day physics, and few good biographies. Most of the rare exceptions, like Philipp Frank's "Einstein, His Life and Times," are written by scientists. (Professor Frank, a noted physicist, was Einstein's successor at the German University of Prague.) Martin Klein, now professor of the history of physics at Yale, is in this very special tradition; he has the unusual combination of a scientific insight and an understanding of the complexities of the personalities and historic quirks and accidents that have led to the creation of modern physical theory. For fifteen years, he has been studying the early published papers of such scientists as Einstein, Bohr, and Planck, as well as their correspondence and, whenever possible, their work notes, in order to learn exactly what it was that these men discovered and in what form they discovered it. It is easy, from the vantage point of hindsight, to assume that the path of discovery is much simpler than it really is. For example, Einstein published his work on the so-called "special theory of relativity" in 1905. Most of his contemporaries did not accept the theory at once, and some never did—in many cases, because of their intellectual incompetence. In certain cases, intellectual incompetence was not the reason; it was that certain of his predictions seemed to contradict experiments that had already been performed. In particular, Einstein predicted that the mass of a particle—an electron, say—would increase, according to a definite law, when its velocity increased. This appeared to disagree with these experiments. Several scientists tried to "fix up" parts of the relativity theory to make it match up with the experiments. Einstein refused to accept their patchwork theories, for he considered them completely ad hoc. In 1907, he wrote that "these theories are rather improbable because their basic assumptions, from which the mass of the moving electron is deduced, are not suggested by theoretical systems which encompass wider complexes of phenomena." Eventually, the experiments were repeated, with more precision, and came to agree perfectly with Einstein's special theory.

Until recently, Professor Klein's work has been available only in technical and semi-technical scientific journals. However, he has now completed the first part of a two-volume biography of the physicist Paul Ehrenfest, an intimate friend of Einstein—a biography ("Paul Ehrenfest: The Making of a Theoretical Physicist," published by American Elsevier) for which he has been gathering material since 1953. Klein visited Leyden, in Holland, where Ehrenfest was professor of theoretical physics at the university from 1912 until his suicide, in 1933, and came to know the surviving members of the Ehrenfest family, including his widow, the mathematician Tatiana Ehrenfest-Afanassjewa, and was given access to his letters, papers, and diaries. The first volume is a superb historical document, full of fascinating information about the origins of twentieth-century science. I do not know another book of comparable depth on the subject. It is not one that a non-scientist can read in its entirety with full comprehension, but the parts that deal with Ehrenfest's life and associates are easily understandable and often greatly moving. It was presumably not Klein's idea to write another "popular" book on physics. What he *has* written is such a model of scholarship and sensitivity that one hopes he will write about other twentieth-century scientists.

At first look, Paul Ehrenfest is a curious figure on which to focus a major scientific biography. Klein notes that his "name, never known to the world at large, is not even so widely known among physicists as it deserves to be." Ehrenfest, by most standards, though not his own, was a first-rate physicist, a great teacher of physics, and a superlative critic of scientific ideas. (In this, he most closely resembles Oppenheimer among recent scientists.) Many of the didactic examples,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arguments, and terminology that have become embedded in contemporary thinking about physics, almost without anyone's being aware of their origin, can, Klein shows, be traced to Ehrenfest. It was his clarity of mind that attracted men like Einstein to him. He was extraordinarily valuable in discussions. He had a special gift for the right phrase or the right example to dispel confusion. What he could not do, or did not do, was create the kind of scientific generalizations that produce whole schools of scholarship. He had many brilliant students (among them, oddly, was the economist Jan Tinbergen, whom Ehrenfest, because of his own interest in the subject, persuaded to abandon physics for mathematical economics, and who was, in 1969, a co-winner of the first Nobel Prize for Economic Science ever to be awarded), but he did not create a theory (as did Einstein and Bohr), the working out of whose ramifications could become the major employment for generations of scientists. Ehrenfest apparently did not have the temperament for the long and often incredibly intricate calculations that are the bread and butter of most theoretical physicists. Thus he needed constant reassurance of his own intelligence and worth, that he was not simply an intellectual parasite living off the ideas of his colleagues. Indeed, in 1917, when, at the age of thirty-seven, he had held for five years one of the most prestigious professorships in Europe, as successor to the great Dutch physicist H. A. Lorentz, Einstein wrote him:

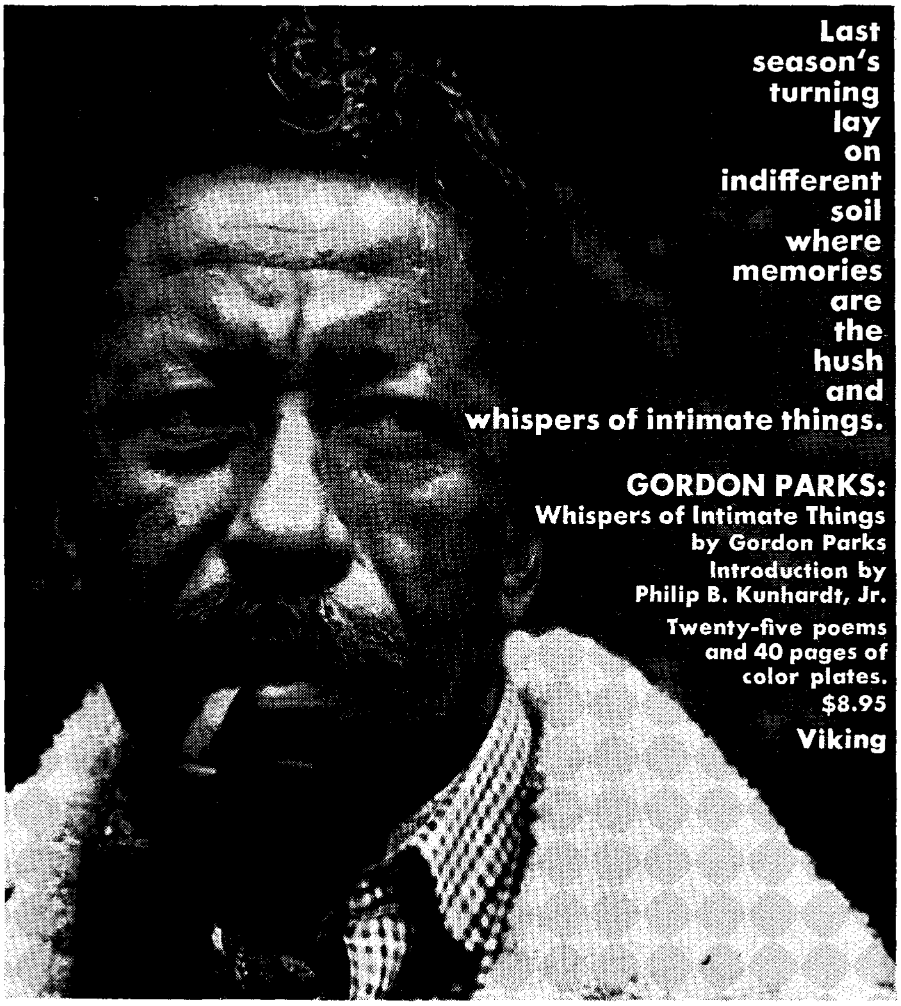
> You are complaining about yourself again, and are dissatisfied with yourself. Just think how little difference it will make in twenty years how one has loitered about on this earth, just so long as one has done nothing base. Whether you write this or that article yourself, or whether someone else writes it, makes very little difference. Stupid you certainly are not, except insofar as you keep thinking about whether or not you are stupid. So away with the hypochondria! Rejoice with your family in the beautiful land of life!

Ehrenfest, the youngest of five children, all gifted brothers, was born in Vienna in 1880. His father was a reasonably successful merchant, luckily for Ehrenfest, who for various reasons, principally anti-Semitism, was unable to find a real academic job until he was appointed to Leyden in 1912. Until then, he got along on the income, modest but adequate, of his and his wife's inheritances. Like many other theoretical physicists, Ehrenfest showed interest and ability in mathematics at an early age. In 1899, he enrolled in the Technische Hochschule, in Vienna, where he had the good fortune to join the exceptional group of students gathered around the famous Austrian physicist Ludwig Boltzmann, one of the creators of the discipline of atomic statistical mechanics—the theory that concerns itself with the behavior of large ensembles of atoms, systems involving so many particles that the detailed study of individual particles is impossibly complicated and one must resort to a statistical or probabilistic treatment of the aggregate. Eventually, Ehrenfest became one of the important contributors to the development of modern statistical mechanics. (This is Professor Klein's field of interest in physics.) He took his degree, in 1904, under Boltzmann, but the two men never became close. Boltzmann was a complex personality, often involved in bitter scientific disputes. He, too, was eventually driven to suicide, perhaps because he felt that his ability as a physicist was failing. Ehrenfest, a brilliant student, pushed Boltzmann hard: "On one occasion, when Ehrenfest had been pressing him with a series of questions on some difficult point, Boltzmann finally asked with some annoyance whether Ehrenfest thought he was like a lemon that could be squeezed dry for its juice." A brilliant student and his teacher—both groping at the frontier of a difficult scientific subject—are often on the same uncertain footing, and to someone like Ehrenfest, in need of almost the parental reassurance of a teacher, this may have been a difficult thing to understand and accept.

Before he took his degree, Ehrenfest spent some time in Göttingen, in Germany, where he met Tatiana, who had come from Russia to study mathematics. After their marriage, the young couple went to Russia to live. One of Ehrenfest's greatest sources of unhappiness was his constant sense, throughout his life, that he was stateless. He felt no commitment to Austria, where he had suffered a good deal of persecution because he was a Jew, and in Russia, although he in time came to love the country, he could not—for the same reason—get a university appointment. He took a Russian scientific degree, which was required by the University of St. Petersburg, but to no avail. And some of the scientific facts that he had discovered in Russia while he was working more or less on his own, or with his wife, never came to the attention of Western European physicists, and they were later rediscovered, in part or in whole, by men unaware that Ehrenfest had done the work first. By 1911, he had begun to look for a post in Western Europe, and in February of 1912 he had his first meeting, in Prague, with Einstein, whose tenure as professor was ending. The two men immediately became friends, and Einstein asked Ehrenfest to succeed him. Again, there were religious difficulties, though of a different sort. To marry Tatiana, Ehrenfest had declared, in view of his wife's non-Jewish background and his own lack of interest in religion, that he had no official religion. However, the authorities in Prague required that all professors have a religious affiliation. (Einstein had declared himself to be an adherent of the "Mosaic creed.") Ehrenfest could not bring himself to recant, and the professorship eventually went to Philipp Frank. At this bleak moment, Ehrenfest received word from Leyden that Lorentz, who had heard him lecture and had been impressed by his abilities, wanted him to go to Holland.

The position would have been the fulfillment of almost any physicist's academic aspirations, but Ehrenfest could not persuade himself that he was worthy of being Lorentz's successor, however well he fulfilled his duties. Professor Klein's first volume ends in 1920, when Ehrenfest's career was at its apex and, surrounded by students and a devoted family in the gentle setting of Leyden, he appeared to be happy. Presumably, in the second volume, Klein will attempt to explain Ehrenfest's psychological decline and suicide. Hints are given in the first volume and in Einstein's obituary of Ehrenfest, which was published in Einstein's "Out of My Later Years." One factor may have been the suicide of Ehrenfest's own teacher, which seems to have made a deep impression on the young Ehrenfest. He kept for years a clipping of the obituary of Boltzmann by Wilhelm Ostwald, who had been both a good friend of Boltzmann and one of his strongest scientific antagonists. Ostwald wrote, perhaps with some exaggeration:

> This [the suicide of Boltzmann] falls under the laws to which almost all servants of the strict goddess Science are subject: their lives end in grief, and this is all the more likely, the more completely they have dedicated their lives to Her.... Every important discovery must be paid for by a human life, for whether the discoverer is completely destroyed or sur-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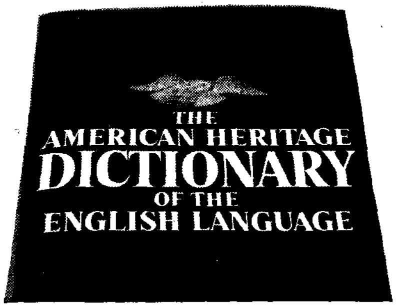

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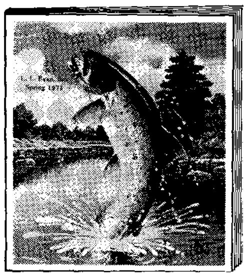

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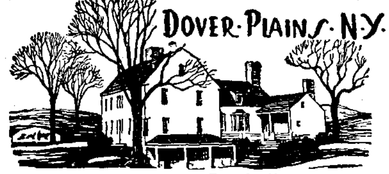

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vives as a cripple makes a difference only to the extent that the latter fate is worse.

And Einstein:

> In truth, he [Ehrenfest] felt unhappier than anyone else who was close to me. The reason was that he did not feel equal to the lofty task that confronted him. Of what use was it that everyone held him in esteem? His sense of inadequacy, objectively unjustified, plagued him incessantly, often robbing him of the peace of mind necessary for tranquil research. So greatly did he suffer that he was compelled to seek solace in distraction. His frequent aimless travels, his preoccupation with the radio, and many other features of his restless life stemmed not from a need for composure and harmless hobbies but rather from a curious urge for escape caused by the psychic conflict at which I have hinted. In the last few years, this situation was aggravated by the strangely turbulent development which theoretical physics has recently undergone. [Einstein refers to the discovery of quantum mechanics.] To learn and teach things that one cannot fully accept in one's heart is always a difficult matter, doubly difficult for a mind of fanatical honesty, a mind to which clarity means everything. Added to this was the increasing difficulty of adaptation to new thoughts which always confronts the man past fifty. I do not know how many readers of these lines will be capable of fully grasping that tragedy. Yet it was this that primarily occasioned his escape from life.

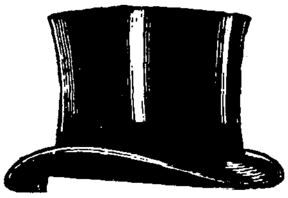
Professor Klein quotes a letter from Ehrenfest to Einstein, in 1920, that is both revealing and tragic. As Klein comments, "It recalls his childhood situation as the very little brother of four older, stronger, and seemingly wiser boys." This is what Ehrenfest wrote to Einstein: "Don't be impatient with me. Bear in mind that I hop around among all of you big beasts like a harmless and helpless frog who is afraid of being squashed."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DOCTOR COBB'S GAME, by R. V. Cassill (Bernard Geis). A lot of people have discovered that dreams of glory lead but to the grave, and now it is Dr. Cobb's turn. Dr. Cobb is the name Mr. Cassill has given to his imaginative reconstruction of a real-life quack—a pathetic, interesting, and mysterious figure who was at the center of a celebrated English scandal not many years ago. The scandal involved a member of the British Cabinet, two garish prostitutes, a Lord of the Realm, the Lord's swimming pool, and so on, and the unfortunate doctor in the case finally killed himself. The actual case, as it



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was reported in the newspapers, offered a lot more to the common, everyday reader than this book does. Mr. Cassill cuts all those wildly struggling, astonishing human beings down to manageable size, simplifies them into robots, greases them as though they were automobiles, and sets them going in a sad carnival of sexuality that works itself out in an endless succession of pulsating foursomes and threesomes and twosomes—so much solemn-faced lasciviousness that we want to screech at Dr. Cobb and his troupe to put out the light and stop showing off. A few old-fashioned blackouts would have improved the pace of this reconstruction.

NOTE: Houghton Mifflin has published "The Time of Adam," ten stories by Elizabeth Cullinan, all of which first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

AMERICA AND RUSSIA IN A CHANGING WORLD: A HALF CENTURY OF PERSONAL OBSERVATION, by W. Averell Harriman, with an introduction by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Doubleday). This short book is wise, because its author has made a serious (and successful) effort to think over and distill the meaning of his extensive diplomatic experience, and entertaining, because he has used as illustrations of his general ideas some of the down-to-earth particulars and the small change of chat and gossip that accompany grand international conferences. Mr. Harriman first dealt with Soviet Russians as a businessman in the nineteen-twenties, when Trotsky was still in the government; later, as a diplomatic agent, he served Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson in their dealings with the U.S.S.R. His acquaintance with Soviet leaders includes the bigwigs from Stalin on, along with a number of second-echelon personalities whose ideas, conversation, performance, temper, and demeanor show us a lot about how the Russian machine functions. Mr. Harriman does not believe that the Soviet Union is friendly to the United States, nor does he believe that the two countries are likely—at least in the short-to-medium run—to share ideals. The brutal, violent, élitist autocracy of the Communist government is too shocking to us, while, to the Russians, the uses that Americans make of their freedom look like selfish or slaphappy anarchy. We find their

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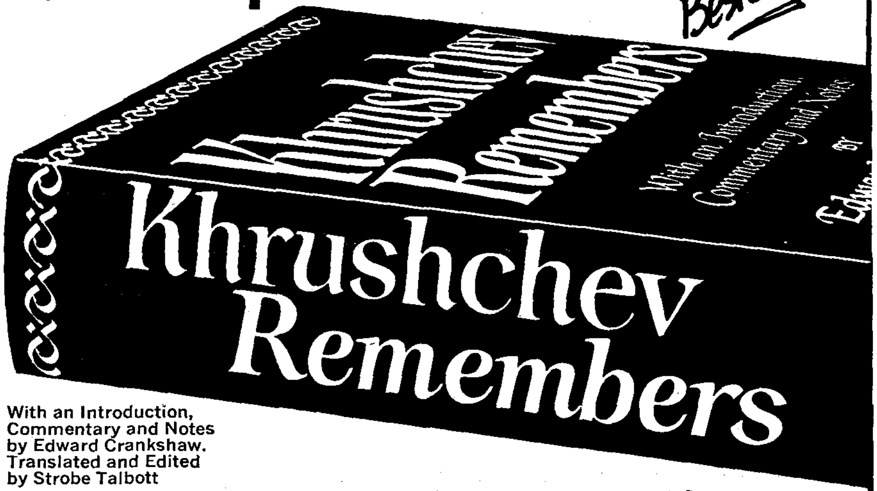

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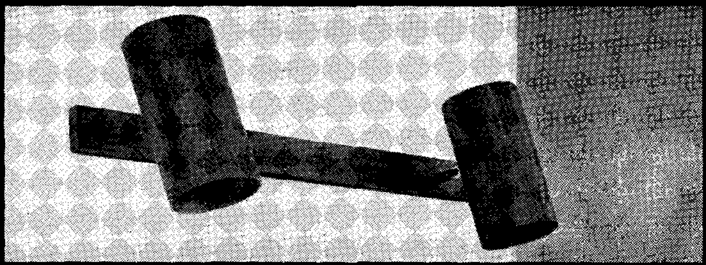

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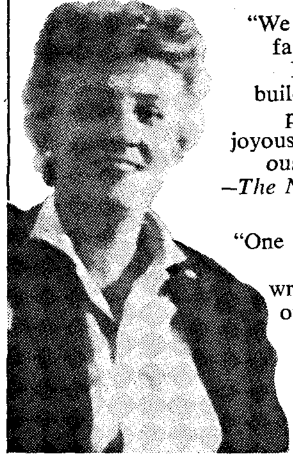

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society repressive, they find ours disorganized. However (a big, hopeful however), Mr. Harriman believes that the Soviet Union faces a mass of problems—beginning with the fact that it is no longer the acknowledged leader of world Communism, on down through its disappointment in some of its foreign protégés, and including the restlessness of its own population under continuing restrictions and shortages—and these difficulties, he thinks, will make the Soviet Union willing to come to some agreements with us, especially on arms control. Some of Mr. Harriman's suggestions are particularly interesting—light shed on the past that can illuminate the future. He thinks it possible, for example, that Stalin, at Yalta, promised free elections in East European countries because he imagined that the Red Army, Communism, and the Russians would be welcomed as deliverers, and broke his agreements when, to his amazement and disillusion, he discovered they were feared as conquerors. Mr. Harriman is concerned with defending American interests all right, but he is not an angry, irritable, or intolerant man. In fact, in the whole book he sounds mad at only two people: John Foster Dulles, who, he thinks, introduced an unnecessary rigidity into American foreign policy, and President Thieu, who, he believes, has been prolonging the Vietnam war to keep himself in power.

THE MIND OF CHESTERTON, by Christopher Hollis (University of Miami Press). The author, a Roman Catholic Englishman, explains that he is particularly interested in reconsidering G. K. Chesterton because English Catholics of his own generation (Mr. Hollis was born in 1902) were so greatly influenced by him. Though the world has been steadily secularizing itself since Chesterton wrote, Mr. Hollis's exploration is still pertinent. To be sure, some of Chesterton's ideas are dated, and some were mistaken to begin with. Others—such as his passion for small national units as against empires, for neighborhoods as opposed to states—strike a contemporary note. Believers will find Chesterton's conviction of the inherent reasonableness of Christianity persuasive; nonbelievers may be attracted to his insistence that we love our fellow-men now, as they are, rather than love some improved model of man to be created by a future society. And Mr. Hollis, like Chesterton, is an engaging writer. Ten dollars.

THE FORGOTTEN SOLDIER, by Guy Sajer, translated from the French by Lily Emmet (Harper & Row). The war recollections of the author, whose father was French and whose mother was German, and who fought for Germany on the Eastern front in the Second World War. Mr. Sajer's object is to commemorate the gallantry of the German soldiers—and one or two officers—he knew, along with their terrible sufferings. He writes vividly, and creates many of the terrific effects he wishes; unfortunately, he feels so sorry for himself that he never gives his readers a chance to feel pity.

BLAMING THE VICTIM, by William Ryan (Pantheon). The author, a psychologist who teaches at Boston College and who has been particularly concerned with the problems of the urban poor, takes issue with the theorists of the "culture-of-poverty" school. Their descriptions of the behavior of the poor—black and white—Dr. Ryan says, exaggerate the feebleness and pathology of poor individuals and underemphasize the importance of very broad social action. The poor, he maintains, are treated as exceptions in a society in which success is normal, and are blamed for their failure. Instead, he insists, American society needs to reexamine the amount of failure that is built in to its present arrangements. The author's valuable point is somewhat obscured by his rage; his attacks are intemperate, and he will not even grant that poverty was first seriously studied as an exceptional problem when it indeed appeared exceptional, during a long, sustained period of prosperity. He makes too much of a disagreement about means. He is partly right, and so are his opponents.

•

Your pets and ours.... Oh, little dog, little cat out in the cold, are you freezing?...

Though your own pets may drowse by the fire and rejoice with their family in gay celebration, outside the wind cries... and the night with its bright stars is bitter....

Small paws are freezing, small throats are crying.

"Every woman should get a passport and keep it up to date. Even if you don't expect to use it right away, the need just might arise, and you'd be ready!..."—*Marjorie Holmes in the Washington Star.*

The night may be bitter, but those little minds are busy.

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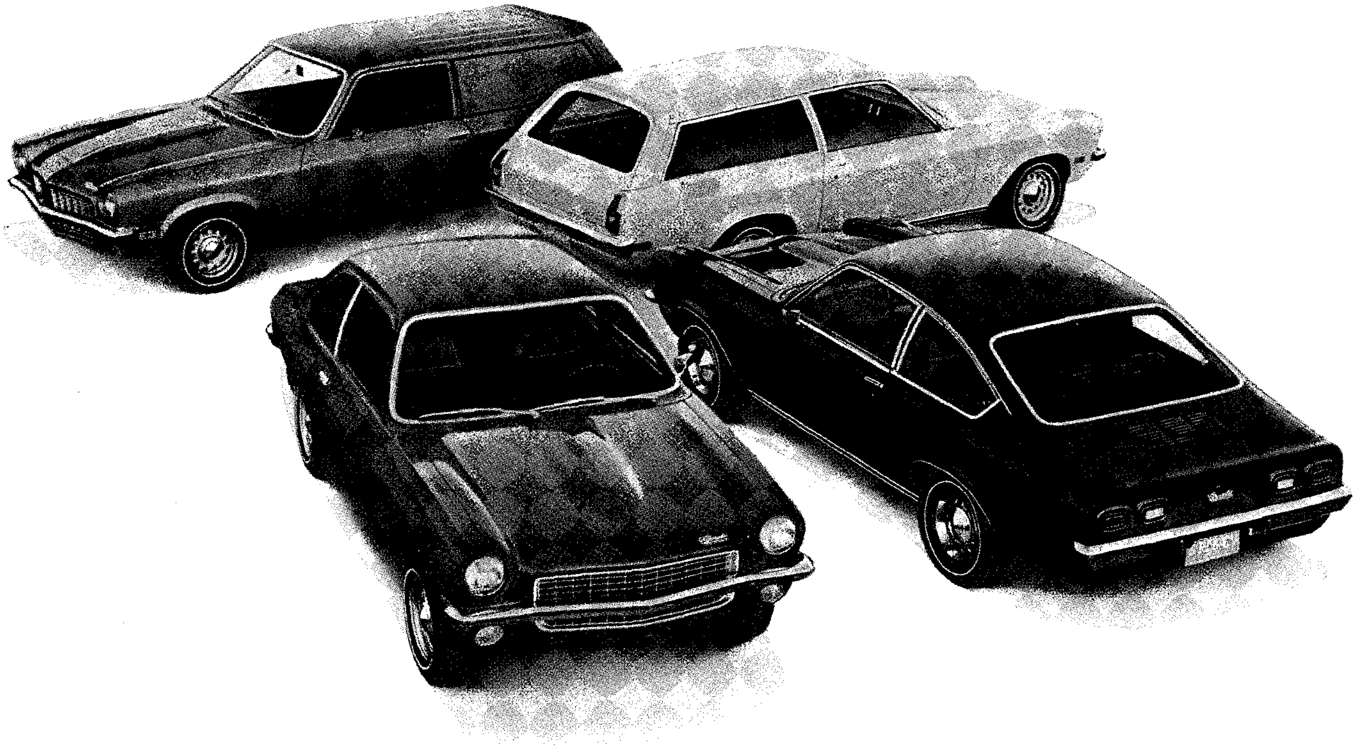

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To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

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Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name, *caddis*, meaning striped.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

DRUM MAJOR'S BATON
The Scots have marched into battle to the skirl of the pipes, from Bannockburn (1314) to Aden (1967).

METAL "BREASTPLATE"
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

SWORD
with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg*, (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

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